VIRGINIA BAPTIST MINISTERS

George Braxton Taylor

FOURTH SERIES

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VIRGINIA BAPTIST MINISTERS

FOURTH SERIES

1885 - 1902

BY

GEORGE BRAXTON TAYLOR

Professor and Resident Chaplain Hollins College,
Pastor of the "Hollins Field,"
and author of
"Life and Letters of Rev. George Boardman Taylor, D. D.;"
"Virginia Baptist Ministers, Third Series."

WITH A FOREWORD

BY

REV. EDGAR YOUNG MULLINS, D.D., LL.D.

PRESIDENT SOUTHERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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To

John Roberts Moffett

FOREWORD

In the multiplication of books on all sorts of subjects, in our day, biography has, to a considerable extent, lost its position of influence and power. Fortunately, there are not wanting signs of the return of modern readers to an appreciation of this form of literature. No books which have ever been written have been more dynamic in a moral and spiritual sense than the biographies of faithful and great men. Human character is the best possible commentary upon great principles. The lives which, in a consistent manner, embody the moral and spiritual ideals of the race are among our choicest assets.

The humble and quiet preachers of the gospel are among the most potent forces of our civilization. Devoid of craving for notoriety, free from the taint of worldly ambition and the greed of gold, with single-hearted devotion pursuing their quiet calling, these are the true nation builders, unknown by the great, busy world, and unheralded in the public prints.

I have read the pages of this new series of sketches of Virginia Baptist ministers with absorbing interest. Here is recounted in a felicitous manner the deeds and exploits of a large number of as fine men as God has ever given to America. Some of the names are known throughout the nation and the world. The majority of them are little known, perhaps, save within the limits of their own State, but the narratives of all of them will richly repay the reader who has a faculty for appreciating the real constructive forces of modern civilization.

Dr. Taylor has done his work surpassingly well. Again and again, I have been struck with his good judgment and taste in the selection and grouping of facts,

with a view to bringing into clear outline the portrait he is painting, or rather the life whose story he is telling. His task was an unusually difficult one because the number of sketches was so great, and many of them were necessarily very brief. In such an undertaking everything depends upon the ability of the author to seize the salient points and state them effectively. The graphic and pictorial element in the narrative of these lives adds greatly to the interest. A little touch here and there makes the character stand out in relief.

The contributors to the volume, apart from the author, have also done excellent work. I venture the prediction that Virginia Baptists, and, indeed, all Baptists, will receive with pleasure this valuable contribution to the religious history of Virginia and the South. It will be the means of perpetuating the influence of these fine men through the coming years.

E. Y. Mullins.

Louisville, Ky.,
September 16, 1913.

PREFACE

In 1837 the "Lives of Virginia Baptist Ministers" appeared, the author being Rev. James B. Taylor. The first edition contained "biographies of nearly one hundred ministers." The second edition had "nearly forty additional memoirs," but omitted the sketch of Lott Carey and that of Abner W. Clopton, since each of these sketches, by that time, had appeared "in a separate edition." The first edition opens with a sketch of Shubael Stearns, who was born in 1706, and comes down to about 1837. In 1859 there appeared the third edition of the "Lives of Virginia Baptist Ministers," which, by that time, had grown into two volumes. The sketches of the first volume (or "series") had been revised, and, in some cases, enlarged. The "second series" contained memoirs of men who had passed away after the publication of the first edition. These volumes, like the first, were the work of Rev. James B. Taylor.

No further volume, in this series, appeared until the fall of 1912. At the General Association in Charlottesville, in November, 1905, Rev. Alfred Bagby offered a resolution which called attention to the need of a Third Series. No further action in the matter was taken by the General Association until the meeting in Portsmouth, in 1909, when, upon motion of Rev. Alfred Bagby, a committee was appointed to "secure the services of some brother competent by reason of age and intellectual gifts" to prepare a Third Series. At the meeting of the Association in Roanoke in 1910, this committee was continued. At the meeting of the Association in Norfolk in 1911, the committee reported, through its chairman, Rev. W. F. Dunaway, that the manuscript of the desired volume, prepared at their request by Rev. George Braxton Taylor, was ready, and that the J. P. Bell Co., of Lynchburg, agreed to publish the book, assuming the financial responsibility, if they should receive five

hundred subscriptions. Practically this number of subscriptions was at once obtained. At the meeting of the Association, in 1912, at Petersburg, the committee reported that an edition of 1,000 volumes of the "Third Series" had been published. They also reported that it had been impossible to include in the Third Series sketches beyond the year 1886, and recommended that a Fourth Series be prepared. This volume is now presented. In view of the limits, as to size, set by the publishers, it has been impossible for this volume to reach down to the present year. So it comes about that the Third Series covers the period from 1860 to 1886, while the present volume contains sketches of ministers who died between the end of 1885 and of 1902.

The attempt has been made, both in this volume and the Third Series, to give sketches of all Virginia Baptist ministers who died in the two periods indicated, but doubtless the list is incomplete. Not a few of these sketches will call attention to lives that otherwise had not been known. So recent has been the death of many whose record is in this volume, that doubtless many, as they read, will exclaim, remembering those whom they have loved and with whom they have labored:

> "But, oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

It is devoutly hoped that, by this volume, these good and useful lives may become a help and a blessing to many who never saw these servants of God in the flesh. May it be that we, following the path they trod,

> "Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
> Are close upon the shining tablelands
> To which our God Himself is moon and sun."

GEORGE BRAXTON TAYLOR.

"The Hill," Hollins, Virginia,
August 16, 1913.

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REUBEN JONES

Reuben Jones was born in Isle of Wight County, Virginia, November 30, 1808. In early manhood he made profession of his faith in Christ and, entering the Methodist ministry, "endured the hardy toils of a circuit rider among the rugged hills of Western Tennessee." He soon found that by conviction he was a Baptist, so joining this denomination, he labored as a minister in these ranks for some forty years. While he was pastor for a season at Helena, Arkansas, and for thirteen years of the Cumberland Street Church in Norfolk, his real life work was his pastorate of the Shoulder's Hill Baptist Church (now known as Churchland), Norfolk County. As a preacher and leader he took rank in the Portsmouth Association, the General Association and the Southern Baptist Convention, being in this last-named body at the time of his death one of the vice-presidents. He was the Poet Laureate of the Portsmouth Association; was for several years its moderator and was counted its patriarch. Dr. Paul Whitehead says that in his later years "he looked solid, grave and good." In the *Herald* "Corvejon" pictures him "with the silvery threads in his bright auburn hair, the twinkle of boyish merriment in his eye, deathless youth in his soul and a heavenly radiance on his face." His sermons were carefully prepared and effectively delivered. On the platform he blended in such equal proportions the humorous and the pathetic that he kept his audience "suspended between a roar and a cry." On August 24, 1882, in recognition of his worth as a pastor and preacher, he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. For many years before his death he

was a widower. In his home, a "cottage embowered in vines and cedars," a short distance from his church, he lived happily, entertaining most hospitably his brethren who visited him. He was one of the speakers at an all-day Sunday school celebration at Upperville, Virginia. Of his own speech he wrote: "Whether that address was solemn or lively, frivolous or instructive, poetical or otherwise, those readers who know the brother must imagine." He died December 9, 1885, and was buried beneath the trees he had planted with his own hands. Of these trees he had said: "These will be memorials when I am gone." His funeral was conducted by Rev. Dr. T. G. Jones.

WHIT B. WILLIAMS

Not the least conspicuous thing in the story of the life of Whit B. Williams is the legacy of pathos and suffering given to it by the Civil War. And we are reminded of how war goes on in many of its awful consequences after the treaty of peace has been signed. When will civilized, Christian nations decide that there shall be no more war? Surely it is a bloody, fearful business, leaving its traces of sorrow along the pathway of men for years after the clash of arms has ceased. May the story of this Virginia Baptist preacher help to bring in the day when spears shall be turned into pruning hooks and swords into plowshares! Anderson Williams was a well-to-do farmer in Campbell County, Virginia. Two of his children came to be preachers of the gospel. While Whit, who was born February 13, 1843, did not have early educational advantages, with a vigorous mind, he used every opportunity that presented itself for intellectual improvement. His warm heart and genial disposition made him a favorite at home and among his young companions. When the call to arms came he was among those who went forth, although he had not yet reached full manhood. In May, 1861, he enlisted in Company C, Eleventh Virginia Regiment. Scarcely had twelve months gone by before this young soldier had received a wound which was to give him years of suffering, and finally cause his death. It was on May 5, 1862, near Williamsburg, that the Minié ball, which was never to come out, entered his left breast and lodged under his left shoulder joint. The wound, which sent him home disabled for active service,

may be regarded as the occasion of his conversion. It was while he was at home that he made a profession of his faith in Christ, and was baptized by Rev. R. E. Booker into the fellowship of the Union Hill Baptist Church, Campbell County, Virginia. At the time of his conversion he had serious convictions as to his duty to become a preacher, but years passed before the decision for the ministry was made. After the War he sought educational advantages as best he could. While engaged in teaching vocal music he attracted the attention of Rev. Dr. A. B. Brown, and received from this scholarly preacher no little assistance. After having spent one session in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, then located in Greenville, S. C., he entered the gospel ministry, and in 1875 he began his first pastorate, with the Childrey Church, Halifax County, Dan River Association. The next year he took charge of the Ellis Creek and the Hunting Creek churches in the same Association. In 1878, he succeeded Rev. Dr. A. B. Brown in the pastorate of the Catawba (Dan River) Church. Later he was pastor of County Line, Dan River, Republican Grove, and Vernon Hill churches. During his ministry of something over ten years he won a warm place in the hearts of those to whom he was undershepherd. His sympathetic nature and ability to come into touch with people made him a favorite. He seemed never so happy as when helping some poor or afflicted home. This had always been his way. When his father found him in the hospital, after he was wounded, although the blood was trickling down his side, he was leaning against the wall trying to cheer a fellow-sufferer by telling an amusing anecdote. He knew and loved men and never was the weather too bad for him to respond to a call for help. While as a preacher he often failed to have in his sermons systematic arrangement,

yet there was always a plain, sound presentation in a practical way of the truths of the gospel. He knew how to express himself in language that the people to whom he spoke could understand. His presence was commanding, his countenance benevolent, and his voice musical and affectionate.

For twenty-four years he carried the fatal bullet. The skill of the most eminent surgeons in Virginia was unable to remove it. Able representatives of the medical profession in Philadelphia also failed. For several years before his death, he would suffer great agony for months at a time. No doubt but for his splendid physical development (he was six feet tall and a fine specimen of muscular manhood), the wound would have cut short his life long before it did. Finally he took to his bed. His friends hoped he would rally, but it was not to be so, and on March 30, 1886, at the home of his father-in-law, Col. John A. McCraw, he passed away. In 1897, at a ministers' and laymen's meeting, at Catawba Church, a movement was set on foot by Mr. R. Hunter Beazley to erect a monument in memory of this faithful pastor. The undertaking was completely successful. The remains were removed to the Catawba Church cemetery, and there, with appropriate services, in which Rev. W. J. Shipman, Rev. Wm. Hudson, Rev. S. H. Thompson, and others took part, the marble shaft was unveiled. The occasion brought together a large concourse of people.

EDWARD S. TAYLOR

Edward S. Taylor, the son of Benjamin Franklin Taylor, was born in Loudoun County, Virginia, July 11, 1833. His father was a highly intelligent, upright, and influential man, and his mother, who was a member of the Society of Friends, aimed to bring up her children in the faith and practices of that people. Edward made a profession of religion early in life, and became a Baptist. At the age of twenty-one he was sent forth by the church at North Fork, Salem Union Association, to preach the gospel. His ministry began in the section of Virginia that gave him birth. He was pastor of two churches in Loudoun County; Waterford, in the Columbia Association, and Mount Hope, in the Salem Union. In 1856, he was working as a missionary of the State Mission Board in Loudoun and Fairfax counties, during which year he preached 135 sermons, baptized twenty-two persons, visited 270 families, distributed twenty Bibles and ninety-five volumes of religious books, organized four Sunday schools, and collected $163.75 for the Board; besides, thirty persons were baptized as the result of protracted meetings in which he helped pastors. The larger part of his ministry was given to churches in the southern section of Virginia, namely: Mount Tirzah, Ash Camp, Shiloh, Bethel, New Chapel, in Charlotte County; Spring Creek, in Prince Edward County; Emmaus, in New Kent County; Mount Pleasant, in Charles City County; New Hope, in Mecklenburg County; Mount Zion, Tussekiah, Meherrin, in Lunenburg County; Jonesboro, in Brunswick County, and Mount Lebanon, in Nottoway County.

On June 15, 1860, he was married to Miss Mary Bass, of Brunswick County. His widow survived him with four sons and two daughters. A few weeks before his death a cold he had contracted was greatly aggravated by efforts he made to extinguish a fire which endangered the house of a neighbor. After the fire was under control he drank imprudently of cold water and bathed his face profusely. This brought on pneumonia, which in ten days took typhoid form. For eight days he suffered intensely, most of the time wild with delirium, sometimes singing, sometimes praying, sometimes preaching. Before the end, his delirium left him, but he was too weak to speak out of a whisper, and so he passed away quietly and peacefully. Rev. Dr. T. W. Sydnor says of him that he was humble, unassuming, meek, mild, simple-hearted and artless as a child, unselfish, obliging, benignant, hospitable, and generous to a fault. He died in Charlotte County, Virginia, April 28, 1886.

JESSE CLOPTON PERKINS

The story of the life of Jesse Clopton Perkins might well be made the text for remarks upon how God moves in a mysterious way; upon how lives that seem past redemption and noble service can yet be transformed and glorified, and upon how little children may lead their elders to higher things. These and other inspiring thoughts suggest themselves as this life is contemplated. But let this life story preach its own sermon. He was born in Henry County, Virginia, March 14, 1822. His early years were not rich in educational or religious advantages. His mother died when he was some five years of age and with no education save the barest rudiments, as given by the country schools of that day, he reached his majority and entered business. His own testimony proves that he was "profane, desperately wicked, and thoroughly worldly-minded." In after years, however, when he remembered "the sins of his youth," it gave him comfort to recall the fact that he had never been a slave to drink. In 1844, he was married to Miss Jane Fleming, who, though possessed of traits of character that were to be developed under the power of the gospel so as to render her most useful in an important sphere, was at the time of their marriage not a Christian. For eleven years their married life went on without the leaven of the gospel in their hearts and home. As the children, who had been born to them, grew, his thoughts became more serious, and he found that he was unwilling for his little ones, at least, to go on without religious influences. So he took them to the Sunday school week by week. Finally a meeting began in the community.

Sunday he would not go, but Monday he could not stay away. He laid aside his business and invited his wife to go with him. During the service, both asked for prayer, being under deep conviction. The next day his serious thoughts seemed to have vanished. A severe storm, however, caused him to seek shelter at the house, and there he found his wife in deep distress. He took down the Bible and opened at the sixth chapter of John, and soon they were partaking of that bread which came down from heaven whereof if a man eat he shall live forever. The next day both of them were baptized into the fellowship of the Fine Creek Church, Powhatan County, whose pastor was Rev. C. Tyree. Very soon he was conducting prayer-meetings and talking in public for Jesus. Almost before he knew it, he glided into the ministry.

To enter the ministry at the age of thirty-four, with no special preparation for the work, was certainly commencing an arduous task with a serious handicap. Yet after his removal to Cumberland, a year before, he had been a hard student of the Bible. While his mind was not trained it was naturally strong, and he never forgot the pit from which he had been lifted. Upon his ordination he entered fully into his work as a minister, becoming a practical, impressive, and earnest preacher, and a bold defender of Baptist doctrines. In the course of his ministry he was pastor of Cumberland, Forks of Willis, and Tarwallet churches, in the James River Association. He was earnest in his work, his holy ambition being to serve God as faithfully for the rest of his life as he had served the devil before his conversion.

In the hour of his death a hope that he had often expressed was realized. On Sunday, September 19, 1886, he went to Tarwallet to preach to the people whom

he loved so well. His sermon had been prepared during the foregoing week and was designed to help young converts, a number of whom he expected to baptize that day. A large congregation had gathered. A hymn had been sung and he had offered a prayer. As he was reading the passage where his text was found he threw his hand to his head with an exclamation indicating pain. He seemed to rally, but a moment later staggered, fell heavily to the floor, and expired instantly. He had wished to die "in the harness and in the pulpit." On Tuesday, September 21st, his body was laid to rest in the graveyard of Forks of Willis Church, Cumberland County, of which church he was a member and also pastor at the time of his death. A large crowd gathered around the grave and there were few who were not weeping as the singers sang:

"Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

JOHN A. POWERS*

It is not hard to read God's providential plan in the long and pious life of a useful minister of the gospel. To understand why one whose life promised usefulness, when his proclamation of the glad tidings of salvation had just begun, should be cut off, is more difficult. Yet we know that this and all other mysteries of God's grace can wait, while we trust, until we know even as also we are known. John A. Powers was born in King and Queen County, Virginia, in December, 1856. When fourteen years of age he was baptized. His narrowness of means made his course at Richmond College, even with the assistance of the Education Board, far from easy. In the summer of 1878, during the meeting of the Middle District Association, an unusual arrangement was made. The church at Matoaca, a mill village near Petersburg, was extremely weak, yet they wished for preaching. A delegate from the church met Mr. Powers, and learned of his desire to go on with his work at the college, and also of his impecuniosity. The church agreed to pay the young man's traveling expenses if he would come and preach for them, with the understanding that if the cause prospered they would pay him whatever salary, within their power, they thought his services worth. So the church and the studies went on. His ministry was blessed, and the salary the first year was one hundred dollars, besides which, in many little ways, the people added to his comfort at college. After another year his ordination took

*Based on article by Dr. J. M. Pitcher, in *Religious Herald*, February 3, 1887.

place in the midst of a people who had learned to love their student-pastor. He now was pastor also at Gill's Grove, another church in the Middle District Association, and the outlook seemed to be brightening. Yet it was not so to be. An attack of pneumonia in April, led to tubercular trouble of the lungs; in September he resigned his churches, his great weakness making it necessary for him to read his last sermon at Matoaca, the last he ever preached. Now began a battle for life. He went to Giles County and taught a school, and later sought the gentler climate of Florida, where again he worked in the school-room. The situation was desperate, and, returning to Virginia, he found a home and great kindness under the roof of Mr. J. W. Whitehorne, in Petersburg. He visited his former flock at Matoaca, and his mother's old home, and attended the Dover Association, at West Point. He attempted to go home once more, but upon reaching Petersburg was so weak that he could go no further. Kind hands helped him, and the last days were spent in the Whitehorne home. Here he was visited by the Petersburg ministers and by Rev. S. C. Clopton. He passed away on November 6, 1886. The funeral took place at Colosse Church, the sermon being preached by Rev. S. C. Clopton, and the burial was in the graveyard of the Mattaponi Church, King and Queen County, where his ancestors sleep their last sleep. After his ordination, but before he had had the privilege of burying any one in baptism, at the age of thirty, he had fallen on sleep.

"Here rests his head upon the lap of earth;
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

PETER BUTLER JOHNSTON

Peter B. Johnston, one of three sons, was born on Christmas Day, 1803. His mother was Anne O. Nash, daughter of John Nash, of Prince Edward County, one of the early settlers of that county and a man of prominence. His father was a man of means, Andrew Johnston, son of Peter Johnston, who came to this country from Scotland early in the eighteenth century, settled in Prince Edward County, and gave the land on which Hampden-Sidney College now stands. His purpose was to give his sons the best educational advantages, but his death, when his son Peter was some seven years old, frustrated this plan. Yet as two of his sons were for some time school-teachers and finally preachers, while the third brother, Edward, was at one time Judge of the Circuit Court of the district in which he lived, it would seem that their education was by no means neglected. John Nash, who was older than Peter B., was, as a youth, for some years in business in Richmond, when he fell into dissipated habits which threatened to ruin him. Finally he was converted and became a useful minister of the gospel; a sketch of him is found in the second series of Taylor's "Lives of Virginia Baptist Ministers." These sons were reared with gentleness, enjoying the advantages of cultivated society.

At the call of the Buchanan Baptist Church, he was ordained to the gospel ministry, the presbytery consisting of A. C. Dempsey, John B. Lee, J. P. Corron, and E. L. Mason. While Mr. Johnston was never a pastor, his preaching was inspirational. While he gave his time mainly to teaching on Saturdays and Sundays, he would

preach as a supply or in destitute localities in his section of country. For many years his name appears in the General Association Minutes list of preachers, his post-office being Lone Pine. Rev. Gabriel Gray, who knew Mr. Johnston well, and was often in his home, gave a pleasant pen picture of his friend and his home in the *Religious Herald,* of January 13, 1887. On this sketch what follows is based. Having made a failure in the business to which he first gave his attention, Mr. Johnston soon took up the work of school teaching, in which career he was a decided success. His training of young men for life was faithfully and conscientiously performed, his example being a model they might well copy. While teaching other people's children his own were carefully tended. In his home love and devotion reigned supreme. He knew the art of making home attractive. He was twice married and there were children born of each wife. His first wife, to whom he was married, December 30, 1834, was Mary A. Higginbotham; his second wife, to whom he was married Sept. 1, 1857, was Helen M. Finney. After the death of his second wife for twelve years he sought as best he could to care for his children. He had the joy of seeing them all earnest, useful Christians. Into his home his friends and acquaintances came as into a place of genial warmth and sunshine. The greater part of his life was passed in Bedford and Botetourt Counties. The last years of his life were spent in the home of his son, John H. Johnston, of Christiansburg. A few years before his death he had a severe fall, which left him a cripple for the rest of his life. He was a great sufferer, but bore his sufferings with fortitude and patience. One of his daughters was with him constantly, ministering to his wants with peculiar tenderness and affection, while others of the children came in from time to time to cheer him.

Thus he died in the midst of affection and love, November 26, 1886. In early life Mr. Johnston united with the Episcopal Church, where he was quite an active worker. An examination of the Scriptures led him to become a Baptist. While he was a preacher, his interest in Sunday-school work was great. He would often forego the pleasure of the preaching service in order that he might help forward the work of the Sunday school. His life reached out to fourscore years and four.

Quite often the annals of the Virginia Baptist ministry tell of men who have gone from the profession of medicine to the work of the preacher and pastor. It was the case with William Martin, who was born in Loudoun County, Virginia, August, 1812. He was one of nine children. One of his sisters was the wife of Rev. Littleberry W. Allen, a well-known Baptist minister. Dr. Martin married Miss Ann Edwards Vaiden, of New Kent County, Virginia, and to them were born four children. He began, in early life, the practice of medicine, and was very popular as a physician. He abandoned, however, this work, since his health was not good, and depended for his support upon his farm, which was a fine one. He had been reared in the Episcopal Church, but upon his conversion, having read and studied carefully the New Testament, he became a most decided Baptist, uniting with the James City Baptist Church, of which body he was a member to the end of his life. In 1850, he began to preach. The Williamsburg and James City churches were the only flocks to which he ever ministered. During 1877, 1878, and 1879, and again in 1883, he was pastor at Williamsburg. Doubtless at other periods, whose record does not now remain, he was pastor in the town which was once the capital of the Old Dominion. He has been described as a pastor *ad interim* of churches, a suggestive title. He also preached often at the Eastern Lunatic Asylum, which is located in Williamsburg. He sometimes assisted in protracted-meeting work, and was in great demand for ordination services of preachers and deacons. He was an unusually strong and clear definer of the distinctive principles of Baptists, and as a platform speaker was ready, pointed, practical, and humorous. He was a magnificent specimen of a noble

old Virginia gentleman, and his life was adorned by the Christian graces. The Civil War reduced him to poverty. One night he saw his large house, with all his household goods, burned to ashes by some Federal soldiers. Yet his cheerfulness and faith remained. During his last illness, which lasted some months, his daughter was reading to him one day in Geikie's "Life of Christ." With tears streaming down his cheeks he said: "If I could preach again, how I would tell people of the sufferings of Christ for us poor sinners, as I now see them, and of heaven as it now opens up before me! I see these things more clearly than I ever saw them before." He asked Rev. J. H. Barnes to preach his funeral, saying that he knew him better than any one else. From an article from the pen of Rev. J. H. Barnes, in the *Religious Herald,* the facts and language of this sketch are largely taken. Dr. Martin died December 15, 1886.

DAVID COULLING

David Coulling was born in Richmond, July 23, 1814, and died in Baltimore, December 28, 1886. During a large part of his life he practiced dentistry and preached as occasion offered. He was pastor in Goldsboro, N. C.; in Richmond, at what is now Pine Street Church; in Accomac, and more recently in King and Queen and Gloucester Counties, the last named being his place of residence after 1860. While in the Rappahannock Association he was pastor for several years of the Poroporone Church. This sketch is in substance the obituary from General Association minutes for 1887. He was especially gifted in prayer and his ministry was blessed with many conversions. A strong faith in the atonement upheld him through the feeble health of earlier years and under the sufferings of his last months.

R. R. TAYLOR

In another part of this volume will be found a sketch of Rev. Daniel G. Taylor. As there appears, he was the father of four preachers. The name of the youngest of these sons stands at the head of this sketch. He was converted at the age of thirteen, and from that time was active in Sunday-school and other forms of church work. While he did not receive a thorough education, he was a diligent student, and well versed in the Scriptures. He was ordained to the gospel ministry, and had as his first charge the Blackberry Church, Blue Ridge Association. In October, 1883, he was called to a field in the Valley Association, composed of these churches: Cave Spring, Mount Pleasant, Laurel Ridge, Blue Ridge. In less than three years his health so gave away that he could not preach any longer. In 1884, he had married Miss Alice Sublett, of Cave Spring, and of this union one child was born. His death occurred April 30, 1887, when he was some twenty-nine years of age. He was a man of piety and unyielding integrity. His preaching was scriptural and forcible.

SOLOMON CHARLES BOSTON

While Maryland was the birthplace of Solomon Charles Boston, since his mother and wife were Virginians and since he held five different pastorates in Virginia, the Old Dominion has claims upon him. At the old homestead, near the mouth of the Pocomoke River, in Somerset County, he first saw the light. When a boy, one day as he was hunting chestnuts the falling of a burr deprived him, for life, of one eye. After his union, when a boy, with the Rehoboth Baptist Church, his baptism taking place in the Rehoboth mill pond, and after his work at the neighborhood schools, he attended Richmond College and then Columbian College, where he graduated in 1845. While working as a missionary for the Maryland Mission Board he married Mrs. Mary Ann Nock, daughter of Mr. Wm. D. Marshall, a deacon of the Chincoteague Baptist Church. As a pastor in Maryland, at Rehoboth, his mother church, and other points, he encountered the coolness, not to say opposition, which the Baptist cause in that day had to endure in that state. While at Reboboth he organized a Baptist church in the village of Vienna. Later, Rehoboth and Pitt's Creek churches, with the Pocomoke River between them, constituted his field. As his appointments came he was ferried across the river by his members, ever faithful in keeping his engagements. While on this field he was a Baptist pioneer in Pocomoke City, or New Town, as it was then called. This work was begun in the face of much opposition. He preached for a year in the Temperance Hall and then in the Old Academy. So decided was his success that a meeting-house was erected which

before the dedication exercises were over was free of debt. His Virginia pastorates were Red Bank and Lower Northampton Churches, Northampton County; the Second Church, Petersburg; Farmville; Bruington, King and Queen County; Onancock, Accomac County. Other pastorates held were Lee Street, Baltimore, and Frenchtown, New Jersey, and then a second time in Pocomoke City; here his life closed on June 15, 1887.

Gentle blood ran in his veins; his mother was Enatia Byrd, a descendant of William Byrd, of "Westover." His was a social nature; he loved the companionship of his friends and was a good talker. He was faithful. Wind and cold did not keep him from his appointments, and such remarks as these from his members show in what esteem he was held: "He always prepares well"; "Touch Charles Boston and you touch me."

He was married twice, his second wife being Miss Mary Elizabeth Britton. Of this second marriage there were born a son and a daughter. The only child of the first marriage was Francis Ryland Boston, for so many years an honored pastor in Virginia.

WILLIAM A. BAYNHAM

Every life, if it were wholly known, would present interesting features all its own. Certainly the story of Wm. A. Baynham presents several striking and unusual experiences. He was born of wealthy and cultured parents, and enjoyed the best educational advantages. When he was twenty-one years of age he received his M. D. degree, then spent two years in the schools and hospitals in Philadelphia, and, in 1837, began the practice of medicine in Essex County. While there was every prospect for success in his chosen profession, he soon abandoned it to give his whole time to the management of his large patrimony of land and slaves. He desired to manumit his slaves, but was persuaded by friends not to do so; afterwards he regretted that he had yielded to their advice. In the summer of 1834, at a camp-meeting in Lancaster County, he was awakened to think about spiritual things, and soon afterwards, under the preaching of the elder Andrew Broaddus, at Enon, Essex County, was converted. For months after his conversion he never heard the name of Jesus without tears. He first joined the Episcopal Church, but afterwards, having given the subject careful investigation, he sought baptism at the hands of Rev. Dr. Gillette, of Philadelphia, and united with the Baptists. Upon his return home he joined the Enon Baptist Church, Essex County, soon becoming quite active in its work. It was not long before he was found preaching occasionally, and in September, 1841, he was ordained at Enon, the presbytery consisting of Elders A. Broaddus and J. Bird. On Saturday before the second

Lord's Day, 1842, he became pastor of Enon, in which relationship he continued until his death, a period of some forty-three years. In the fall of 1854, he became pastor of the Upper Zion Church, Caroline County, this union, not broken save by a brief interim in 1860, and by death, lasted some thirty-three years. This is indeed a wonderful record. In 1880, the *Religious Herald* published a number of letters from ministers in the State, who had had long pastorates. In his letter Dr. Baynham said: " . . . The real ground of my continuance for so long a period as pastor of my two churches has been *our strong mutual love.* . . . In my position as pastor I have from the first endeavored to be *one with my charge.* I have tried to show myself the *friend.* I have visited them *freely, familiarly,* and *much.* The children have had a good share of attention. In affliction I have been prompt and attentive, ready to render personal assistance as necessary. One rule has been unvaried with me: not only not to neglect the poor, but to show them all kindness and attention. My social relations I choose for myself—my kindness and affection for my church members is rendered to all without caste distinction. . . . *I never scold.* . . . I avoid *repeating* what I hear in families, and hence have intimacy of association. . . . My habit is *daily* to pray for all my flocks and for many individually. . . . I have a list made off into three classes: 1. Families; 2. Those who are Christians—names of same; 3. Unconverted—named personally. Instead of going over them by name in *prayer* the paper is presented before God, each class separately. In addition, special cases named. This list is particularly designed for Sabbath, but *not* restricted to this. . . . Another item for friends, enemies, acquaintances, neighbors, relations, members of my churches, and servants I *have had.*"

His power seems to have been because of his piety, his pastoral work, and his genial personality. "He was not," says Dr. Broaddus, "an attractive speaker. His voice was harsh, his articulation sometimes indistinct, his gestures ungraceful, and for so intellectual a man his sermons were frequently singularly obscure and involved, yet he commanded good congregations, and was heard with respect and attention." To a wonderful degree he obeyed the injunction that we speak evil of no man. He was scrupulously conscientious. Throughout the day, however employed, he cultivated an unbroken sense of the presence of God. In so trivial a matter as picking up a pin he called to mind the language of Hagar: "Thou God seest me." He was most refined, courteous, polite, and at the same time timid and diffident.

Dr. Baynham was never married. There is a tradition that "once he wooed the fickle goddess and she disappointed him," and that never did he have the courage to try again his chances in the court of love. He was counted among the preachers of the Rappahannock Association, in his day, as the beloved John. His death was tragic. On the 16th of June, 1887, when he was some seventy-four years of age, he set out against the remonstrances of friends, to pay a promised visit. On the way, either overcome by the heat, or stricken by disease, he slipped down into the foot of his buggy and died, alone with God, or as Dr. H. M. Wharton described the event: "The angels met him on the road and bore him up to the realms of bliss."

MARK W. TOWILL

The brevity of the sketch which follows does not prove that the life described was uninteresting or barren. It rather gives evidence of inadequate means to preserve records of pastors and churches. However fragmentary human records are, and however forgetful men are of earnest labor, God's records are accurate, and his approval of all faithful service sure. Mark W. Towill was born in Lancaster County, Virginia, August 12, 1817. He seems to have begun his work as pastor of Matthews Church, in 1855. Under his leadership it grew and prospered. In 1855, the church reported twenty-seven baptisms, and a membership of 501. From 1876 to 1879, he was the pastor of Zoar Church, in the Rappahannock Association. In the fellowship of this church he died, "regretted by all, July 18, 1887."

DRURY A. WOODSON

Since to-day Buckingham County, with its many spacious and handsome homes, has great stretches of forests, where the deer still range, what must it have been in 1835? In this county and in this year, on November 20th, Drury A. Woodson first saw the light. Many boys reared in pious homes have played preaching in their early days. So it was with Drury. His brothers and sisters were his hearers, and in a meeting which he held under a cherry tree, his converts. Nor did he stop here; he baptized them. When some eighteen years of age he made a profession of religion. He had as a tutor a graduate of the University of Virginia, and from this training at home he passed to Richmond College. His studies in Richmond were interrupted by the rude blast of war, and for several years he was schoolmaster at Clover Hill, the place now famous the world over as "Appomattox Court-House." His school was almost broken up when the imperative necessity the Confederacy had for men caused the lowering of the limit for military service from eighteen to sixteen years of age. One day thirteen of his scholars left him to go to the War. At the close of the War he moved to Prince Edward, where he took charge of the Sandy River Church Academy, and preached, assisting Rev. Daniel Witt, at Sandy River, Jamestown and Nottoway churches. From here he moved to the Eastern Shore of Virginia (having married, September 30, 1866, Miss Ella S. Bruce, of Prince Edward County), where he lived some years, serving in this time the following churches, that are members of the Accomac Association: Bethel, Zion, Modesttown, Onancock, and Pungoteague.

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From the Eastern Shore, having been for about a year pastor in Sussex (Shiloh and Newville churches), he moved to North Carolina, and was pastor, first at Mocksville and then at Murfreesboro, for some six years. While in Sussex his wife died, July 7, 1873, and on February 1, 1877, he married Miss Emma W. Bruce, a sister of his first wife. Upon his return, on March 1, 1887, to Virginia, he settled at Kempsville, Princess Anne County, taking charge of Kempsville, Centerville, and Salem churches. In June, 1887, he was attacked by malarial fever, and, upon advice of the physician, went to Prince Edward County. Disease, however, followed him, and on August 11th he passed the way of all the earth. He was a man of stalwart frame and handsome appearance, and, while not an attractive preacher in all respects, was an efficient, useful man of God. His funeral sermon was preached by Rev. W. F. Kone, from the words: "I would not live always," Job 7:16.

HOSEA CROWDER

Human lives are most interesting, but often time is lacking to study them, and full records to make them known. Doubtless throughout eternity, if earthly affairs then interest us, we shall talk over the detailed story of many a loved one, friend and acquaintance. The presence of an unusual Biblical name raises the question as to whether the parents were devout, and whether this certain character especially appealed to them. The life of Hosea Crowder, extending over some seventy-eight years, covered a large part of the nineteenth century. He was born and lived all his life in Dinwiddie County. In 1829, he was born again, and, in 1831, was baptized by Elder William Hyde, pastor of Mount Pleasant Church. On September 16, 1843, he was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry, and succeeded Elder Hyde as pastor. Of this Mount Pleasant Church, now known as Central, he was pastor twice: from September 30, 1843, to the close of 1853, and from June 15, 1856, until the close of 1874, with the exception of the year 1867. He was also pastor of Shiloh (Prince George), Matoaca (Chesterfield), and Cut Banks (Dinwiddie). It is thought by some that his most useful service was that given to the Guilfield Colored Baptist Church, Petersburg, to which he ministered for some years before and during the War. For some time he was the only resident Baptist pastor in the County of Dinwiddie, outside of Petersburg. While not highly educated, he was a man of excellent sense and good preaching ability, while his piety was proverbial. He was greatly gifted in public prayer, large congregations being sometimes melted down under his appropriate and fervent addresses to the throne of grace. He was twice married and was the father of a large household. He died November 25, 1887, and a memorial address concerning him was delivered at Central [Mount Pleasant] Church, by Dr. T. W. Sydnor, on the text: "A good soldier of Jesus Christ."

ALEXANDER HAMILTON SANDS

There have been men who were first ministers of the gospel and then became lawyers, and others who were lawyers and gave up the bar to enter the pulpit, but the story which follows is of one who was through a large part of his life both a lawyer and a preacher, and, as will be seen, was successful along both of these lines of work.

Alexander Hamilton Sands was born in the historic town of Williamsburg, the ancient capital of Virginia, on May 2, 1828, being the youngest son of Thomas Sands. He received his collegiate training at William and Mary College, that venerable seat of learning, where Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, John Randolph, George Wythe, and other famous men, had been students, but his career at college was cut short by the death of his father in 1842. Even though only fourteen years old he had so mastered the classics that to the end of his life he had easy and intimate fellowship with the great writers of Rome and Greece. Latin was especially his delight, and not only did he read it, but was fond of transcribing, for his own pleasure and, as his children grew up around him, for their profit as well, famous and beautiful passages in this tongue. Notebooks, which he filled with such extracts, the writing being almost like copper-plate, are still extant. Beyond doubt the memories of the old Raleigh Tavern, where in other days ambitious students, famous jurists, and eminent statesmen had gathered, indeed the whole atmosphere of his *alma mater* and its famous town, made a deep impression on this boy, and helped to give him his love for literature which was one of the passions of his soul through life.

On May 23, 1842, he came to Richmond and entered the law office of his brother, Wm. G. Sands, who was then the clerk of the Superior Court of Law and Chancery. "Here under the loving influence of this brother and of such persons as Judge John Robertson [who then presided over this Superior Court], and other eminent lawyers, his thirst for knowledge was stimulated, causing him afterwards to become one of the foremost lawyers in the State in all the intricacies of chancery practice, a knowledge never misused to the injury of his fellow-man." In speaking in after years of his arrival in Richmond, he pictured with glowing language his first view of the city and the impression it made on his youthful mind. Then Richmond was "seated principally on what is now Church Hill, and was then, as now, surrounded by a landscape unsurpassed in loveliness." The rush of the swift and turbid James over the Falls filled him with thoughts of the power of the Almighty. Night after night the roar of the river rendered sleep impossible for him. On April 13, 1849, in his twenty-first year, he procured his license, and henceforth to the time of his death was an honored member of the legal profession; a profession which he described in his book, "Recreations of a Southern Barrister," as one of the noblest. "As an advocate he was laborious, fluent, and convincing, always ready as an extempore speaker, yet excelling most when his thoughts had been first written or printed. He delivered his arguments in the highest court of the State, and it was there that his best forensic powers were displayed and his powerful appeals made. In many cases of the greatest importance in this tribunal his voice was frequently heard battling for the right. As a pleader he was unsurpassed and his book of forms in common law procedure, and his 'Suit in Equity' in chancery practice, have been and are still

standard authorities on these branches of the law. Whilst pursuing the profession of the law with an ardour seldom seen, he yet had time to devote to other pursuits, and we find him lecturing, making addresses on public questions, and writing constantly for the secular, legal, and religious periodicals. For a short time he edited the *Evening Bulletin*, a paper published in the City of Richmond, and, during the absence of Jno. R. Thompson in Europe, he edited the *Southern Literary Messenger*. He was also editor of the *Quarterly Law Review,* published in Richmond, and contributed articles to the *Methodist Quarterly Review,* the *Christian Review,* the *Religious Herald,* and many other religious papers. In addition to the published work from his pen already mentioned, the following books, of which he was author, should be set down to give some accurate idea of his ability as a writer: 'History of a Suit in Equity' (1854 and 1882), 'Recreations of a Southern Barrister' (1860), 'Alexander Tate's American Form Book' (1857), 'Practical Law Forms' (1872), 'Hubbell's Legal Directory of Virginia Laws,' 'Sermons by a Village Pastor,' 'A Constitutional History of Virginia' (not printed)."

In early life Mr. Sands became a Christian, uniting with the First Baptist Church, of Richmond. He soon became the teacher of a large Bible class, and continued in this sphere of service until he gave himself to the larger work of the gospel ministry. Just prior to the Civil War he began his ministerial life by preaching to the colored people. The Baptist churches at Ashland and Glen Allen were where most of his preaching was done, the latter church having been established largely through his instrumentality. "While his strength and health permitted he preached every Lord's Day at his own charges to some feeble church. Like his Master,

he went where he was most needed, and in the most quiet, unobtrusive way he sought to make the most of himself for the cause of Christ. Around Richmond for many miles are men and women converted under his ministry, and many more whom he greatly helped in their Christian life. He had his own ways of doing good. . . . He had profound convictions and he was ready enough on all appropriate occasions to state and defend them, but he freely accorded to others what he claimed for himself, and quietly pursued the even tenor of his life doing his own work, and leaving others to do theirs." He did much work in protracted meetings, going at the call of pastors of country churches in the region near Richmond, to preach for weeks at a time. Although weak in body and almost all his life an invalid "he believed it to be his duty to give all the time he could spare in laboring for the upbuilding of his fellow-man, and in season and out of season he devoted himself to this noble calling."

The Rev. Dr. T. G. Jones, in an article in the *Baltimore Baptist,* after his death, spoke thus in regard to Mr. Sands: "Religious and conscientious as he was, he was not at all deterred by the common conception of incongruity between the practice of law and the profession of religion. If Matthew Hale could be a lawyer and yet a Christian then he did not doubt that Alexander Sands could be. He believed that whilst the weaklings and pettifoggers of the law, its sharp and shrewd, small, smart practitioners might be unmindful of truth and right, justice and honor, and all of the principles of morality and religion, the truly honorable and able men of the bar, regarding law, in whatever department, as something sacred, looking upon it in the light in which the great Hooker received it, when he said, in his beautiful and sublime personification: 'Her seat is the

bosom of God, and her voice the harmony of the worlds,' and magnifying their own high office as its interpreters and expounders, could never knowingly and willingly misconstrue and pervert the one, or degrade and disgrace the other. . . . Much as Mr. Sands loved the law, he loved the gospel more. . . . So he added to his already engrossing labors, those of the Christian ministry, to which he was ordained a few years before the commencement of the late Civil War. While his talents and acquirements qualified him to fill any of the most conspicuous and important pulpits of the land, with beautiful humility and self-abnegation, like his divine Lord, he preached the gospel to the poor—becoming pastor of a church of colored people, then slaves, whom he faithfully served in all the offices of his sacred calling. Subsequently he preached to other churches and closed his ministry at Glen Allen, with a church which he had been chiefly instrumental in forming, and of which he was the first pastor. For his ministerial services he drew but small pay, all of which he gave in furtherance of one or other church interest or enterprise.

"For many years it was the privilege of the writer, who had been a student in the same college with Mr. Sands, to know him intimately, and to enjoy his friendship. And never did he know a truer, purer, nobler man. Of fine intellect, highly cultivated, and richly furnished, his chief strength, his noblest distinction was of the heart. He was candid, frank, sincere, and intensely conscientious. His soul was full of sympathy with every generous and noble cause. He helped the needy with unstinted hand. He did much professional work for indigent and embarrassed persons, without remuneration; and when charging for his services graduated his fees most liberally, according to the condition of his clients."

Towards the end of his life Mr. Sands was afflicted with deafness. This in a measure cut him off from social intercourse, and emphasized for others, if it did not increase in him, his scholarly spirit. To see him in his study with his books and to mark his placid contentment, and then to hear his quiet, well-chosen words, and to catch the spirit of the man with his clear judgment and perfect poise, was full of inspiration for young people; certainly it was to at least one college student in those days.

On May 8, 1851, Mr. Sands was united in marriage with Miss Ella Virginia Goddin, a daughter of Mr. Wellington and Eliza P. Goddin. Rev. Edward Kingsford performed the ceremony. Of this union thirteen children were born, and of these seven are still living. "After a long and lingering sickness, during which he worked almost to the last hour, he calmly passed away without a struggle," on December 22, 1887. At the funeral, which took place at Grace Street Baptist Church, in the providential absence of the pastor, Rev. Dr. Wm. E. Hatcher, addresses were made by Drs. W. W. Landrum and T. G. Jones, Rev. J. T. Betts and Rev. S. C. Clopton also taking part in the services. The burial was in Hollywood. Mrs. Sands survived her husband, but now side by side they sleep their last sleep, where is still heard the roar of the James, which so fascinated the boy, afterward the preacher and the lawyer, when he first came to Richmond.

ALMARINE WOODYARD

Rev. Almarine Woodyard, son of Joseph and Frances S. Woodyard, was born August 27, 1855, near Newport, Giles County, Virginia. In early life he made a profession of religion, and was baptized by Rev. A. D. Bolton into the fellowship of Walker's Creek Church. At the age of eighteen he was licensed to preach. He was educated at White Gate Academy and in his private library. The following brethren constituted the presbytery which ordained him: W. R. L. Smith, G. Gray, Thomas Gatewood, and A. H. Ogden.

Brother Woodyard was in the regular work of the ministry six years and six months. He was in Amherst, one year; at Floyd Court-House, one year; in Accomac, two years and three months; in Petersburg, serving Mount Calvary, Old Shop, Sappony, and Woodlawn churches, two years and two months; and in Appomattox, serving Liberty and Hebron churches, one month.

In 1880, Brother Woodyard married Miss Mary L. Moore, of Giles, a cultivated Christian woman, who proved a true helpmeet.

Brother Woodyard was signally blessed in his work. God blessed the consecrated workman. His friends and physician saw that he was growing weaker, and thought a change of climate would benefit him. He was called to Appomattox. He moved to the field, but soon found that he must give up. He went to his mother's home in Giles County, where he died August 11, 1888. His funeral was preached by Rev. W. E. Wiatt.

Brother Woodyard was a thoroughly consecrated man, and God sealed his ministry. He was a sound man,

pious, and discreet. He truly understood the obligations of a Christian minister, and was faithful in the performance of duty. The precepts of Christ found a beautiful illustration in his life, and he glorified God by keeping His commandments. He was amiable and kind, and ever interested in the welfare of his brethren. He was modest and unassuming; moderately estimating his own abilities, and justly appreciating the merits of others. By nature his piety was more of an action than a feeling; more of a principle than a passion—quiet, fervent, steady.

"His chosen work he did, aspired no higher;
To learning wedded, to his flock a fire;
A faithful pastor over a loving charge,
He gently sailed through life in a safe barge;
And leaving us his absence to bemoan,
Without a struggle sought his heavenly home."

Hugh C. Smith.

F. C. CLARKE

By far the larger part of every life remains unrecorded in public annals. It must be so. Time would fail to write or to read all that men have done, and the world itself would not contain the books that would result. It all the more behooves the reader of the most uneventful life to gather from between the lines many scenes and suggestions that can not be set down in words. The life now recorded suggests and illustrates these remarks. F. C. Clarke was born in King George County, Virginia, September 24, 1844. He was born of the Spirit in 1865, and united with the Round Hill Baptist Church in his native county. At this same church, in August, 1886, he was ordained to the gospel ministry, the presbytery consisting of Rev. W. E. Wiatt, Rev. H. H. Jones, and Dr. Rice. Before his ordination he had spent almost two sessions at Crozer Theological Seminary, Pennsylvania. His career as a minister was a short one. His field was in the Portsmouth Association, where he was pastor of these churches: Knott's Island, London Bridge, Oak Grove, and St. John's, the last being located at Princess Anne Court-House. He was married to Miss Martha E. Pullen, who, with two sons, survives him. Death came to his home and to him suddenly, by a fire at night. His death and that of three loved children and a niece, "swept away as they were suddenly and unexpectedly," sent a gloom over the entire community. At the funeral the testimony of the Methodist and Episcopal ministers as to his worth were peculiarly touching. Resolutions adopted by the St. John's (Union) Sunday School, where he had been a worker, set forth in strong language the esteem and affection in which he was held by all. His death occurred on May 23, 1889.

DAVID B. WINFREE

Chesterfield County, Virginia, was not only the birthplace of David B. Winfree, and the place of his death, but here also the larger part by far of his life was spent. He was born October 30, 1819. In June, 1840, he made a profession of religion, and, on July 21st, he was baptized into the fellowship of the Mount Pleasant Church, Dinwiddie County, by William Hyde. Upon his baptism he was greatly troubled with the question as to whether he ought to preach. Night and day this matter gave him no rest until the question was decided in the affirmative. The following September saw him making his way to Richmond, where he entered the Virginia Baptist Seminary [whose name was changed that year to Richmond College], to prepare himself for the gospel ministry. Here he remained four years. Upon leaving the college he became pastor of the Mangohick Church, King and Queen County, remaining in this field for six years. In 1850, he returned to his native county. Now for over a score of years he was a country pastor in the bounds of the Middle District Association. In this period the churches he served were, Bethel, Tomahawk, Jerusalem, and Skinquarter, his union with the first of these flocks lasting exactly two decades. He came an educated and an able minister into a section where anti-missionary ideas had been widespread, nor were these doctrines extinct at his coming. He did much to awaken a demand on the part of the churches for ministers educated and prepared for their work. Of course his influence went for organized effort for mission work at home and abroad. In the Middle District Association, between 1850 and 1876, he was the preacher of the introductory sermon no less than six times, while

nine times he was one of the preachers, who, during the sessions of the body, preached to the gathered crowds. In 1873, he was called on to supply for six months the pulpit of the First Baptist Church, Richmond, while the pastor was engaged in the "Memorial Movement." The fact that this invitation came to Mr. Winfree was an evidence that his ability as a preacher was recognized beyond the bounds of Chesterfield. His people in his churches loved and admired their pastor, but it seems never to have occurred to them that some other folks might like him and want him, and that their support of him ought to be more liberal. It was doubtless his work in Richmond, where some seventy-five persons were converted and added to the church during his term as a supply, as well as the failure of his field to support him adequately, that led to his being called, and to his accepting the call to the Bainbridge Street Church, Manchester. On June 1, 1873, he began his work in Manchester, Richmond College having conferred on him about the same time the honorary degree of D. D. In some four years after this pastorate began, the membership of the church had grown from 275 to 406. In 1878, since many of the members were living in conformity to the world, the church called upon all of their members who desired to remain in good standing and fellowship to sign a covenant renewing their vows. Many refused to do this, and, their names being dropped, the next year the church reported to the Association only 260 on their roll; yet the church was doubtless strengthened. After severing his connection with Bainbridge Street, Dr. Winfree spent some months in protracted-meeting work, and then became once more a country pastor, accepting Berea, in Hanover, and North River, in Henrico, and a little later Mount Hermon, in the Middle District. Before long the churches outside of the Middle District were given up, and he came to the end of his life serving

four churches, namely, Red Lane, Bethel, Powhatan, and Mount Hermon, in the Middle District.

Dr. Winfree was a preacher of unusual ability and power. His excessive modesty and undue timidity kept him from taking a prominent part in the deliberations of the General Association, and once, when he had been appointed to preach the introductory sermon, caused him to refuse this task. It had taken the importunity of those who knew his ability to secure his appointment, since the committee had scarcely heard of him. Rev. Dr. C. Tyree, who knew Dr. Winfree long and intimately, wrote concerning his character and his power as a preacher to the *Herald*. Among other things he said: "His piety was not clerical but personal, not an impulse but a habit, warm but not heated, earnest but tranquil. His religion was a deep, pervasive sentiment, striking through and entwining itself with all the powers of his soul. . . . He was grave but not gloomy, facetious but not frivolous, and tenderly affectionate but not demonstrative. His love for Christ was his controlling passion. . . . He was to a singular degree what he appeared to be. He seemed to have attained to the habitual assurance of his divine acceptance, and hence carried into all companies the cheerfulness and the sunshine of a soul at peace with God. Hence he won the hearts of all who knew him. Never was a man more universally beloved. . . . To those who best knew him, his religious character was such that it is soothing to remember. It comes over them like the tranquilizing breath of spring. It was as a preacher that he was chiefly eminent. He was not an author nor distinguished as a platform speaker or denominational leader, but as a preacher he had not many equals, and but few superiors. In many essential respects Dr. Winfree was one of the ablest and most impressive preachers I ever heard. I have known many who surpassed him in some

regards, but I have known but few who combined so many of the elements of a powerful, effective gospel preacher. His voice was natural, clear, flexible, and pleasant. His enunciation was distinct, and while he was intensely emotional he was always self-possessed. . . . His sermons abounded with apposite, correctly repeated Scriptures, and were always brimful of the pith of the gospel. . . . I never heard him preach that the whole structure of the sermon and its impression did not remain with me for years. One of the most instructive and impressive sermons I ever heard from him was from the great text, 'God is love.' His arrangement was as new as it was striking, which was that the love of God was seen in the Father in his originating the plan of salvation, in the Son in his procuring that plan, and in the Spirit in His applying the plan. Dr. Winfree was a fine protracted-meeting preacher. Perhaps thousands in his own and surrounding fields were brought to Christ under his preaching in the meetings of this kind conducted by him. . . . Never was a minister more abidingly popular among his people than was Dr. Winfree. And yet the influence of this gifted minister was comparatively circumscribed. Owing to his self-depreciation and shrinking timidity he rarely attended our General Association, and when he did he took no part in its deliberations. In fact he was comparatively unknown to his great denomination outside of his own immediate field."

He died at his home near Midlothian, Chesterfield County, Tuesday, December 11, 1888, at midnight. On Thursday at one o'clock the funeral took place at Mount Hermon Church, the sermon of the occasion, by Dr. W. E. Hatcher, being on the text: "Well done, good and faithful servant." The audience was a large one, and they listened with tearful interest to the tribute to one whom they loved. The burial took place in the Mount Hermon cemetery hard by the church.

W. V. MACFEE

W. V. Macfee, the son of E. D. Macfee, Sr., was born July 21, 1856, at Louisburg, N. C. He was educated at Richmond College and at the S. B. T. Seminary, Louisville, Ky. He was pastor first of churches in Mecklenburg County and then of a field below Richmond. His feeble health gave way under his earnest work and by reason of exposure. He died at the "Retreat," Richmond, Va., April 4, 1889. He was buried on his father's farm, some nine miles from Pamplin, Va. In one of the churches of which he was pastor a difficulty of long standing, a menace to the very life of the church, was healed by his tact.

Fluvanna and Goochland Counties were the arena where at least the larger part of the life of James M. Kent, Sr., was spent. At the early age of six he became concerned about his soul's salvation, and continued in this frame of mind until he was thirteen years old, when he was converted. He at once became a member of Lyle's Church, Fluvanna, and for many years was one of its leading members. He, with a few others, organized, 1860, Beulah Church, of which body he was a member until his death. From the very first his interest in the growth of Beulah took a very practical form. He would go great distances on summer afternoons and winter nights to hold prayer-meetings in destitute sections, nor was this the only way in which he made sacrifices for the cause he loved so well. For years he resisted the appeals of his brethren that he ask for ordination into the full work of the gospel ministry. As a licentiate he saw much good that he could do, and he had passed the meridian of life before the hands of the presbytery had been laid on his head. His brethren were right; he was even more useful from this time forward. As pastor and supply he served Mount Prospect and Mount Gilead churches in Goochland, and several others in the Goshen Association. His kindness to the poor was great, he and his own household often depriving themselves to minister to those more needy. In his sermons he was always impressive and often eloquent, while his life was an epistle for good known and read by all classes. So highly was he regarded, for his probity and piety, by saints and sinners, that he was known in the community as "good Jimmy Kent." Just before his death, which took place in his eighty-fourth year, on Sunday, June 16, 1889, he said to Rev. J. J. White, whose obituary notices of him furnish the material for this sketch: "Oh, that this might be my last day on earth. I am anxious to go into the presence of the great I Am." He left two daughters of the nine children who were born to him and his wife, who was Matilda Mallory.

R. H. BAYLOR

Little beyond the brief notice in the minutes of the General Association is here given in regard to W. H. Baylor. He was born in King and Queen County, Virginia. He was converted at the age of twenty-two and attended Richmond College, the Richmond Medical College, and finally the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in 1853. Dr. Baylor practiced medicine for the greater part of his life in Princess Anne County. He began to preach during the War, was ordained and became pastor of several churches. He served as undershepherd Oak Grove, London Bridge and St. John's Churches in the Portsmouth Association, doing excellent work on this field. Many persons, at different times and places, made profession of religion under his preaching and were baptized by him. For a brief term of years he made his home in Amelia County. He died, surrounded by his family, in Norfolk, Virginia, July 22, 1889, being some sixty years of age. "Not long before his death he spoke of the sweet and precious presence of Jesus with him."

WM. H. TAYLOR

Wm. H. Taylor was born and spent his life in Buckingham County, Virginia. In early life he was a ringleader in wickedness, but later was no less active on the side of right. He was converted at the age of thirty and baptized by Rev. Wm. Moore into the fellowship of the Enon (Buckingham) Baptist Church. In 1842 he was ordained to the gospel ministry. During his career of nearly half a century as a preacher he was pastor of Mount Zion, Buckingham, Cedar, Cumberland, and Chestnut Grove, all in the James River Association. He was the moderator of his Association in 1852, while in 1856 he preached its introductory sermon. For forty-three continuous years he was pastor of Buckingham Church, a church that in 150 years had but four pastors. His service to this flock was from 1846 until his death, October 24, 1889. At the church he served so long he was buried.

Rev. R. W. Bagwell, pastor of Buckingham Church, writes concerning Brother Taylor (who was called by his people "Uncle Taylor") as follows:

"He was a preacher of rare natural gifts. Possessing an attractive and commanding personal appearance, and a voice rich in volume and full of sweetness and pathos, he was animated in speech and gave evidence of possessing a strong, clear and discriminating intellect. From the very beginning of his ministry he was a notable preacher. Especially was he gifted in exhortation. His eloquence when he was stirred was almost overwhelming in its power. Brethren who were fitted to judge did not hesitate to say that if he had thrown off his reserve and applied himself more assiduously as a student he would have taken rank as a preacher with Witt, Jeter and Poindexter."

JOHN SPENCER

John Spencer was born March 19, 1808, in Buckingham County, Virginia. The county of his birth was the arena of his life's career. The county is bounded on the north by James River, and is a section of undulating, broken country, the hills now and then assuming the dignity of low mountains. While there are many noble country seats in the county and many cultivated and refined people, there are vast stretches of woodland, and the roads leave much to be desired. At present deer are numerous, and it is not uncommon to meet men who have killed one or two, while one gentleman's score is thirty-five. When a hunt occurs it is not unusual for one or more preachers to be in the party. At the age of twenty-one Mr. Spencer was converted and joined the Baptist Church near him. The very next year he began to preach, and his active labors in the ministry continued for half a century. While he never had the advantages of a college training he was a most original preacher. Upon one occasion, when the James River Association met at Enon Church, the brother appointed to preach the introductory sermon was not present. Several ministers, who were college graduates, when called on to preach the sermon refused, saying they had had no time for preparation. When Mr. Spencer was asked he consented on certain conditions. A text was to be set down upon a slip of paper, which he was not to see until he was ready to begin to preach. This was done and when his sermon was finished the other preachers present agreed that the way in which he knew the Bible was wonderful, and that he preached it. For

the most part, Mr. Spencer preached to weak, struggling churches. In the course of his ministry he was pastor of the Wilderness, Union and Cedar churches, in the James River Association, and before his career as a preacher was ended his son had succeeded him as pastor of at least one of these places. He did not attend the general meetings of the denomination, and was little known among his brethren of the ministry. He was instrumental in leading some 3,000 persons to Christ and he baptized nearly as many. He was married three times and was survived by his widow and six children. He was a subscriber to the *Religious Herald,* and used to say that it was the only paper he cared to read. He died November 1, 1889, paralysis being the cause of his death. "His end was calm and peaceful, and loving hands laid him to rest in the joyful hope of the resurrection."

SAMUEL GRIFFIN MASON

Dr. Samuel Johnson was so fortunate as to have his Boswell. Without this faithful biographer his fame and name would never have reached as far and lived as long as they have. Samuel Griffin Mason had, through the larger part of his life, a dear friend, Thomas W. Sydnor. These two men died within four months of each other, Sydnor outliving Mason, and penning an interesting and lifelike picture of his friend and fellow-pastor. The present sketch could never have been as full as it is but for the tribute of Dr. Sydnor, which appeared in the *Herald,* and from which what follows is largely taken. Just three days before James Madison's second inauguration as President of the United States, in the midst of the "War of 1812," in the shadow of the Peaks of Otter, in Bedford County, on March 1, 1813, Samuel Griffin Mason was born, his parents being Lewis and Elizabeth Mason. In early life he was "born again," and was baptized by Rev. James Leftwich. Franklin County was for a season his home, where he wielded the rod of the pedagogue. While thus engaged his desire for the office of bishop arose in his heart, and he showed gifts worthy of this solemn work. At this point the influence of Rev. John Kerr led him to enter the Virginia Baptist Seminary, now Richmond College. Among his fellow-students here were Samuel Harris, T. N. Johnson, J. W. D. Creath, J. C. Bailey, J. C. Clopton, J. C. Hamner, J. N. Fox, Andrew Broaddus, Jno. O. Turpin, J. L. Shuck, R. D. Davenport, Elias Dodson, A. P. Repiton, R. A. Claybrook, H. W. Dodge, R. H. Bagby, Putnam Owens, S. C. Clopton, James Parkinson, C. L. Cocke, W. H.

Gwathmey, J. C. Schoolfield, T. W. Sydnor, and A. B. Clarke. Many of these men became ministers, and three of them missionaries to China. Sketches of not a few of these men appear in this book. Mr. Mason did not take first place in his classes, nor was he so gifted as some of his fellow-theologues, yet not one was held in higher esteem than was he. "Quiet, unobtrusive, sedate, dignified, affable, generous, studious, orderly, he won the respect, the confidence, the affection of students, teachers, and trustees—of all connected with the institution." He graduated in 1837.

Charlotte County, where Mr. Mason held his first pastorate, with neighboring counties, was destined to be the field where his real life work was to be done. From this section he went several times to take charge of other churches, but all these absences, save one, were brief, and, while they were not devoid of valuable work, seemed to serve chiefly in showing how suited he was to southern Virginia and its needs. In 1844, he went to Kentucky upon the call of the Flemingsburg and Lewisburg churches. His stay in Kentucky was not long. In 1852, he yielded to another call and became pastor of the First Church, in Petersburg. After two years he came back, and took charge of Catawba, Millstone, Black Walnut, and Arbor, all in Halifax County. In 1859, two churches in North Carolina, Yanceyville and Trinity, secured him as their pastor. This was his most protracted absence from Virginia. Until 1873 he sojourned in the Old North State, serving his churches with great acceptance, and winning for himself high place among the ministers of that state, holding at one time the presidency of the Baptist State Convention. During these years at least one pilgrimage back to his beloved Southside Virginia was when one of his members, Judge Kerr, came to Nottoway County

to be married, and brought his pastor with him to perform the ceremony. Dr. Sydnor indicates several very helpful influences in the life of Mr. Mason in his first pastorate, at Mossingford, Ash Camp, Mount Tirzah, and Shiloh churches. Abner W. Clopton had been the pastor here years before, and his work was of so excellent a character as to make the career of his successor, a kindred spirit, the more plain and pleasant. In 1841, Mr. Mason married the daughter of Archer A. and Elizabeth F. Davidson, of Charlotte Court-House. In finding a wife, who, in the providence of God, was to walk with him, his faithful helpmeet for almost half a century, he also came under the influence of Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, who were people of unusual character and piety. Mr. Davidson was "clear-headed, honest-minded, and true-hearted" to a very high degree. His wife recalled Solomon's picture of the model wife in Proverbs 31:10-31. Among the young pastor's associates and co-workers on this field were Daniel Witt and A. M. Poindexter. In Virginia, these two men, their work and their character, are so well known that to name them as Mason's associates is to speak volumes as to the inspiring fellowship and quickening companionship that were his. They believed in him as a man and as a preacher. Year by year he had them to help him in his protracted meetings, or went for the same work to them. In his prime Mr. Mason was a preacher of great power. If he lacked the flowing speech of Witt and the burning eloquence of Poindexter, in his lucid explanation of the great truths of the Gospel, in his apt quotation of Scripture, and in his pointed appeals to the unconverted he was their equal. His pulpit power was increased by his gift of song. Many a time a whole congregation would be melted down as by himself he would sing: "What wondrous love is this, O my soul,

O my soul," or "O trust Him yet this one time more," or "O tell me no more of this world's vain store."

He had many elements of power. His presence was pleasant and commanding. In his prime he was "tall, erect, symmetrical, sinewy, and muscular, without a pound of superfluous flesh. His clean-shaven face was fair and comely, his nose of the Grecian order; his eye, a sort of hazel-blue, keen and penetrating, but yet in expression gentle and benignant; his brow, sometimes sternly knit, indicative of thought, decision, courage, and determination; his hair, a rich auburn, worn somewhat long, thrown back from his massive forehead, would fall gracefully over his ears, a little down his neck; his voice clear, sharp, and strong, at times plaintive, melting, and melodious." In public speech he would "sometimes utter a word with a sort of explosive sound like the sudden crack of a pistol." He was an accomplished horseman. On Sunday morning he would ride up to the place of his appointment on his noble horse, dismount, tie his horse to a swinging limb, take his saddlebags, greet the brethren around the door, go in, conduct the service of prayer and praise, and then go up into the pulpit a very Saul in physical development. While not a man of highest culture or extensive scholarship, he had a vigorous intellect, and could grasp with ease and unfold with clearness intricate points in theology. Much might be said about his moral make-up. He was upright, faithful, just, sober, pure, good, "a candid man, sincere, frank, unaffected, open-hearted, and ingenuous." Surely he had his faults, but those who knew him only in his latter years when, by reason of certain sharp trials, these defects were brought into undue prominence, did not credit him with all the graces that were really his. That his children were not Christians was to him a great grief. He feared that some of his brethren in the ministry were departing

from the faith once delivered to the saints. In the spring of 1888, he received an injury on his ankle, which proved more serious than it was first considered, which gave him great pain, and which was finally the cause of his death. During his long career as a minister of the gospel the blessing of God richly attended his labors and multitudes survived him who held him in grateful remembrance as their spiritual father. His public career as a preacher ended with a brief period of labor as an evangelist, under the State Mission Board, and his pastoral services for Antioch and Shiloh churches, in Charlotte; Scottsburg and Clover, in Halifax, and Providence, in North Carolina. The Appomattox Association held him as one of its most esteemed members. In this Association, of which body he was more than once moderator, his life often touched that of his fellow-pastor, Samuel J. Atkins. Their lives were almost exactly of the same length and covered almost exactly the same period. It was fitting that a page, set apart in the minutes of the Appomattox Association, for 1890, should bear their names, the dates of their birth and death, and words from the Book they loved and preached so long, describing their work for their Master.

On November 14, 1889, Mr. Mason reached Richmond, where he hoped to secure medical aid that would bring him back to health, and, accompanied by his wife, went to the home of his son. An operation was performed, but it did not have the desired result. On Sunday, January 26, 1890, he passed to his eternal reward. Two days later, the funeral, attended by nearly all the Baptist ministers of Richmond, took place at the West Main Baptist Church. On foot these brethren followed in the procession to Hollywood, where the burial took place. Deeply interesting memorial services were held at Scottsburg, in Halifax, and Antioch, in Charlotte. At this latter place an address was delivered by Dr. Sydnor, which was published in the *Herald*.

DANIEL GRAY TAYLOR*

George Taylor left Wales, his native land, about the year 1772, and settled in the colony of Virginia. His son Reuben and Mary Gray were the parents of five sons, Daniel Gray being the oldest. He was born in the country home of his parents, in the southwestern part of Henry County, August 20, 1821. At that time the country roundabout was sparsely populated and enjoyed very few religious or educational advantages. There were no Sunday schools, no prayer-meetings, and but one house for religious worship, in which there was an occasional sermon by an old and infirm Baptist minister, by the name of Manaen Hill.

In a journal kept by Mr. Taylor, from which much of the information in this sketch is taken, this building is described as, "A rude structure, built of unhewn logs that had not been squared at the ends. The chinks had not been closed; and the batten door hung loosely on its wooden hinges. The boards of the roof were laid on poles, and held in their places by poles laid on them; and as the poles sagged the roof curved accordingly. The floor was the native earth, covered with sand from the road. The seats were puncheons riven from small trees and set on pins of the proper height, and were backless. The pulpit against the wall was boxed up quite high, a door being left at one end to admit the preacher. I suppose the sacred thing would have held about seventy-five bushels. In this old house I heard my first sermon. Years have elapsed, but the text on

*This sketch, somewhat abbreviated and with some verbal changes, is from the pen of Rev. J. Lee Taylor.

that occasion is still fresh in my memory: 'God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions.' "

Reuben and Nancy Taylor, though highly respectable and possessed of ample means, did not understand or appreciate the advantages of education, and as a consequence the son, instead of being placed in school, was required to take his place with his father's negroes on the farm.

In the ordinary pursuits of farm life, and in the manufacture of peach and apple brandy, with an occasional short term in a very poor school, the first sixteen years of Mr. Taylor's life were spent, during which time he had no recollection of a visit from any minister of the gospel, or of the mention of the subject of religion in his father's home.

At the age of sixteen he attended a boarding-school, at Sandy Ridge, N. C., of which he says: "My departure was a great event. I had never stayed from home longer than a day and night at any one time, and the thought of so long an absence thoroughly aroused me. . . . The teacher was a Presbyterian minister. . . . His school numbered about forty boys and girls, and some of the older pupils studied Latin and Greek. I took spelling, reading, writing, and arithmetic, and enjoyed the work of the school and the companionship of the pupils. The end of the term, of eight months, ended my school days."

Upon his return home he resumed the pursuits of agricultural life, and thus matters went on until September 9, 1841, when he was happily united in marriage with Miss Martha King, daughter of Hon. Joseph Seward King, of Henry County, and granddaughter of Elder John King, who is mentioned in Semple's "History of Virginia Baptists," and in Taylor's "Lives of

Virginia Baptist Ministers." This union extended through nearly fifty years, and whatever good he accomplished in life was due more largely to his wife than to any other human agency. Soon after his marriage he began building on a part of the paternal estate, and a year later he moved into the house. It was *home* until he entered into the Father's house.

When he entered his home, in 1842, he did not own a book of any description. Early the next year he and his wife went on a visit to her father's family. On this trip Mrs. Taylor borrowed a Bible from her brother, and for some time that was his only book. The record says: "From my boyhood I was a dear lover of ardent spirits, and was an habitual drinker. But soon after I went to housekeeping I dropped that practice totally and finally. And although I have been a housekeeper more than forty years, and have raised nine children to be grown, I have not used one gallon of alcoholic liquor in that time."

In 1844, Elder John Robertson, pastor of the Baptist Church, at Leaksville, N. C., came over to Mr. Taylor's neighborhood, to baptize Mr. John Watkins and wife, who had gone all the way from their home into North Carolina to unite with the Baptists. It was a notable event. Many of those present had never before witnessed a baptism, and they were deeply impressed by the solemn scene. Soon after his baptism, Mr. Watkins secured the coöperation of Reuben and Daniel Taylor in an effort to build a house of worship. The record says: "My father gave the land on which the church was to be built. He and I became the contractors, and by the first of October we had the house completed. Up to this time I had no concern upon the subject of religion." Elder John S. Lee, who had recently been sent into the county by the Baptist State Mission Board, sent an ap-

pointment for Elder John Robertson and himself to begin a protracted meeting in the new house on the second Sunday in October.

For miles around the people were interested and they came to hear. Of this meeting Mr. Taylor said: "Soon the word preached began to affect large numbers, among them my father, a younger brother, and my wife. I, too, was affected, but in a different way. I considered it a desperate outrage that the preachers should introduce such trouble among the people; some were crying as if their hearts would break; others were on their knees in an agony of prayer, and the whole community pervaded by a deep solemnity. I got mad, and felt that if I had those fellows off by themselves I would teach them a lesson which they would not soon forget. But I smothered my rage. On the third day, as I did not like what was going on, I decided to stay at home. As I was preparing to go to the field my father said: 'Daniel, let the work alone and go to meeting.' But my mind was made up, and I went to gathering corn. In a short time, I began to think of my condition, and arrived at the conclusion that I was the worst sinner in the neighborhood. My condition seemed almost hopeless, and I felt if I should die in that state I would surely be lost. The next morning I was anxious to attend the meeting, and was deeply interested in the sermon. At its close the preacher invited those who felt anxious about their souls to come forward for prayer and instruction. I went. Others found relief, but I could not, and the meeting closed leaving me in great perplexity and trouble, but I was determined to settle the matter, and on the 17th of November, 1844, I found peace by trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ."

The Mayo Baptist Church having been organized on the 19th of November, 1844, Daniel G. Taylor and his

wife, on the 30th of March, 1845, it being the fifth Sunday in the month, were baptized by Elder John Robertson. He did not wait to be baptized, but began at once to hold prayer-meeting, and deliver exhortations as he had opportunity. A visit to the Strawberry Association the next year kindled his soul with warmer aspirations for usefulness. His deep interest and dignified bearing excited confidence and expectation in the minds of his brethren, and this reacted on his own spirit. The call was growing louder and the voice more distinct, but there were difficulties in the way. He had an excellent farm and was comfortably settled. He could work in wood, brick, stone, iron, and leather. There was money in the tobacco business in which for a time he had engaged, and he was no sluggard. By attention to business, prosperity and abundance, and quiet happiness lay within easy grasp. He was not ignorant of the situation. The record says: "The duty of preaching the gospel was upon me, but the outlook was far from cheering. Having no early religious training, no education to speak of, no useful books except the Bible, and but little money to buy them, and, being dependent in a measure on my own labor for the support of my family, I did not see how I could perform the work to which I felt called; but I determined to do the best I could. . . . Brother Lee gave me the benefit of his counsels, and furnished me such books as I could pay for. As I went about the farm I carried a small Testament in my pocket, and improved every spare moment by reading. When the day's work was done I continued my studies till late bedtime, striving to enhance my usefulness." On October 30, 1847, at Mayo Church, he was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry, by a presbytery composed of Elders John S. Lee, Thos. C. Goggin, and Pleasant Brown.

Meanwhile, he had not been idle. Beside other preaching stations, in July of that year he had an appointment at Leaksville, N. C., and continued his visits to that place for nearly two years. In September he made his first visit to Floyd County, and preached at a private residence. He says: "I found a few Baptists who had come from Bedford County. The people seemed eager to hear the truth, and the harvest is plenteous." In December of this year he was called to the pastorate of Mayo Church, in which capacity he served with slight interruption till the end of his life.

Some of his earliest ministerial labors were performed in the adjoining counties of North Carolina, and, in connection with the Mayo pastorate, he became a missionary of the North Carolina Baptist State Convention, to labor in the counties of Stokes and Rockingham.

On account of failing health, Elder Lee resigned his missionary work, and the Board at once turned to Elder Taylor. At his ordination he had preached from Mark 16:15. His soul caught the spirit of the text. His zeal kindled. He was in some sense a child of the Board. It was not strange he should become its servant. So resigning his work in North Carolina, he devoted his unoccupied time to missionary work in the counties of Floyd and Patrick. With some variation in fields of labor, his connection with the State Mission Board continued for ten years or more, during which time he was instrumental, under God, in planting the standard of the cross in many destitute communities, and organizing several churches.

At the organization of Blue Ridge Association, in 1858, he was chosen moderator, an office which he held for eighteen years, and from which he was relieved only at his own request. He was in a sense the father of the Association, manifested an abiding interest in all that

pertained to its prosperity, attended all its meetings, and rejoiced greatly in its development and growth. The meeting of 1877 was the last over which he presided. At this meeting he vacated the chair to urge the claims of State Missions, Foreign Missions, Ministerial Support, and Temperance. In 1888, he attended the Association for the last time. At this meeting, as he had often done before, he preached the introductory sermon. Isaiah 11 :9 was chosen as the text: "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." One who heard the sermon said: "As the speaker portrayed the peaceful sway, the onward march, and the final glorious triumph of Messiah's kingdom, and pointed out the agencies through which this was to be accomplished, all the powers of his mighty mind and noble soul were brought into play, and he seemed for the time to live amid the splendors of the latter-day glory, and his auditors were swayed like leaves in the autumn breeze."

For ten years before his death, Mr. Taylor did not enjoy vigorous health. Hard work, exposure and two attacks of serious illness had left their mark upon him. Through all his pastoral career he rarely failed to meet an engagement. He served in the pastoral relation the Leaksville, Providence, Ayersville, Beaver Island, Peter's Creek, and Oak Ridge churches, in North Carolina; and in Virginia, New Haven Church, in Floyd County; Friendship, Sycamore, Rock Spring, and Meadows of Dan, in Patrick, and New Leatherwood, True Vine, Ridgeway, Blackberry, and Mayo, in Henry County. He was a New Testament preacher. From his nearly completed journal, which has been carefully consulted, it appears that in the course of his ministry he preached from 534 different texts, only seventy-two of which were taken from the Old Testament.

His habit in preparing a sermon was to get the text in mind, and meditate on it while about his work. Some of his best sermons, he said, were prepared while he was between the plow handles. Before starting to his appointments he usually made brief notes of what he had thought out. These he rarely carried into the pulpit. Like all extemporaneous speakers, his sermons varied in power according to the occasion. Sometimes he spoke with thrilling eloquence. In all his preaching he was strictly logical. A leading lawyer of the Henry bar, who heard him on various occasions, declared that he never knew him to make a false argument. And yet he never read a chapter on logic in his life. He simply saw things clearly, and from his own vocabulary expressed what he saw.

Competent witnesses have borne discriminating and forceful testimony to Mr. Taylor's character and work. They have spoken of earnestness unquenched by discouragements, of sincerity unmarred by conventionalism, of frankness unobscured by temporizing. They have mentioned the conscientiousness which withstood the demands of personal interest, the intellectual power which triumphed over grave difficulties, the unostentatious piety which grew and ripened as the years passed by.

He did his work in the country, and sowed the seeds of truth in neglected places. The field was not one from which large harvests could be expected. In the performance of his labors he traveled by private conveyance 65,387 miles, and preached 5,278 sermons, and baptized 794 professors of faith, ten of whom became ministers of the Gospel.

His end came on. He realized the fact and spoke of it with joy. To one of his sons, who solicited his aid in meetings soon to be held, he said: "John, I would

be glad to visit your churches again and see the brethren once more, but my work is done." On the 1st and 2d days of February, 1890, at Beaver Island Church, he preached his last sermons. On Saturday the text was: "Let no man glory in men, for all things are yours." On Sunday: "Master, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest." He came home feeling worse than usual. A month later he started to Beaver Island, but returned. On Sunday morning he went to Mayo and taught a class in the Sunday school. His work ended where it began. From that time he rarely left his room. He told his wife he would not recover. To the family physician he said: "Doctor, you can do me no good. For a long time I have been working for Jesus, now I am going to live with Him." A short time before the summons came he called for the hymn book, and sitting on the bedside sang his last hymn on earth:

"Hark, the voice of Jesus calling—
Who will go and work to-day?" etc.

March 30, 1890, being the fifth Sunday in the month, dawned. Just forty-five years before on the 30th day and fifth Sunday in March he had been baptized. Early in the morning he engaged his family and friends in cheerful conversation. He asked for his cane and used it in changing his position. The sun was up and the light of a new Sabbath had silently fallen on forest and field. Almost as silently Daniel G. Taylor had emerged from the darkness of this earthly life, and had entered into his Father's house.

THOMAS W. SYDNOR

The county of Hanover, Virginia, famous as the birthplace of Henry Clay, was where Thomas W. Sydnor first saw the light, being the youngest child of Edward G. and Sarah Sydnor. Under Presbyterian influence the boy grew up, going regularly with his pious mother to the Pole Green Church. Here he heard a sermon which led to his religious awakening. On this important occasion the text was: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock, etc.," and the preacher the distinguished Dr. W. S. Plumer. The youth was subsequently converted during a series of meetings in 1831 at the Second Baptist Church, Richmond, Virginia. He was baptized by the pastor of the church, Dr. J. B. Taylor. In an address before the General Association in 1872, soon after the death of James B. Taylor, the subject of this sketch spoke as follows of his father in the gospel and his own early religious experiences: "Brother Taylor was the guide of my youth. I think I am a Christian. I know I am a Baptist, and I make some humble pretensions as a preacher of the gospel. Now, it does seem to me, as I look back upon my early life, that possibly I should never have been a Christian; probably never a Baptist; and certainly never a preacher, had I not been brought under the influence of James B. Taylor. He was the chief instrument, I think, of my conversion to God; he baptized me and his name is attached to the license I hold as a minister of the gospel." Not far away from this Hanover home was another home in which a youth named L. W. Allen was growing up. He, too, eventually became a Baptist preacher, though in later years Mr. Sydnor, the companion of his youthful days, remembered him "as a young man, gay, dashing, ardent, aspiring, ambitious, especially of military honor."

In 1835 he entered the Virginia Baptist Seminary, what is now Richmond College. Among his fellow-students were J. W. D. Creath, J. C. Bailey, James C. Clopton, T. N. Johnson, S. G. Mason, Sam Harris, Elias Dodson, A. P. Repiton, Jno. O. Turpin and J. L. Shuck. After a part of a session, as it seems, at Richmond, he entered Columbian College in the fall of 1835. Here he remained three years and graduated in 1838. Among his associates at Columbian were W. Carey Crane, J. D. Herndon, Cornelius Tyree, J. C. Hamner, Solon Lindsley, H. W. Dodge, N. Marshman Williams, R. H. Bagby, S. Standish Bradford, H. H. Tucker, J. S. Walthall, W. B. Cooper, Andrew Broaddus, Robert Ould, R. A. Claybrooke, and J. N. Schoolfield. The faculty of Columbian in those sessions consisted of Rev. S. Chapin, D. D., President, and Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy; Wm. Ruggles, LL. D., Professor of Mathematics; J. O. B. Chaplin, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages; Thos. Sewell, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology; John L. Lincoln, Tutor; S. C. Smoot, Principal of Preparatory School; Adril Sherwood, D. D., General Agent. From Columbian College he went to Newton Theological Seminary, Massachusetts, where he remained two years. Among his companions here were J. G. Barker, E. L. Magoon, J. C. Upham, A. N. Arnold, T. D. Anderson, J. R. Scott, E. G. Robinson. In these several lists of students are the names of one who afterwards was the president of two great universities, of another who became a distinguished judge, and of several who rose to high eminence as preachers. In 1888 Dr. Sydnor wrote to the *Herald:* "My pen is itching to write something about the old college. If I had more time and more tact, more brains and more brass, more sense and more cents, I would let it scratch. . . . If I could write better I would write more."

During his course at Columbian College he was licensed by the Second Church, Richmond, and after finishing his work at Newton was ordained at Bruington Church, King and Queen County, Elders Philip Montague and E. L. Magron constituting the presbytery. He served the Bruington Church for a season as a supply and then became pastor of the Farmville Church. To Bruington he brought his bride, a daughter of one of his college professors, Dr. S. Chapin, President of Columbian. This union was broken after a few brief years, Mrs. Sydnor dying during the Farmville pastorate. Before and after his Farmville pastorate of one year, Mr. Sydnor was engaged for a number of years in agency work, laboring for his *alma mater,* Columbian College; for the Baptist General Convention for Foreign Missions; for the Southern Baptist Convention, and for the American Baptist Publication Society in its Sunday-school department among the colored people. In 1845 he was married a second time, the bride being Miss Blanche W. McClanahan, of Roanoke County, Virginia. She and two sons and a daughter survived him.

In 1847 Nottoway County became his home and the field of his labors. Here he remained for the rest of his life, a period of some forty-three years, exerting a wide influence in many directions, loved and esteemed throughout the whole region. Of the Tussekiah Church, which was organized in 1777, he was pastor twenty-five years, and of the Jonesboro Church, organized in 1850, twenty-six. His pastorate of a third church in the Concord Association reached thirty-two years. This last church was first known as Cool Spring. To-day it is known as the Blackstone Church. This church, along with what is now the town, has had several names, Blacks and Whites, Bellefonte, and finally Blackstone. The first of these names did not refer to the colored and white races, but

to families. Mr. Sydnor himself liked the title Bellefonte for town and church and hated to see it go. It was retained by the church, so a letter of his to the *Herald* says, after it was abandoned by the town.

Mr. Sydnor's work was not confined to the bounds of the Concord Association. For a number of years he was pastor of Mount Hope and Central, two churches in the Middle District Association. During his long years as pastor he baptized over 3,000 persons. Mr. Sydnor was useful not alone in his own churches. He held public office. Upon the establishment in Virginia of the public school system, he was made public school superintendent of Nottoway. This position he held until his death, with the exception of the four years of Governor W. E. Cameron's administration. He was most faithful in his attendance upon his Association, the Concord, and was elected as moderator every time made possible by the provisions of the constitution. He was active in the work of his denomination in the State, and the brotherhood showed their confidence in him by electing him to positions of honor. In 1871 he was made moderator of the General Association. He was also president of the Virginia Baptist Historical Society. At the General Association in 1866, which led to the reorganization of Richmond College, he took part in the discussion, and years later was made a trustee of the College. He contributed frequent and valuable articles for the columns of the *Religious Herald,* now upon biographical or historical subjects, now upon questions arising in the life of the denomination. In 1873 the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by Columbian College. He died May 4, 1890.

Rev. Dr. Cornelius Tyree, who was the life-long friend of Dr. Sydnor, wrote as follows in the *Religious Herald:*

"This writer knew Dr. Sydnor long and well. We were classmates in Columbian College, and, unlike some

of the members of this class, he was singularly pious. He was a model of gentlemanly courtesy, kindness, diligence as a student, and promptness in all college duties. . . . His religion was real and apparent. While not singularly gifted in any one respect, he combined an assemblage of personal and ministerial excellencies. He was an able minister of the New Testament. He was unsurpassed in the scripturalness, naturalness, simplicity and tenderness with which he preached the gospel. I call to mind two sermons I heard him preach while agent of our Foreign Mission Board. One was on the foundation that God laid in Zion; text, Is. 28:16. The other, the greater prevalence and wickedness of practical than theoretical atheism. I have rarely heard abler and more impressive sermons than were both. . . . These were the only sermons I heard him preach, but judging from the opinion of others, who heard him more frequently, and from an excellent sermon he published in the *Baptist Preacher* on the perseverance of the saints, we may safely say that he was a model preacher. He was an excellent pastor, faithful and yet tender and encouraging. . . . One of his prominent traits was his conscientious accuracy in the minutiæ of life. He was excelled by some in the breadth and comprehensiveness of their views, but none surpassed him in a knowledge of the details of our history for the last fifty years. In all of our plans his mind would turn to particulars. He knew, perhaps, more correctly than any other the history of our leading ministers who have died within the last half-century. . . . With him it was sudden death and sudden glory. He preached Christ in the morning and was with him in paradise that evening."

SAMUEL JOHNSON ATKINS

Samuel Johnson Atkins was born in Mecklenburg County, May 11, 1811. He died at his home in Prince Edward County, June 26, 1890, in the eightieth year of his age. He was reared by Presbyterian parents. At the age of sixteen he made a profession of religion, and joined the Protestant Methodist Church. He was more fortunate than some of his time in educational advantages in his early life. He acquired a fairly good English education, with some knowledge of Latin, Greek, and mathematics. He had a logical mind, and when thoroughly enlisted reasoned with great clearness and force. His memory was remarkably accurate, and served him never so well as when in mental contest. These elements, coupled with his calm self-possession, made him a formidable adversary in debate.

For a while he was clerk and salesman in a country store, and then spent several years in teaching a country school. In 1840, he began to preach as a Protestant Methodist preacher, and labored in the counties of Buckingham and Cumberland. When preaching from the text: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism," he sought earnestly to defend what he had hitherto held as baptism; but became satisfied that his position was untenable, and soon after renounced the doctrine of the Methodist Church and became a Baptist. He was baptized by Rev. Wm. Moore, of Buckingham County. Soon after, he was ordained to the full work of the ministry, at Tarwallet Church, by a presbytery consisting of Revs. T. N. Johnson and Wm. Moore. The sermon was preached by Rev. T. N. Johnson. Text: II Timothy 4:2, "Preach the word."

For more than forty years he was a Baptist minister, and was abundant in labors and crowned with the blessings of the Lord. As God's servant he loved to preach. It was a source of delight to him to tell the glad tidings of salvation. When he entered the ministry he was impelled by a deep conviction of duty, and he prosecuted his work with ever-increasing joy. He was not only willing to preach, but seemed to be always ready. He did not push himself to seek recognition and prominence, but when called upon to stand up for the Master he was not hindered by difficulties and embarrassments. As a preacher he was fearless, plain, and practical. He had clear views of doctrine and well-defined convictions, with the courage to preach anywhere that which he believed to be the truth, and to stand by his convictions regardless of consequences. He seemed not to care for ornamentation of style and floral decorations. When he had preached several days in a meeting, Dr. J. A. Mundy said to the congregation: "Brother Atkins has given you rich clusters of luscious fruit without a single flower."

He was pastor of a number of churches, and in some cases for a long time. He served Union, fifteen years; Sandy Creek, seventeen years; he was many years pastor at Nottoway and Mount Lebanon churches; was also pastor of Concord, Buckingham County, and Mount Hope and Walker's Church, in Appomattox County. He was twice pastor of Tarwallet, Pisgah, and Spring Creek churches. He served the James River Association five years as missionary. He was a successful laborer in protracted meetings, and had much talent and love for that work. He led many to Christ and baptized a large number of converts. He was popular as a pastor and was greatly beloved by all the churches he served.

Brother Atkins was twice married. His first wife was Miss Rebecca G. Anderson, of Cumberland County,

by whom he had two children. His second wife was Mrs. Appia Moseby, by whom he had five children, all of whom are living save one, and are faithful Christians. In his home he was a model of kindness and affection. In this particular his children copy him. In the social circle he was easy in manner and as accessible as a child. In the homes of the rich and cultured, as among the poor and ignorant, he was a welcome visitor—welcomed by the young people and children, as well as by the more mature. He was genial and pleasant and a good conversationalist. He possessed in an extraordinary degree the faculty of knowing people. He not only knew the names and faces, but their families, relationships, and localities. Wherever he went he found people whose family connections he could in some way trace.

In April, 1890, he was paralyzed, but lingered until the 25th of June, when he quietly and peacefully passed to his heavenly home. Religious services were held by the pastor—Rev. J. W. Wildman—and Rev. W. F. Kone, of Farmville, and he was laid to rest in the cemetery of the Pisgah Baptist Church, of which he had twice been pastor. A beautiful monument marks his resting place, erected by a faithful, loving, appreciative people.

W. J. Shipman.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER HILL

William Alexander Hill was born in Culpeper County, November 22, 1817, his father being Captain Ambrose Powell Hill and his mother Frances Twyman. High social position and the comforts of life were among his assets from his very birth and in due time the best educational advantages were his. After a course of study at the Virginia Baptist Seminary, now Richmond College, he received, in 1839, his degree of M. D. at the University of Pennsylvania. He at once took up the practice, in his native county, of his chosen profession, and in 1840 was most happily married to Miss Judith Frances Booten, of Madison County. One of the interesting notes in Mr. Hill's life is the fact that he worked along so many different lines, and of him it may be said, as it was of Goldsmith, that he touched nothing which he did not adorn. In 1843 he moved to Greene County and while residing there was appointed to the county bench, where he "most worthily wore the ermine." In 1847 he purchased a fine estate in Madison County, where he erected a handsome residence, which was his home to the day of his death. Here was one of the most attractive and hospitable homes in all the State, and its master a courtly gentleman, dispensed an almost royal cheer. Pictures of roaring wood fires, creature comforts on the board, many guests, laughter, gladness and the conversation of friends must peep out between these lines, else this sketch is not true to life. Again we see Mr. Hill in a new line of work, for he was the first superintendent of public schools for Madison and Greene counties. He did his work "with eminent fidelity and ability." In his report for 1880 he wrote: "Improvement marked. The appreciation of an education has grown with each succeeding year. As a general thing there is a greater degree of morality and virtue; this applies no less to the colored population than to the white." In this same report, in answer to the question: "Are the children of the

more ignorant classes likely to surpass their parents in respect to intelligence, good morals and industry?" he answered: "They are." He continued in this office until removed by a political revolution "which turned every man out of office simply because he was in office."

In early life Dr. Hill had made a profession of religion and been baptized by Elder James Garnett, who for many years was pastor of Bethel, Cedar Run, and Crooked Run churches of the Shiloh Association. From the time of his baptism he was an active Christian and came to be prominent in the Shiloh Association, of which body he was moderator for many years, and well known in the General Association. As time went on the brethren were more and more convinced that he ought to preach, and about 1860 he was licensed for this work by the Mount Zion Church. With characteristic modesty "he rather shrank from assuming the full work of the ministry," but finally yielded to the call of Liberty Church, and in 1864 was ordained. Of this church he was pastor fourteen years. He was also pastor of two churches in the Goshen Association, Antioch and Mount Pisgah, for a number of years, and of Cedar Run for three years. Strong devotion and love bound him and his churches to each other. As his years advanced and his health began to fail it required the utmost efforts of his family to dissuade him from taking the long journeys which were necessary to fill his appointments, but which his loved ones thought were too much for his strength. Dr. Hill was greatly blessed in his family. "His sons and daughters grew up worthy of the virtues and graces of their honored parents and his household was a model of piety and affectionateness." Not long before his end the death of a loved daughter brought tenderness as well as sadness into the home circle. When his departure was at hand he testified that it was well with his soul, and on November 21, 1890, he fell on sleep at his country seat, "Glendalough."

JAMES D. BROWN*

James D. Brown, son of James and Mary Brown, was born in Greenesville County, Virginia, October 17, 1846. His father was a thrifty farmer and gave his children good educational advantages. He went to Washington and Lee University in 1866, '67, '68, while General R. E. Lee was president. General Lee gave him his picture with his autograph. The picture had its place in his room and seemed to cry: "Be earnest; do not trifle; time flies; serve your generation and your God." While at Washington and Lee University, in his own room, he made a profession of religion, and in June, 1869, was baptized by Rev. Dr. A. E. Owen into the fellowship of High Hills Baptist Church, Jarratt, Va. In the fall of 1868 he went to the University of Virginia to study law.

March 10, 1869, he was married to Miss Lucy, daughter of Mr. Jesse Jarratt, Rev. Dr. Owen officiating. The next ten years were spent in a quiet and uneventful way on his farm. During this period he was convinced that he ought to preach the gospel, but in his extreme modesty he shrank from this work. Yet he could not rid himself of his convictions, and in the fall of 1880, as a preparation for the practical work of the ministry, he accepted the office of General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Petersburg. He served the Association about a year and then was appointed as colporteur of the Sunday school and Bible Board for Petersburg and the suburbs; but he shrank from the hard service that might appal a sturdy nature, and after a few days he resigned and returned to his home in

*The facts for this sketch were furnished by Dr. Hugh C. Smith.

Greenesville. In February, 1882, at High Hills Church, he was ordained, the presbytery consisting of Revs. A. E. Owen, D. D.; E. C. Dargan, D. D.; Charles H. Nash. and Hugh C. Smith. He took charge at once of Antioch and Shiloh churches, Portsmouth Association, serving them faithfully until his death.

He was an invalid for nearly two years, having nasal and throat troubles. He finally resigned the care of his churches, but they refused to accept his resignation, retaining him as their pastor and securing an assistant.

The funeral services at High Hills Church were conducted by Hugh C. Smith and J. T. Eubank. His churches held memorial services and each placed a life-size picture on the wall. Shiloh Church erected a beautiful monument, near the church, to his memory, and High Hills, his mother church, has a marble tablet on her wall.

JOHN ROBERTS MOFFETT

John Roberts Moffett was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, October 16, 1858. He came of Scotch-Irish stock. Henry Moffett, the emigrant, a scion of the Scotch family, was born in 1705. He located in the valley of Carter's Run, Fauquier County, and was the father of Rev. Anderson Moffett and Daniel Moffett. Rev. Anderson Moffett was for more than fifty years the pastor of Smith's Creek Baptist Church, Shenandoah County, Virginia. He was imprisoned in the Culpeper jail for preaching as a Baptist and, while there, was almost suffocated by the fumes of burning red pepper and sulphur. Daniel Moffett was married twice; of his three sons who reached manhood, one emigrated to Alabama; the second, Horatio G., was for years a lawyer in Rappahannock County, being commonwealth's attorney and a member of the Virginia Secession Convention of 1861; the third, John, was the father of the subject of this sketch. John Moffett was married twice, his second wife being Miss Sarah William Brown, a woman of indomitable energy and rare piety. Her forebears were the Browns, the Ficklens, the Robertses, who at an early date had located in the "Little Fork" and its vicinity in Culpeper County. To John Moffett and his wife, Sarah, four children, William Walter, Sallie F., Daniel Anderson, and John Roberts, were born. The home of this family, a comfortable and typical Virginia country mansion, some ten miles from Culpeper, is still standing. Such an ancestry, such a mother, and such a county as a birthplace, were fine assets with which to set out in life. Let us pursue the story of the boy who had this good

beginning. He heard the roar of war. Later in life he wrote concerning these days: "We have often gone out on the hills to listen to the booming of the cannon on some hard-fought field. Lee and his army passed right by our gate on his way to and from Pennsylvania. I remember how anxious the family were that I should see him. My father held me up on his shoulder. 'There he is —yonder he goes—he has turned the corner—is out of sight. Did you see him, son?' 'Yes, Pa; it was that man with the oilcloth cap on, wasn't it?' Just to think, so close to the noble old hero and never to have seen him. Our own soldiers, how pretty they looked in their new suits of gray, with brass buttons, as they galloped by our house in the beginning. I wished then that I was one of them, but I don't recollect making any such wish some months later when they would come straggling in, tired, footsore, ragged, dirty and sick or desperately wounded. My mother nursed many through various kinds of sickness and dressed many wounds. Sometimes she would take buckets of iced milk out on the road to give to those who appeared to be especially hot and tired."

John Moffett, the father, died when his youngest son was some nine years old. This was on Christmas Day. Soon afterwards, one Sunday, the mother gathered the children into her room and read to them a sermon by Spurgeon on "Heaven and Hell." This made a deep impression on John, and he went to his room and wrote these resolutions:

First. Resolved to be kind and gentle to my mother, brothers, and sister, and to every one, and to be loved by all.

Second. Resolved that I will help my mother all I can and make her think she has a blessing in her son.

Third. Resolved that I will pray night and morning and at 10 o'clock and 3 o'clock. May the Lord help me to keep these resolutions. Amen.

As to his conversion, the light gradually dawned, though he finally realized that he was a Christian at a Methodist camp-meeting. In his fourteenth year he was baptized into the fellowship of the Gourdvine Baptist Church by the venerable Barnett Grimsley. The boy's first teacher was his father, who laid great stress on spelling. Next he sat at the feet of "Cousin Pocahontas Reid," and then went to Miss Roberta Crigler, walking four miles to school. In 1873 he went to the Academy at Washington, Va., where Rev. Mr. Warden, a Presbyterian minister, and Mr. Berkely, later a lawyer, were his teachers. After a year in this school he returned home and superintended the farm until the fall of 1881. During these years he read widely, was active in church work, taking part in the sessions of the Shiloh Association, and was aggressive in temperance effort in the Good Templar lodges of Culpeper and Rappahannock counties. He was licensed to preach by the Gourdvine Church on August 20, 1881, and a few days later set out for the Southern Baptist Seminary in Louisville, Ky.

He went to the Seminary knowing little Latin and no Greek. Yet he decided to take in four sessions the course a man with college training may complete in three. Fortunately, his room-mate was John H. Boldridge, an excellent student and trained at Richmond College. With such a tutor Moffett did splendid work and graduated in 1885 in an unusually brilliant class. During his Seminary life he was pastor for a season of the New Salem, Ky., church, where his energy led to the erection of a new house of worship. On June 29, 1884, at his old home church, he was ordained to the gospel ministry, these ministers comprising the presbytery: C. F. James, B. Grimsley, R. H. Stone, W. J. Decker, T. P. Brown, and T. F. Grimsley.

His first pastorate, after graduation at the Seminary, was in King William County, Virginia. Here was a typi-

cal Virginia country field, with two churches, each having preaching twice a month. With characteristic energy, Mr. Moffett soon added to this work an afternoon appointment at Mount Hermon Church, across the Mattaponi River, in Caroline County. See this young pastor, preaching Sunday mornings where honored men of God had for many years proclaimed the gospel, going in the afternoon through heat and cold on his long cross-country trips, helping brother pastors in protracted meetings, baptizing in the waters of the Mattaponi, taking an active part in temperance work, quickening in a remarkable degree the missionary and benevolent zeal of his churches and ministering in most loving and liberal fashion to the necessities of the poor. One Christmas, in a letter to his mother, he wrote: "Besides, there are several poor and sick persons in my congregation to whom I thought all the money I could spare for Christmas presents ought to go, believing that it would do more good than being sent *even to you.* The consequences are I have not made a single Christmas present."

On July 3, 1887, he began his work as the first pastor of the North Danville Baptist Church, an organization that had grown out of a Sunday school established the previous January through the labors and prayers of a number of faithful women. As the little flock had no meeting-house, the recognition service for the pastor was held in the Methodist church. While it was plain that a house of worship was the pressing need of the new church, the pastor called first for a collection for missions and then three days later made his appeal for the house of worship. In six months Moffett and his people were meeting in a chapel of their own; at the end of the first year the membership had grown from 30 to 163, and already the chapel was too small and steps had been taken for a larger building. When Mrs. Berryman put her

name down for the first $500 towards the new church, Moffett "felt like shouting, 'Glory.'" On December 1, 1889, the new edifice, costing $15,000, was dedicated, the last cent, before the day was over, being paid. On this occasion the chief speakers were Rev. J. R. Harrison and Rev. Dr. A. E. Dickinson. The North Danville Baptist Church soon came to be one of the best organized bands of workers in the State. This was largely due to the energy and systematic work of the pastor. He carried a map of the city in his mind. Each section called for definite work. He believed in visiting. He knew the cry of the poor; some one met him at eleven o'clock one night with a bundle of provisions on his back going to some home where hunger dwelt. He was popular among other denominations. The Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church elected him a life member of their society because once in an emergency he had, upon short notice, come to their aid and preached their anniversary sermon. Once, when the Methodist preacher had returned to his old pulpit, Moffett took his own congregation one Sunday morning and went to do honor to his brother pastor. No wonder that later the ladies of this same Methodist church one Wednesday night invaded Moffett's prayer meeting and through their spokesman, Mr. J. J. Flippin, presented him with a handsome silver service. Moffett insisted on systematic giving to missions and was especially enthusiastic as to foreign missions. In his preaching he seemed to keep ever before his mind the fact that he was a great sinner and that Jesus was a great Saviour. He had an humble opinion of himself. At the close of his first Sunday in Danville he wrote: "I went home feeling that everything done by me reached below mediocrity"; while his meeting-house was being erected, one day he and the carpenter having disagreed about some matter, his record concerning the incident

was: "I got mad and said some things I ought not. I am ashamed of myself. I do not think a Christian ought to show temper." On May 7, 1889, in the second year of his North Danville pastorate, Mr. Moffett was united in marriage to Miss Pearl Bruce, the youngest daughter of Thomas Bruce, Esq., of Halifax County.

With all the work he had in his own church, Moffett was a leader in two movements that were statewide. He was the first one in the ranks of Virginia Baptists to advocate organized effort in behalf of the orphan. By his invitation and at his expense, John H. Mills, of North Carolina, the great friend of the orphan, visited and addressed on August 15, 1888, the Roanoke Association at Oak Grove Church, Pittsylvania County. This address was followed by a resolution calling for the appointment of a committee to confer with other Associations in regard to the establishment of an orphanage. The General Association met that fall in Bristol. J. R. Moffett and a few others gathered in the basement of the church to deliberate as to the matter of an orphanage. One of their number, Rev. Dr. George Cooper, was asked to present the matter to the Association. This he did and, after discussion, participated in by Dr. Cooper, J. R. Moffett and others, a committee was appointed to receive bids for the location of the orphanage. The following year the Orphanage Board was established. While Moffett was not appointed on the committee named at Bristol, nor on the Board when it was organized, still his interest in the great work never flagged. In the general temperance movement in the State and in the Good Templars, Moffett was very active. As a boy he had prepared a temperance pledge and called on his companions to sign it. He had been influential in getting his mother church and the Shiloh Association to pass strong temperance resolutions. With a Seminary friend he held a tabernacle meet-

ing in Norfolk which greatly aroused temperance people. He paid a visit to Southwest Virginia and so exposed the "blind tiger" men in Salem as to lead to over one hundred arrests for violation of the local-option law. In the general gatherings of the Good Templars he was called on to speak and his paper, *Anti-Liquor,* was endorsed. Nor was his temperance work only public; he would follow the tempted young man into the saloon and persuade him not to drink and take his own money and furnish the drunkard's family with food. At the General Association of 1890 he offered an amendment to the constitution providing for the appointment annually of a committee of five to "inquire concerning the needs of and stimulate interest in the cause of temperance throughout the Association." This resolution was referred to a committee of five, Moffett being one of the five. A report signed by four of the committee was adverse to the standing committee on temperance and this report was adopted. Moffett, however, stood to his guns and presented a minority report. It is interesting to observe that for the past two years the General Association has appointed a committee of five to report on temperance.

In 1891 Moffett worked out a plan to bring together in Richmond during the session of the Legislature all the temperance workers of the State of all shades of opinion. The plan was successfully carried out. Some 250 temperance workers came together, John E. Massey, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, presiding over the body. A bill embodying the principles of the Anti-Saloon League of to-day was drawn, presented to the Legislature and promptly by reference to a committee buried forever. His paper, the *Anti-Liquor,* at the end of a year, the subscription list having gone to 5,000, was changed from a monthly to a weekly publication. Gradually Moffett was drawn into the field of politics. When

he became convinced that neither of the two great national political parties were willing to help the temperance cause, his sympathy went to the Prohibition party, or the Third party, as it was then called. Before long it was evident that Moffett had arrayed against him the political organizations and the newspapers of his city. In a local-option election, when he took his stand in front of a speaker from a distance whom the crowd had treated in a discourteous way, a half-drunk man placed a pistol at his breast and pulled the trigger. Fortunately, the pistol hung fire, otherwise Moffett must have been instantly killed. Hatred to him among the politicians grew. He was misrepresented and threatened. One of the party organs said: "Woe be to you, Mr. Moffett, if McKinney should be defeated by votes taken from the white ranks and thrown away on Taylor." He was accused of wanting negro rule and a petition was circulated among the liquor men to buy a lot and build a house for a negro next to Moffett's house, by way of retaliation for his work in the local-option fight.

Election day came on. The Democrats were in the habit of handing out tickets to Democrats from a certain window. From no one else could Democratic tickets be secured. This amounted to intimidation. Mr. Moffett decided to print a *fac-simile* of the Democratic ticket to be distributed freely among Democrats, so as to break the ticket holder's power. A ticket was printed, an exact copy of the ticket as given by the *Chatham Tribune.* Through a mistake on the morning of the election, some of these tickets were given out by the printer of the *Anti-Liquor,* contrary to Mr. Moffett's direction, before they had been compared with the regular ticket. An unimportant variation in the ticket printed in the *Anti-Liquor* office at once gave rise to a report on the part of Moffett's enemies that he was circulating bogus tickets. Mr. J. T.

Clark mounted the steps and warned the people of bogus tickets that were being circulated by J. R. Moffett. J. R. Hill quickly appealed to the crowd to know if they thought Moffett would do such a thing and received a chorus of "Noes." About this time Moffett appeared on the scene, on his way to his office, it being still an early morning hour. Clark rushed on him and, waving some of the tickets in his hand, accused him of fraud and of scattering bogus tickets to deceive the people. Moffett dealt his accuser a stunning blow and then, mounting the steps, explained what he had done.

The fight was over. Moffett had done nothing during the election that he regretted save the blow he had given Clark and now the session of the General Association to be held in Danville was at hand. He met his kinspeople at the station and started with them towards the First Church (Danville), where the Association was to hold its sessions. On the way to the church he went into the office of the paper to leave a communication, as the newspaper controversy over the ticket episode was not yet over. While in this office Clark came into the front, saw Moffett and went out and on up the street towards the church. A little later Moffett came out and walked rapidly towards the church. He had not gone far before a man met him, there was the report of a pistol, and Moffett was mortally wounded. This was Friday night. Early Sunday morning the spirit of John R. Moffett passed from earth to heaven. The shooting and then his untimely death cast a gloom over the city and over the General Association. During the last hours of his life, it being conceded by the physicians that death was near at hand, many friends and loved ones were allowed to see him. He spoke words of forgiveness for Clark, the man who had shot him, having previously made deposition that Clark had made the assault and that he himself

had had no pistol. The crowd that attended the funeral on Monday overflowed the church and jammed the square in front of the church. Addresses on this sad occasion were made by Rev. Dr. W. W. Landrum and Rev. Dr. W. E. Hatcher, numerous other ministers taking part in the services. Memorial services were held later at Gourdvine Church and at Beulah Church. From all parts of the country there came expressions of sorrow and dismay at his sudden and shocking taking-off. The result of the trial, a verdict of manslaughter with a sentence of five years in the penitentiary, was a surprise and disappointment to the general public, even the Court of Appeals saying: "In short, there is no element of self-defense in the case, and the verdict, so far from being without evidence to support it, is remarkable for its mildness." Resolutions setting forth his work and expressing sorrow at his death were passed not only by his church and by the Roanoke Association, but also by numerous Good Templar lodges and by the Prohibition Gubernatorial Convention, which met September, 1893, in Richmond. Temperance papers all over the land and others, too, spoke in no uncertain language as to his death and concerning the verdict rendered against Clark. So wide had been the interest awakened by Moffett's death that the temperance people of Ohio employed Olin J. Ross, a rising young lawyer, and sent him to Danville to assist in the prosecution of Clark.

The church which Mr. Moffett built in North Danville is now known as the Moffett Memorial Church, his name is forever linked with the cause of temperance in Virginia, nor ought we to forget that he first moved among Virginia Baptists to establish the Orphanage of which they are now so proud.

PLEASANT BROWN

The record of the life of Pleasant Brown is meager. Here was a life that stretched over almost the whole of the wonderful nineteenth century. He saw the light a decade before Adoniram Judson went to India, yet before his death Virginia Baptists alone were giving $17,000 to foreign missions. When on February 25, 1891, at his home in Franklin County, he departed this life, he had reached the good age of eighty-nine years and two months. For fifty years or more he had been an ordained minister of the Baptist denomination. He "performed much labor without compensation or but very little." He served the following churches: Mount Neriah, Providence, Mount Pleasant, Halesford, Red Hill, and perhaps others. He seems to have been pastor of Red Hill, Franklin County, Strawberry Association, at two different times, and the second of these pastorates lasted some fourteen years. It is said that Mr. Brown was not as fluent as many are, but that his life and deportment made a living epistle known and read of all men. Red Hill was not a large church, during all the years Mr. Brown was its pastor not numbering one hundred members. There was preaching here once a month —and it seems that for some time this was Mr. Brown's only church. See him, as in buggy, or more probably mounted on his faithful horse, carrying his saddle-bags, month by month, he made his way to Red Hill, doubtless laboring over many a red hill before he reached his appointment. His sermons may not have been eloquent, but doubtless many hearts were cheered by his kind words and faithful spirit. Some two years before his end his

physical strength gave way and now he needed much care. His wife, his only son and only daughter had passed away some years before. His niece, Mrs. S. Richardson, aided by her family, at his old homestead, gave him constant and kind attention through all his affliction until the end came. It was of God's mercy that such good and patient hands should thus have ministered to this old man, to this man of God, in his declining days. Let their memory be preserved and honored along with that of him they helped. For years in the minutes of the General Association, Elder Brown's post-office was set down as Taylor's Store, Franklin County; at an earlier date it had been Halesford.

SAMUEL HARRIS

This sketch is, with one or two slight additions and some verbal changes, in abbreviated form, the articles which appeared in the *Herald,* April 11 and 18, 1891, from the pen of Mr. John Hart.

Samuel Harris, the son of William Harris and Mary Pollard Harris, was born in Bedford County, Virginia, December 24, 1806. He was not the child of wealth, and his opportunities for early education were scanty. He learned to work and not to be ashamed of work, and thus he laid the foundation of the sturdy, if modest, self-reliance that marked his life and which stands in sharp contrast with the please-help-me style of many young fellows in later times. In the summer of 1831 young Harris became a member of a Bedford Baptist church named Difficult. What a name! And yet how appropriate to any Baptist Church that is strenuously true to its mission in the world. Here was the beginning of the young man's journey up the hill Difficulty. For in no long time God wrought into his mind and heart the conviction that he must preach the gospel. His modest common sense taught him that he needed preparation. About that time was founded the Richmond Seminary (now Richmond College), under the management of Robert Ryland. To this school young Harris turned his eyes. And towards this school in the summer of 1834 he turned his feet. For some time before the session was to open, with a scanty supply of needments in a bundle on his back and a scantier supply of money in his pocket, he took the road on foot from Bedford to Richmond. On this trip he fell in at a meeting of a

District Association, probably the James River or the Albemarle. He stopped to listen with one half-dollar left. An appeal was made on behalf of an old preacher who, worn out in harness, needed help. The young man's half-dollar went. Meantime it became known that the wayfarer was a young preacher on the way to the Seminary. He was invited to preach and he preached. When the time came to continue his journey, thoughtful brethren placed in his hands a ticket to Richmond by packet boat and $5.00 in money. At the Seminary, besides his work as a student, he preached quite regularly in the neighborhood of the city and filled in his vacations with work as a colporteur. His course at the Seminary completed, he was ordained in February, 1838, at the Second Baptist Church, Richmond, the presbytery being formed of J. B. Jeter, Jas. B. Taylor, Robert Ryland, Henry Keeling, and W. F. Nelson. His first pastorate seems to have been that of Winn's Church, near Richmond, but before long he was called to the Southanna, and settling in the neighborhood, he became identified with the Goshen Association. Within the limits of that Association he had charge at different times of the churches at Carmel, Williams Church, Good Hope, Lower Gold Mine, Little River, Zion, Forest Hill, and Trinity. He resigned the last of his charges in 1888. Thus for fifty years he was continuously in the pastoral office; for a good many more than fifty years he preached the gospel. Mr. Harris came into the Association just as she was entering on the high tide of a remarkable prosperity. She was about to assume that independent position by which her own Executive Board became the custodian and the disburser of the missionary gifts of the churches. From that time the Old Goshen had no more steadfast and sagacious supporter than he. Nor was his affection lessened by the alliance which he soon formed with one of her daughters.

In 1840 he married Mary Ann Harris (born and bred in the Southanna neighborhood and for more than fifty years a member of the Southanna Church). Delicate in body, retiring in disposition, she stood faithfully at his side for more than half a century, suffering bodily pain often, but always patient—a fine example of the tender, the wise, the loyal wife. She did not spend much time in what has now become an important phase of woman's work. Her circumstances as well as her disposition secluded her from that. But to the most important aspects of a woman's work, to the duties of wife and of mother and of keeper of the house, she devoted herself with unfailing assiduity. And so she richly justified the words which her husband often applied to her, the words in which Solomon (Prov. 31:10-31) describes the mother, the wife and the mistress of the maidens. He was elected moderator of the Goshen when, September 4-6, 1857, it met at Burruss Church, Mount Carmel, Caroline County, and this was doubtless but one of his elections to this office.

It remains now to speak of Samuel Harris as a man and as a minister of the gospel. Sometimes we admire the preacher while we do not approve of the man. In other cases we respect the man but can not admire the preacher. With respect to Mr. Harris, this distinction was not necessary. To those who knew him best the man was the preacher and the preacher the man. If in his case the distinction is drawn, it is because he is one of a class that seems to be vanishing. He was a type of the old-fashioned country Baptist preachers—such as Frazer and Allen and Herndon and Coleman. He was a business man and, like many of the old preachers, was a successful business man. He worked his farm and sold tobacco and corn and wheat. Samuel Harris was an economical man and, therefore, a reasonably thrifty one.

I doubt if in any year of a long life as the head of a family his expenses ever exceeded his income. The income may have been narrow; the expenses were made narrower. Here is an example of his economy combined with his integrity. When he left the Seminary the Board held his bonds for the money aid they had given him. By rigid economy out of a scanty income he saved the money to pay these bonds. Upon tendering the money, however, to the proper authorities he found that his old church, Difficult, had paid the bonds. He was not what is usually called a great preacher. Some of the qualities deemed necessary to the orator he lacked. That mobility of feature and expression which spontaneously adjusts itself to the passing shades of thought and feeling—that resonant flexibility of musical tones which thrills as no other music can thrill—those graceful movements of hand and head and body which seem to respond without effort to the pulsations of the soul, these things Samuel Harris had not in any conspicuous measure. He was almost without imagination. But even with these lacks Mr. Harris was a preacher of power whom the people heard gladly. He was simple, he was direct, he was argumentative, he was tender, and he was in deadly earnest. He believed the Bible—he believed it all—and he believed it with all his might. The secret of his power lay here in the downrightness of his own faith and the terrible earnestness with which he urged this faith on others. And yet his was not the earnestness of loud asseveration. That is rarely terrible. There was that in the manner of the man, in the tones of the man, sometimes in the tears of the man that carried to every hearer the conviction of his deep sincerity. With him faith in Jesus Christ was salvation; the rejection of Jesus Christ was real, unquestionable and everlasting hell. It never entered his thought that Gethsemane and Calvary were merely tragic scenes

in a ponderous comedy, played for the transient illusion of the world, while God secretly meant, in virtue of His universal Fatherhood, to save men anyhow. And hence he deeply believed that the gospel of Jesus Christ is a finality and that God, the loving, the merciful, and the just, has no scheme for human recovery and salvation save the plan which is revealed through the divine Son and the divine Spirit. With this conviction penetrating his whole being there was always in his preaching an indescribable solemnity. His most marked characteristic in the pulpit was *tender solemnity,* the solemnity of a man profoundly convinced that the embracing of that truth is life, its rejection death, and profoundly convinced that only the Holy Spirit can lead to the effectual acceptance of that truth. To Samuel Harris, Jesus Christ was always divine—always majestic and worthy of worship, hence no man ever heard him in private or in public use one word of this flippant, familiar "dear Jesus" style that is common now. Samuel Harris and L. W. Allen, who often preached together in protracted meetings, were complements of each other. In doctrine, Allen was inclined to be Arminian; Harris was strictly Calvinistic. In manner, Allen was fiery and impetuous; Harris was calmer and self-contained. Allen's sermons were remembered and wrought their effect by the power of particular passages; Harris' sermons, more regularly and logically constructed, were cumulative and the deepest impression accompanied the utterance of the last words. In exposition Mr. Harris was singularly sound and sagacious. To a great degree he made the Bible its own interpreter. Not often did he fail to concentrate on a disputed passage the light that was to be gathered from the other Scriptures. To one who saw him only in the pulpit it would not have occurred that there was in him a vein of humor. Yet he had it, and the gift made him a very

pleasant companion. One of the traits of the man almost painfully marked was a shrinking modesty that shunned publicity. Doubtless he never rose to speak, while preaching to his congregations, without some trepidation. In the prime of his manhood he could hardly be induced to preach to a city audience. Once he visited his daughter at school in Charlottesville, and the pastor, Dr. J. C. Long, with difficulty prevailed on him to preach. He did preach. He had liberty and preached well, and he knew that he preached well, and he enjoyed it both during the sermon and after it. He was almost gay that afternoon. Dr. L. B. Anderson, of Norfolk, says that as a pastor Mr. Harris was kind, attentive, sympathetic, prudent, punctual, liberal but firm, loving and forbearing, but unswerving in principle. As he neared the end of his life he declared that he was sometimes more oppressed with fear and misgivings than in the former days of active service. The passages he quoted in this connection showed not that fear and misgivings are a necessary part of the Christian experience, but that we rest more in *faith* and in *hope* than we do in *knowledge*. On Saturday, March 28, 1891, this man of God departed this life, and two days later, that is, on Monday, March 30, his wife followed him to the grave. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

REUBEN R. OWENS

Reuben R. Owens was born in King George County, Virginia, February 20, 1823. He graduated at Columbian College, Washington, D. C., in 1851. He, and his brothers, Putnam and Warren, were Baptist ministers; his ordination took place September 1, 1852, when he became pastor of Newville and Antioch churches in Sussex County; here he remained five years. On December 21, 1853, he was married to Miss Maria F. Simons, of Nansemond County. For two years he lived in Missouri, teaching in the Lexington Female College. On his return to Virginia he was for three years a missionary of the Goshen Association to Southwest Virginia, making Abingdon his home. His next work was in Tennessee and Southwest Virginia. In 1867 he returned to the Portsmouth Association, settling in Nansemond County. The next year his post-office was Windsor, Isle of Wight County, and the next he was pastor of the Millfield and Tucker's Swamp churches, Portsmouth Association. Later he served the Beaver Dam, Great Fork, and Boykin's churches. Nearly all of the rest of his life he was pastor of Colosse and Western Branch churches, Portsmouth Association. His presentation of the gospel message was marked by unction. He constantly grew in the affection of his people. For some years before his death, which took place April 14, 1891, his feeble health greatly hindered his activity. His funeral, held at the Western Branch Church, in the presence of an immense congregation, was conducted by Rev. Dr. J. F. Deans, who also wrote for the *Herald* a sketch of his life. In the main, the facts of this article are from that sketch. Brother Owens left a wife and seven children.

EGBERT BOLLING WINFREY

Egbert Bolling Winfrey, a son of George H. and Judith C. Winfrey, was born March 21, 1868, in Buckingham County, Virginia. At the age of fourteen he was baptized into the fellowship of Sharon Church by Rev. L. R. Thornhill. From January, 1884, to September, 1888, he lived in Spottsylvania County, in the home of his brother, Rev. E. W. Winfrey. While here the question of his life work was much with him, and after serious thought and much prayer, he decided to become a minister of the gospel. The session of 1888-9 he studied at Homestead Academy, Chesterfield County, whose principal was Rev. L. W. Moore. During that vacation he labored as a colporteur, and in the fall entered Richmond College. This session he won the medal in the Philologian Society for improvement in debate. During the summer of 1890 he held protracted meetings in the Goshen Association, and in the fall accepted a call to Bethany Church, Caroline County. He did not, however, give up his course at the college, his plan being to carry on his preaching and his studies together. The double work was too much for him, and doubtless "incessant toil and the burden of anxiety for souls made his body an easier prey to disease." May 15, 1891, was a sad day at Richmond College. No classes met. In one of the upper rooms a struggle was going on for life. Soon after noon "a stricken father, a broken-hearted mother, and a crushed brother filed slowly down the long stairway and left their dead." The burial took place on Saturday at the old homestead in Buckingham and the next day at Sharon memorial services were held, and

Rev. Dr. C. H. Ryland, Messrs. W. B. Loving, M. J. Hoover, J. E. Hickson, of the College, the venerable Rev. W. C. Hall and Rev. L. R. Thornhill spoke. The last speaker called Mr. Winfrey's comrades and companions to accept Jesus, and ten responded to the call; "the scene was memorable in its tender impressiveness."

This young man's "sweet gospel sermons" had been heard at Waller's, Zoar, Wilderness, Flat Run, Bethany, churches of the Goshen Association; his home had been in the James River Association; at Richmond College in two sessions he had won the confidence and affection of faculty and students; for seven months he served Bethany Church as under-shepherd.

ISAAC T. WALLACE

Isaac T. Wallace was born in Norfolk County, Virginia, on February 27, 1829. When he was some ten years old his parents died.

He became a Christian while yet a youth and was baptized by the Rev. J. G. Council. He entered Richmond College as a ministerial student and graduated in 1857, in the class with John W. McCown, Stephen E. Morgan, Edward Eppes, W. F. G. Garnett, Jno. M. Gregory, and A. T. Goodwin. Of this seven, one became a physician, three lawyers, two preachers, and one, who a little while later was killed in the battle of Shiloh, a farmer. While at college Mr. Wallace did good work in Fulton, the eastern section of Richmond, as missionary under the direction of the ladies of the First Baptist Church. His ordination took place, "with imposing ceremonies," at Mulberry Grove Church, the Rev. Thomas Hume and Rev. Henry Watkins conducting the exercises. His first pastorate, from 1861 to 1862, was with Hebron (Southampton County) and High Hills (Sussex County) churches. He answered the call of war and became the chaplain of the Forty-first Virginia Regiment. After serving in this capacity for some eighteen months, he took charge of a school in Henrico County. For the rest of the War he was a teacher, at the same time preaching to the colored people in the basement of the Leigh Street Baptist Church. He now became pastor again, having, first, Walnut Grove, in Hanover County, and then Emmaus, in New Kent County. After three successful years he was next in Gloucester and Mathews Counties. In 1872 his health failed and he returned to Richmond, as his friends thought, to die. His life was spared and once

again he began to preach, ministering now once more to Walnut Grove and also to Antioch and New Bridge, all in the Dover Association. His health again, in a measure, failed, so he had to give up the ministry, yet he continued for awhile, as he was able, to speak for the Master, in Chesterfield at Branch's, at Cool Spring in Hanover, and at East End in Richmond. Of necessity he now engaged in the publishing business, for he would have preferred to continue to preach. In his sixty-third year he died at his home in Richmond, July 20, 1891.

SAMUEL THOMAS FULLER*

Samuel Thomas Fuller was born, of pious parents, near the town of Woodlawn, Talbot County, Georgia, in April, 1843. At an early age he was converted and baptized into the fellowship of the Valley Grove Baptist Church by the pastor, Elder John Harris. Steadfastness of purpose and devotion to duty brought him the mastery of the branches taught in the public schools and soon he was himself a teacher. The impression that he ought to preach led him to give much time to the study of the Bible, Spurgeon's sermons and similar books. When he was about eighteen years old the call to arms led him to enlist as a volunteer, and joining the Ninth Regiment, he was soon on the battle fields of Virginia. In a short while a wound sent him home on a furlough, but before he was able to bear arms again he was once more in Virginia, seeking a wounded comrade, but his friend was dead, so back to Georgia he went with his sad charge. He had not been back in the ranks long before he was captured and sent as a prisoner to Point Lookout, where he remained until the close of the War. When he reached his Georgia home he found that all had been destroyed by fire or carried off by Wilson's raiders, but he was soon at work with energy seeking to get the farm into good shape once more. After four or five years the conviction that he was called to preach led him to turn the farm over to his brother, O. V. Fuller, and to go to

*The information which has made this sketch possible was furnished by Rev. J. P. McCabe, who is at present pastor of the church in Martinsville, in whose "city of the dead" Mr. Fuller sleeps his last sleep.

the Seminary at Greenville, South Carolina. After a year he became pastor of the church at Hamilton, Ga., and during his pastorate here was married to Miss S. A. Johnson. He was not satisfied with his equipment for his life work, so he went to Louisville, taking his family with him and, while carrying on his studies at the Seminary, did work as a city missionary. After a year as pastor at Aiken, S. C., he accepted the care of the church at Lancaster, S. C. At this place typhoid fever laid him low and eventually developed into kidney trouble that was finally the cause of his death.

While at the Southern Baptist Convention, in Richmond, in 1888, he received a call to a field in the Blue Ridge Association, composed of these churches: Cascade, True Vine, Martinsville, and Stuart, all of them weak and dependent on the State Mission Board. The work demanded by this field was far too heavy for one as frail as Mr. Fuller, but he laid hold of the situation with patience and perseverance, going to his appointments with great regularity. At Martinsville the church numbered only about a score, and the only property owned was a lot. He went from house to house visiting his little flock, and once a month preached in the Presbyterian Church. In his second year he and his faithful band had the joy of dedicating a meeting-house at Martinsville. One Sunday his text was: "Prepare to meet thy God"; the sermon was a solemn one, but no one dreamed that it was his last message in that pulpit, yet it was even so; in three months he passed away, after months of suffering, on July 23, 1891. The funeral was conducted by the pastors of the town and Rev. J. R. Harrison. On December 15, 1907, the body of Mrs. Fuller was laid beside that of her husband in "Oakwood." Two daughters survive.

WILLIAM B. PEDIGO

About the third year of the nineteenth century William B. Pedigo first saw the light. He was ordained in 1857 and gave most of his ministerial service to churches in Montgomery and Giles Counties. At different times he was pastor of these churches: Bradshaw's Creek, Tom's Creek, Sugar Grove, and Sinking Creek. "For a long time he was the sole representative of the Baptist ministry in the lower end of that (Montgomery) county. He was a plain, devout and earnest man and possessed some gifts as a speaker. He was a mechanical genius and could turn his hand to almost anything, and this capacity oftentimes served him in cases of emergency. He was poor in this world's goods and did all his traveling afoot, going wheresoever opportunity offered as the King's almoner to dispense the true riches." He continued to preach occasionally until laid aside by increasing years and infirmities. Lafayette, Montgomery County, was for many years his home, but towards the end of his life he and his wife were dwelling in a box car at Franklin Junction, Pittsylvania County. When the Ministers' Relief Fund Trustees learned of the situation of this venerable and worthy couple they at once went to their relief. Mr. T. H. Ellett, president of this Fund, calls attention to the fact that Rev. Dr. J. B. Hutson was converted under the preaching of William B. Pedigo. Brother Pedigo died in Bland County in the summer of 1891.

HARRISON H. BANKS

This sketch is based upon the obituary in the minutes of the General Association for 1891 and on the file of the minutes of the same body. Harrison H. Banks was born in Princess Anne County in 1801. He was married in early life to Miss Martha Bartee of the same county. Five of the children of this union survived him. They grew up faithful and reverent to the God of their father. For over sixty years he was a minister of the gospel, and for fifty of these years proclaimed the glad news of salvation. Hundreds turned to God under his message. The London Bridge Church, Portsmouth Association, was his charge for some years, and after this pastorate ceased for a time "London Bridge" was still his post-office. He was unusually blessed with good health, his body remaining strong almost to the last of his pilgrimage of ninety-one years. "His hand had been kept busy, his heart had been kept pure, and his mind ever active; the wheels of time did not break or rust, but simply ran down—as the clock in the steeple of time struck the hour for his peaceful departure." He died, at the home of his daughter, in Norfolk, Va., October 10, 1891, and his funeral, which took place at the Freemason Street Baptist Church, was conducted by Rev. Dr. M. B. Wharton, assisted by Rev. Dr. Calvin S. Blackwell.

GEORGE P. LUCK

John P. Luck, coming to this country from England, settled first in Caroline County, Virginia, and later purchased a farm about a mile and a half from Botetourt Springs, where Hollins College is now located. Here he kept for many years a tavern known as "The Black Horse Stand." Tradition has it that President Andrew Jackson, going backward and forward between his home in Tennessee and Washington, often stopped at the "Black Horse." Mr. Luck was married twice, his second wife being the widow Calhoun, of Franklin County, her maiden name having been McGhee. The children of this union were George P. and Lucy, the former being born December 29, 1817. When George was quite young his father died. Before the death of his mother, which occurred a few years later, he had gone perhaps more than once with her on her annual visit to her people in Caroline County. This trip, made in the family carriage, along the Valley of Virginia, across the Blue Ridge, and through Charlottesville, was doubtless a great treat to the growing boy and his sister. After his mother's death his half-brother Nathan sent him first to private schools and then to the New London Academy, Bedford County. When he left school he took an extensive Southern trip, going as far west as Texas and returning by way of St. Louis, which was then being laid off in town lots. The West did not attract him, so he did not settle there. Upon his return from the West he bought a large farm near the headwaters of Goose Creek Valley, Bedford County. His first wife lived something more than a year, and about 1844 he was married again, his second

wife being Miss Nannie Buford, the daughter of Abraham Buford and the niece of Captain Paschal Buford, "a man of notoriety and distinction in old Bedford County." She was "a woman of strong Christian character and an ardent Baptist," and a member of Mount Zion Church. Her father was a deacon in this church, and into his home, where all Baptist preachers were welcome, Drs. Jeter and Witt, the Leftwiches and "Father" Harris often came. For twelve or fifteen years after her marriage Mrs. Luck's prayer for the conversion of her husband was not answered. Finally, however, one day her husband walked into her chamber and said: "Wife, your prayers have been answered. I have accepted Christ as my Saviour." By family history and traditions he was inclined towards the Episcopal Church, but upon diligent study of his Bible he was led to unite with the Mount Zion Baptist Church. Before long he was talking in church meetings and prayer meetings. He was fond of children and presently became superintendent of the Walnut Grove School-house Sunday school.

In 1859 or 1860 he was ordained as a minister of the gospel, J. P. Corron, J. A. Davis, and J. R. Harrison being members of the presbytery. Mr. Luck was, before the Civil War, a man of ample means, and he never cared to become a regular pastor of a church, choosing rather to preach to pastorless churches and in destitute places. His farm yielded him an ample income, and, besides, he was an excellent surveyor. After the War he was pastor and received some small compensation for his services. He aided in organizing a church and building a meeting-house at Elliston (Big Spring), Montgomery County, and was pastor here for a number of years. He served also Back Creek, Botetourt County, for many years. To this church, when it happened that the horses on the farm were busy, he would often walk, crossing the Blue Ridge.

Towards the end of his life he built a meeting-house at Mountain View not far from Blue Ridge Springs, where he was pastor for a season. Jennings' Creek and a school-house on James River, below Buchanan, were also points at which he often preached. He loved to preach where people rarely had a chance to hear the gospel. It was said that he entertained more people and preached more for nothing than any other man in Bedford County. He loved to hear preaching and to preach. Shortly before his death, when he had grown quite deaf, he went to hear Rev. Dr. E. C. Dargan. When he came out he said: "Brother Dargan, judging from what I heard of your sermon you preached a fine sermon. The only word I heard was 'Jesus.' When you preach Him you preach all, and may God bless you." As he said these words, with tears rolling down his cheeks, he gave his brother preacher a hearty shake of the hand. For many years he was a trustee of Hollins Institute and a great admirer of Dr. Charles L. Cocke.

While an earnest student of the Bible and an effective preacher, "he led an active out-of-door life, was fond of hunting and fishing, and his fund of anecdotes and reminiscences seemed exhaustless. His presence brought gladness into any assembly and his boyish exuberance never deserted him. During his illness, having some difficulty in swallowing, he humorously recalled Sam Weller's power of suction. In September, 1891, he rode across the mountain fifteen miles, preached two sermons, and went to a friend's house to spend the night. Before the next morning he was slightly paralyzed, but insisted on riding home. He reached there quite exhausted. As he was ministered to be lisped: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

On October 7, 1891, he passed away. At the very end, when he could no longer speak, a baby granddaughter was placed near him on the bed. His face brightened, he toyed with the little hand and then his spirit slipped away. His wife, who preceded him by five years to the unseen world, bore him seven sons and three daughters. Two of the sons, Rev. J. P. and Rev. J. M. Luck, are Baptist ministers.

J. M. BUTLER

On March 28, 1812, some five miles west of Richmond, Virginia, John M. Butler was born. In 1824 he came to live in Richmond, and on June 8, 1831, was converted. He united with the First Baptist Church of that city, being baptized by the pastor, Rev. John Kerr. About 1835 he moved his membership to the Third (Grace Street) Church, then in charge of L. A. Anderson. He was a good singer, and in this congregation, as well as in others, rendered valuable service by training the young in sacred song. Mr. Butler did much pioneer work in Richmond. He was licensed to preach in 1850 and his first labor in the ministry was on Oregon Hill, a section of Richmond near Hollywood Cemetery. Here he organized and conducted a Sunday school and preached, thus laying the foundations of the Pine Street Baptist Church, which has now a membership of nearly 1,900 and one of the largest Sunday schools in the land. In its early days this organization was known as the Belvidere Church. On April 18, 1852, he was ordained to the gospel ministry at Grace Street Church and became at once pastor of Bethel, Chesterfield County, but continued to reside in Richmond. His pastorate here was short, and the records do not show where his next work was, though probably it was at this time that he had charge of a colored church in Petersburg, for during the War he lived in Petersburg and for awhile supplied the pulpit of the Byrne Street Church. After the War he returned to Richmond and for several years (1868-69) was pastor of the Belvidere Church, which he had founded. In this

pastorate he was succeeded by A. E. Dickinson, and he by J. B. Hutson. Again Mr. Butler engaged in pioneer city work, preaching for some two years (1874-5 and 1877) at Sidney, which afterwards became the West Main and finally the Grove Avenue Church. From Sidney, Mr. Butler went to the eastern end of Richmond and became pastor of the Fulton Baptist Church, remaining in this position some four (1878-81) years. Finally, he was pastor of the Clopton Street Church, Manchester. Towards the end of his life he was engaged for all his time in secular business, yet he continued to preach to the close of his life. He died October 13, 1891.

Russell County, one of the fairest and most fertile counties of the Old Dominion, was the birthplace of John Jessie. He was born in the year 1815. Lee County, however, was the scene of his life work. He was married about 1840 to Miss Dollie Candler, and this union, which was a most happy one, and of which eleven children were born, lasted forty-eight years. His second wife, who was Miss Mary Kyle, of Missouri, and to whom he was married in 1889, survived him. He was a man of more than ordinary ability and was an active minister of the gospel for about forty-five years. So far as the records at hand show, his work was within the bounds of the Clinch Valley Association, and in this section he exerted a great influence. He was moderator of this body for several years and the pastor of one of its churches, Royal Oak, for twenty years or more. He was a man of wonderful physical strength and was quite vigorous and active up to the time of his death. He died, after a brief illness, of grippe, December 13, 1891. His funeral services were conducted by Rev. Dr. J. T. Kincannon, of Bristol, Tenn. The following summer at the meeting of the Clinch Valley Association, Professor W. F. Ramey paid a touching tribute to his memory. At this same session of the Association this question came up from Royal Oak, the church where Mr. Jessie had been pastor up to 1889: "Inform the church whether it is a violation of the Fourteenth Article of the Constitution for a member of the church to sell apples or corn to a distiller, knowing the same is to be manufactured into intoxicating liquor and sold to be used as a beverage." The committee to whom the question had been referred decided that the offense was not a literal violation of the Constitution, but recommended that the offender be reprimanded and, if he persist, be excluded.

CORNELIUS TYREE*

Cornelius Tyree was born in Amherst County, Virginia, September 14, 1814. His parents were Jacob and Martha Tyree. The mother was a consistent member of the Methodist Church, while the father did not become a Christian till late in life, when he united with the Baptists. He writes: "Among the earliest things I remember of myself was my mother having me sprinkled by an aged Methodist preacher, who prayed that I might be 'as Cornelius of old.'" Early in life he was the subject of religious impressions. As he grew older, and friends exhorted him to seek the Lord, these impressions were deepened. He writes: "For weeks I remained distressed. An old colored woman urged me to pray, but said nothing about Christ." After a time of conflict and suffering, he attended a meeting at Moriah Church in Amherst. There was great religious interest, and young Tyree, along with others, "went forward for prayer." Ere long the darkness and distress of soul was scattered, and the anxious inquirer was filled with light and love. The young convert searched the New Testament for light as to duty. He records: "The third chapter of Matthew decided me to be a Baptist. I learned there that Christ was immersed, and that he was immersed as the pattern for his people. Without consultation, without reading any book for or against the Baptist views, my purpose was fixed. When I told my mother my intention she exhibited some disappointment, but was too good to object."

*This sketch is from the pen of Rev. J. B. Taylor, and with his consent it is somewhat abridged.

He was received into Mount Moriah Church and baptized in Buffalo River, August, 1833, along with thirty other candidates, by the venerable John Davis.

During the year 1836, while engaged in teaching, Brother Tyree became exercised on the subject of preaching the gospel; subscribed for the *Religious Herald,* purchased Watson's "Institutes," Dwight's "Lectures," and Scott's "Commentary." These books were read with "delight and profit." A missionary of the General Association, Rev. J. N. Johnson, visited the young teacher, took him with him to his appointments, and encouraged him to follow the sermon with an exhortation. Soon he preached his first sermon at Ebenezer and Mount Moriah churches. While a teacher near Lynchburg, he had become a member of the church there, which licensed him to preach in 1837. In the fall of the same year he set out for William and Mary College, passing through Richmond. Here he met for the first time with J. B. Jeter. At Williamsburg, the seat of William and Mary College, he boarded along with Elias Dodson and James Clopton in the home of Rev. Scervant Jones and studied "Algebra, History, Logic, Chemistry, and Greek." The next session was spent at Columbian College, Washington, D. C., where he had as roommate H. H. Tucker. The following references to the life at this institution will be interesting:

"Frequently attending the debates in Congress, I heard Clay, Webster, and Calhoun make some of their finest speeches, and was thus much aided in the study and acquisition of the art of public speaking. I attended the ministry of a Presbyterian minister named Noble more than any other. His church was nearer college and he was superior to any Baptist preacher at that time in the city. I obtained from the college library the sermons of Saurin and read them with great profit and delight.

These sermons greatly aided me in forming my style and method of sermonizing. When I became a pastor I purchased them and they have been of great help in the preparation of sermons. In the summer of 1838 I returned to Amherst and, being straitened in finances and feeble in health, did not return to college, but accepted an appointment from the General Association of Virginia to labor as a missionary in the counties of Greenbrier and Monroe, and with all the books I owned in my saddle-bags, rode on horseback to Lewisburg. My preaching places were Lewisburg, Alderson's, Union, Red Sulphur, and Sinking Creek."

In September, 1839, he was ordained to the full work of the ministry, in connection with the Greenbrier Association held at Amwell Church, Fayette County, and soon after transferred to do missionary work in Rockbridge County. Here he organized two new churches, one of them being at Lexington, where in 1840 he had the satisfaction of seeing a Baptist house of worship built. The following reference to his life at Lexington will be of interest: "In the second year of my pastorate, Professor Geo. E. Dabney, of Washington College, professed religion and joined our little struggling band. He was a most valuable addition. His noble and accomplished wife, Mrs. Cornelia M. Dabney, had been from the start of my ministry in that town my most efficient helper. Never have I known so valuable a Christian woman. Till her death she was my fastest friend. I was young, inexperienced and yet fearless in preaching on peculiar views. One Sabbath, while I was absent at another appointment, a pastor in the town received into his church a young man who had been excluded from our fellowship, whom he sprinkled, stating that he had been immersed by a Baptist minister, but that immersion was not baptism at all. Most of our members heard the

remark. I determined in the strength of God to make a formal defense of our views, and gave notice in the town papers that on a certain Sabbath I would show that immersion was essential to Bible baptism and that believers only were proper subjects. In the morning the attendance was large. Never did I speak with more vigor, confidence, and effect. When I closed at night the church immediately had a meeting and voted that the sermon be published in pamphlet form."

On the 11th of November, 1841, Brother Tyree was united in marriage to Miss Sophia H. Pulliam, of Alleghany County. For many years she was a great sufferer from disease and died March 16, 1884, at Salem, Virginia. On April 15, 1885, he was married to Miss T. Nannie Abraham. She survived him.

In April, 1845, Elder Tyree, to the great regret of his churches in the Valley, removed to Powhatan County, and succeeded the gifted Jesse Witt as pastor of several important churches, with two of which, Peterville and Fine Creek, he remained twenty-seven years.

Concerning his summer vacations, he writes: "During my stay in Powhatan I spent one summer month in each year at some of the mineral springs of the State, often at the White Sulphur, more frequently at the Rockbridge Alum." Mentioning the opportunities for preaching at these watering-places, he tells an interesting incident in connection with the conversion of Mrs. Governor Bell from Romanism: "In August, 1869, I was with my wife at the Healing Springs. Though feeble, I consented to preach on Sabbath. The congregation was large and the sermon on the 'Elements of Christian Character.' Governor Bell and his apparently gay wife were among my hearers. The next day I went to Rockbridge Alum, and on the day following Governor Bell and wife came to the same place. Mrs. Bell sought my

acquaintance and at once expressed a desire to have a conversation with me on personal religion. She gave me in substance the following history of herself: 'I reside in North Carolina and was for years a high church Episcopalian. When Bishop Ives left the Episcopalian Church and joined the Roman Catholic, I also left and joined the Catholics. When he went to Rome I went with him. For months I remained in the great city, often visiting the Vatican, and once knelt at the feet of the Pope. I had not been in Rome long before I lost confidence in the religious integrity of Bishop Ives and was led to doubt the scripturalness of Romanism. This doubt increased till there, at its seat, I came to the conclusion that the whole system is fraud. I returned to the United States under the care of the American minister to Italy. When I reached home I was greatly distressed and strongly inclined to doubt all religions. In this state of mind I determined to do what I had never done—read the Bible to find out whether the Christian religion was true and whether I was a Christian. In searching the Scriptures I found out I was a miserable, unpardoned sinner, and was thus enabled to embrace Christ as my Saviour. For weeks I was utterly happy. I then determined to search the Scriptures to find out the true church. I knew but little of the Baptists and had a great prejudice against them. But in searching the Scriptures for the true church, I found myself imbibing the sentiments I heard Baptists held. At this stage, my husband, fearing I was in danger of mental derangement, carried me to the White Sulphur. There I heard Dr. Fuller preach. The next Sabbath I heard you at the Healing Springs, and though your sermon did not discuss the peculiar views of your church, it has very much increased my proclivities towards your people. Yet there are difficulties in my way, and I have sought

this interview with the hope of having them removed. My first trouble is, whether immersion is the only mode of baptism. That it is one mode, I have no doubt, but is it under all circumstances essential to the ordinance?'

"This was in substance the point on which she wanted light. I went fully and at length into the discussion for and against the position that immersion is essential to Bible baptism. She was well informed as to the common arguments against, but was not aware of those in favor of the Baptist view of this question. The meaning of the Greek word *baptizo,* the places chosen to administer the ordinance, the baptism of Christ, the allusions to it as a *burial,* together with the well-known fact that 1,300 years after the apostolic day immersion was in all countries the mode, were dwelt on. She at length with delight fully accepted the position that immersion is essential to Bible baptism. As for infant baptism we had less trouble, for, said she: 'I never did much believe in that, and I very readily see how restricted communion will follow if nothing is baptism but immersion; for I always believed that baptism in some form must come before sacramental communion.' She then wished to know as to whether Baptist ministers were scripturally qualified to administer the ordinance, and asked: 'Can your ministers trace their descent back to the Apostles?' On this point I found more trouble in satisfying her than on any other. The Romish idea of there being only one Church, and one unbroken succession of ministers, was deeply seated in her convictions. But turning her mind to what she seemed never to have known, that outside of, and apart from, and opposed to, the Roman hierarchy through all the ages there had existed a people called by different names who had held our principles, and that through these persecuted peoples our principles and succession had come down from the Apostles. I

said to her: 'I am more fully and divinely authorized to baptize you than is the Archbishop of London or the Pope of Rome.' She finally, with great apparent joy, said: 'I am a full Baptist, and now I wish you to go to North Carolina and baptize me.' I said to her: 'Madam, I am in feeble health and not physically able to comply with your request now, but this much I will say, I am going, after leaving this place, to Baltimore for treatment. If, after this, I am improved in health enough, I will with great pleasure go to your home and baptize you.' A few weeks after my return to Powhatan a letter was received from Governor Bell, urging me to come to his home in North Carolina and baptize his wife. Accordingly, Mrs. Tyree and I went to the place designated. We there found a magnificent carriage, which bore us to the splendid mansion of the Governor. He and his lovely wife received us most gladly. We remained several days. I selected a place in which to baptize this excellent lady, when on the very day we fixed for the baptism both she and I were taken very sick. I had at once to hasten home; but not long after my friend was baptized by Dr. Solomon and became a most active and useful member of the Warrenton Baptist Church. I afterwards met Mrs. Bell at the Southern Baptist Convention in Raleigh, N. C., in 1872, when she gave me permission to make her conversion from Romanism to Christ and Baptist views the theme of a tract."

Brother Tyree's first attempt at authorship was made during his residence in Powhatan. Soon after his settlement in Powhatan he preached at all of his churches from Matt. 5:16, a sermon on "The Moral Power of a Religious Life." It produced a good impression. He also preached it as an introductory sermon before the Middle District Association. Rev. Henry Keeling, editor of the *Baptist Preacher,* asked for the MS., which

he published in the *Preacher*. It was much sought after in the winters of 1857-1858. Expanded into a book entitled "The Living Epistle," it was submitted to Dr. J. B. Jeter, with the request that he should give his candid opinion of it. He wrote by all means to publish it. Sheldon & Blakeman published it, allowing the author 10 per cent. Three thousand copies were sold. It found a favor that was astonishing.

In this connection it will not be out of place to introduce the following communications, which appeared in the *Religious Herald* in 1886, and which explain themselves:

"AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE SOMEWHAT CHANGED

"About the year 1859, the well-known Baptist publishers, Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., brought out a book, the title page of which reads as follows: 'The Living Epistle; or the Moral Power of a Religious Life. By Rev. Cornelius Tyree, of Powhatan County, Va. With an introduction by Rev. R. Fuller, D. D.,' etc.

"For a number of years it has been difficult to obtain a copy of this admirable treatise. A few months ago, when the beloved brother who wrote it was visiting me, he inquired if there was an extra copy of it in my library, as he wished to give it to a friend and had only one of his own. This week, looking over some publications in a Richmond book store, I came across (in one of them) a passage, which in thought and language seemed familiar. Reading on, I found whole pages of a similar character, and supposed at first that the passages were only extracts from 'The Living Epistle.' But seeing no quotation marks, I examined more closely, and found to my surprise that I had stumbled upon an old friend. But the 'environment' was new, for the title page read as follows: 'Personal Piety: A Help to Christians to Walk Worthy of Their Calling. By C. T. Fifth American edi-

tion. New York. Thomas Whittaker,' etc. The book is none other than 'The Living Epistle,' though it is not now 'known and read of all men' *as such.* The 'C. T.' is none other than our own Cornelius Tyree. But other strange liberties have been taken. The introduction was written by that 'mighty man of valor,' Dr. Richard Fuller, but his name is omitted altogether from the title page of 'Personal Piety.' Most of the introduction appears, but the passage which speaks of 'ecclesiastical bodies' which arrogate the title of 'The True Church of Christ' is omitted, as is also the passage which refers to 'sacramental religion; forms, rites, creeds, "linen decencies," apocryphal successions,' etc. Similar liberties have been taken with the text of Brother Tyree's chapters. On page 57, of the 'Living Epistle,' a passage begins thus: 'Baptism is faith's first development,' etc.; this is left out entirely. Similar omissions are on pages 83 and 146. In chapter 3, Brother Tyree says: 'The divine plan is, that we first, by repentance toward God and faith in Jesus Christ, become inwardly and essentially religious, and then appear so by being baptized and receiving the Lord's supper.' The other book has changed the sentence so as to read: 'and appear so by becoming a member of the church and receiving the Lord's supper.' This will suffice. No one will be more surprised at this than Dr. Tyree himself. By the time this is in print Brother Tyree will have seen the copy which I purchased. Only think of it, he has been supposing that his book was out of print, and yet, in 1884, much of it, under a new name, was in its fifth edition.

"It is possible that the copyright of the original book may have been bought from the Sheldons, but, if so, why was its title so changed as to make its authorship obscure? And surely it was not right to tamper with its contents. Perhaps somebody was deficient in 'Personal Piety.'

"Lexington, Va. J. B. TAYLOR."

"THE STOLEN BOOK AGAIN

"Soon after Dr. Taylor noticed in the *Herald* the reissue of 'The Living Epistle,' by T. Whittaker, of New York, under the title of 'Personal Piety,' with the omission of the name of the author, I wrote to Mr. Whittaker, telling him he had published my book under another title. He replied that he had purchased the plates of the book from the Evangelical Knowledge Society, of New York, and that this Society printed it from an English edition, without any knowledge that it was written by an American author. Mr. Whittaker has just ordered, and forwarded a copy, as published by the English house, and it turns out that Mr. David Bogue, of London, has for years been printing it, with an extensive circulation. The English edition is in beautiful style, with not only the entire omission of the author's name, but the omission of every expression in Dr. Fuller's introduction and in the text that bore in the least against the Episcopalians. These dishonest suppressions and omissions were clearly done by the English publisher.

"Thus these three houses have clandestinely circulated my book to an extent of which I had never hoped when I wrote it. The English house has issued 23,000, and the Evangelical Knowledge Society and Mr. Whittaker, up to 1884, issued five editions. This latter gentleman has written to me that he had no knowledge he was reissuing an American book, and is willing to make all equitable reparation. I have written to the London publisher, telling him that in the absence of an international copyright law by which I might seek redress, I appealed to him as a Christian gentleman, governed by the Christian laws and motives, to restore to the book its real title

and also the name of the author, and to make amends for the wrong he has done. It remains to be seen whether he will heed my appeal.

"I hope the day is not distant when a new and improved edition of 'The Living Epistle' will be issued. Its circulation under the title of 'Personal Piety' has been among Episcopalians and not among Baptists. This I infer from the fact that the English and American are Episcopal publishing houses. Is there not great need among our people for books after the order of the one that has had so singular a history?

"Salem, Va. C. TYREE."

In 1871, Columbian College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and in May, 1872, he removed to Liberty, Bedford County, and became pastor of the church there, and also of Timber Ridge Church, a few miles out in the country. He says, referring to his ministry in this field: "In almost every year there have been revivals. While I have labored abroad since I have been in Liberty, I have done so much less than when in Powhatan." This was partly on account of his wife's protracted ill health. During his residence in Liberty, he prepared the book entitled "The Glorious Sufficiency of Christ." Referring to this, he writes: "Its production was Providential. In riding out one morning with my wife and Mrs. Sallie Hoffman, I was thrown out of a spring wagon; two of my ribs were broken, and I was otherwise very much hurt. For many days I was compelled to remain on my bed, and then for a week or more could only sit in an upright position. While thus afflicted, I saw in the *American Messenger,* the organ of the American Tract Society, that a Mr. Wood had left to this great Society a bequest of $1,500, the interest of which was to be annually awarded for

the best original book or tract which the Society might publish on the glories of Christ's character. Having just preached a series of Thursday night lectures on the fulness of Christ (Col. 1:19), and not being able to do anything else, I determined to rewrite and condense these lectures into a small book and offer it to the Society for publication. Accordingly, holding a little pasteboard with one hand and writing with the other, I wrote the work in some four or five days and forwarded it. For months nothing was heard from the MS. After six months, Dr. Rand, the secretary, wrote, informing me that the publishing committee (one from each of five denominations) had determined to publish and stereotype my book, and also to award to it the Wood prize, a $40 medal and $50 in money." Dr. Tyree prepared and published a tract entitled "Close Communion, Scriptural and Essential to the Prosperity of Baptist Churches." This was originally a discourse preached to his churches in Powhatan and printed at their request. It was afterwards rewritten and published in tract form, in Salem. This is a most admirable publication.

The following extracts from Dr. Tyree's reminiscences were written about the time (1882) when his pastorate at Liberty closed: "For nearly forty years it has been my privilege, profit and duty to attend the annual meetings of the General Association of Virginia. My first attendance was in 1837. I went from Lynchburg with my pastor, Rev. A. B. Smith, and that admirable Christian lady, Mrs. Ann Hollins. At this meeting I saw for the first and last time Rev. Luther Rice. In the absence of the principal, he preached the introductory sermon from Acts 2:23. At this meeting I saw for the first time J. B. Taylor, Sr., A. M. Poindexter, Thos. Hume, Sr., A. Hall, H. Keeling, and many others. The main theme of discussion was the formation of the American and

Foreign Bible Society. The American Bible Society had refused to make appropriations to circulate the Burmese translation made by Dr. Judson, in which the Greek verb *baptizo* had been rendered in the Burmese language by a word that meant to immerse, on the ground that it was a sectarian version. At this meeting I saw for the third time that prince of Virginia Baptists, Rev. John Goodall. He was, in some respects, the most eloquent preacher I have ever heard. I first heard him in Williamsburg, while I was a student there, from the text, 'Add to your faith virtue,' etc. This sermon stirred the fountains of my soul. The next time was at the Red Oak camp-meeting, Buckingham County, August, 1838. His text was, 'All things work together for good,' etc., Romans 8:28. Of all the sermons I ever heard, this to me was the most comforting and encouraging. In 1846 and 1847 I began to assume some little prominence in the body myself. Four times I preached annual sermons before this body (twice before the Foreign Mission Board, once before the General Association itself).* This latter sermon was published in the *Herald*. I was for years one of the vice-presidents of the body, and once presided as its president." He was also at various times connected with the Western, Valley, Middle District and Strawberry Associations. He was prominently connected with the formation of the Valley Association, was present at its first session, was its clerk for several years, preached several of its introductory sermons and gave to it its name.

The following extracts, written about 1882, relate to books, sermonizing, pastoral work: "I have not a large, but a select and valuable collection of religious books, having purchased and read them as my exigencies re-

*He preached, after this, the introductory sermon in 1891, which was also published.

quired. Of uninspired books, I owe most to Butler's 'Analogy,' Saurin's sermons, and Jay's works. If I ever learned the habit of logical, clear, succinct and pointed thinking, it was from the early, careful study of Butler. If I ever learned anything from other than my own resources the art of sermonizing, it has come from that prince of uninspired preachers, James Saurin.

"As to my style of speaking, I have very little idea. I know it has many defects, which I constantly try to correct. In my early preaching there were three defects which hindered its good effect. They were, *loudness, rapidity,* and *indistinctness* in the articulation of certain words. The latter by long and persistent endeavor I have greatly corrected, though it is not and never will be entirely corrected. The others generally are much modified. If I have attained any success in the great art of speaking the gospel, it has been by being a constant self-critic. For Christ's sake, I aim to make my sermon in its matter and manner an improvement on all that I have preached before. The system of homiletics by which I have tried to be governed has been to stand up before the people and plainly, naturally, affectionately and scripturally talk to them about Christ and the things of Christ."

In reference to pastoral visiting, he says: "In all my pastorates I have been more complained of in this regard than perhaps any other. I do believe that there is a widespread mistake as to the amount of visiting a pastor should do. The principle on which I have aimed to act has been to visit whenever and wherever such visits were religiously needed."

In reviewing his life, Dr. Tyree writes as follows: "My life has been a pleasant and favored one. As a minister, pastor, evangelist, and author, I have been marvelously blessed."

Referring to God's guiding hand, he records: "I have not been the type of preacher I wished to be when commencing the ministry, nor have I preached where I most desired. My ideal at first was to be a preacher of breadth and polish as well as power. Many of my early sermons aimed in this direction. But owing to circumstances, being compelled to preach to plain people, and being often thrown into meetings where the object was to bring men to Christ, I was led by degrees to prepare and deliver plain, simple sermons, addressed mostly to the conscience. For years nearly all of my sermons have been of this character. For many years I have been a dyspeptic, and all my life the victim of frequent and terrible nervous headaches. Several times I have been nigh unto death, and yet God has given me a sufficient amount of physical and mental strength to be almost constantly engaged in preaching. Another instance of the Divine goodness that I desire to mention is the amount of work that I have been able to do not only in traveling, preaching, talking and visiting, but in *writing*. With all their defects, I have some 450 MS. sermons, most of them carefully written, two books published and a larger one in MS."

On the 2nd day of November, 1883, Dr. Tyree removed from Liberty to Salem, giving the church at this place half of his time and the churches at Fincastle, Fort Lewis and Dublin the rest. Here are a few brief extracts from a note-book in which he made occasional entries:

April 26, 1884. "Spent ten days in Brooklyn and New York. Preached at Marcy Avenue, Calvary and Madison Avenue churches."

June 8. "Preached last Sunday the baccalaureate sermon at Blacksburg College to an immense crowd, from 2 Tim. 3:16."

May 28, 1889. "I wish to record the birth of my first-born, a dear little boy that God gave us on Sabbath morn-

ing, April 7, 1889. So soon as he was born, our physician, Dr. Sternes, and all in the natal room, named him Cornelius, Jr."

August 19, 1890. "Various things have hindered me from being as devotional of late as I might and ought to have been. I have been absorbed in preparing for and attending to the details of the recent meeting of the Valley Association and have allowed myself to lose the habit and spirit of devotion. In no sense can I afford this. Many personal and relative reasons urge me to resume the habits of devotion and, God helping me, I will attain unto and maintain a joyful and purifying intimacy with my divine Father and Saviour."

November 22, 1890. "I went on the 11th to the General Association, held with Leigh Street Church, Richmond. Was appointed to preach the next introductory sermon. May my Father permit me to live in vigor to perform this service, as it will certainly be the last I will ever preach before this body that has for so many years been near my heart."

Dr. Tyree's experiences in Salem (the last years of his life) were very happy. He often visited Hollins Institute and preached there, and greatly enjoyed the frequent association with his life-long friend, Chas. L. Cocke. He took interest in the young men at Roanoke College and the Alleghany Institute. The church at Salem grew continuously in connection with conversions and additions from people moving to the town. He was actively engaged in evangelistic labors, holding meetings with neighboring churches as well as in remoter parts of the State. He was greatly gratified in the location of the Orphanage at Salem.

Dr. W. E. Hatcher said: "Dr. Tyree was a great preacher. He made new sermons all his life, and yet he probably repeated his old sermons more than any other man in the State. Dr. Tyree was a student, and many

of his sermons were works of art, made in moments of his best inspiration and improved by preaching under the happiest spiritual excitement, recast from time to time so as to include all the best thought they called forth from year to year.

"As a revivalist he had widespread and honorable success. His sermons were short, clear as the sunlight, richly evangelical, tersely and compactly constructed and admirably adapted to produce immediate effect. His voice was solemn, impressive and authoritative; his manner was full of candor and dignity; his denunciations of sin were startling and eloquent, and his exhortations were well-nigh irresistible. Thousands were led to Christ by his preaching. He will not be forgotten. His lithe and erect form, his agile step, his bright, piercing eye, his sharp-cut and intelligent face, and his stately and devout bearing will be distinctly remembered for years to come."

At 4 P. M. on Wednesday, December 23, 1891, he passed away.

On Friday, the 25th, a great and tearful throng assembled at the church, where so long the man of God had preached the everlasting gospel. Instead of the shout and din of Christmas morning, silence reigned throughout the bereaved and stricken community. The people had no heart for merry-making, and only talked and thought of the common sorrow. The sermon was preached by Rev. R. R. Acree. Dr. C. F. James followed with interesting personal reminiscences. Rev. J. A. Davis, of Bedford City; Rev. J. R. Bridges, of the Presbyterian Church; Rev. J. S. Hutchinson and Dr. P. H. Whisner, of the Methodist Church, and Rev. C. A. Miller, of the Lutheran Church, occupied seats in the pulpit, and some of them took part in the services. A long procession followed the manly form of the noble Christian warrior to beautiful East Hill Cemetery, where the mortal remains were laid down to rest.

EDWARD J. WILLIS

While Edward J. Willis was the only son of his mother, he grew up in a family of twenty-one children. His mother, who was Miss Susan Fry, of Madison County, died about a year after her marriage, and her husband, Mr. Larkin Willis, of Orange County, married again. His second wife was Miss Mary Gordon and she bore him twenty children. Edward was born in 1820. He and his half-brother, John Churchill Willis, were baptized at the same time by Rev. John Churchill Gordon into the fellowship of Zoar Church. Edward studied in the schools of the neighborhood of his father's home and then went to Williams College (1843-4), and for the session of 1841-2 to the University of Virginia; at this latter institution he took the degree of B. L. At an early age he married Miss Virginia Snead, of Charlottesville, Virginia, and then began the practice of law at Barboursville, Virginia. But the gold fever caught him in its sweep and he became a "Forty-niner," traveling overland to California, where for a season he handled the pick. Soon he resumed the practice of law and was elected Circuit Judge, which position he held for some years. Finally he resigned this office and, having become a Baptist minister, organized in his parlor the First Baptist Church of Oakland, California. Nor was it long before his church was a flourishing body, with a good meeting-house. In connection with his work as pastor, he edited the *Pacific Banner.*

In 1857, upon the death of his father, Mr. Willis returned to Virginia, coming by way of Panama. At Aspinwall he and his family were thrown into prison, and only upon the intervention of the United States Government were they released. He now accepted a call to

the Leigh Street Baptist Church, Richmond. Upon the breaking out of the Civil War he became chaplain of the Fifteenth Virginia Infantry and was most popular with his regiment. When the Southern army was reorganized in 1862 he received a commission as captain of artillery. He promptly raised a full company, but having difficulty in securing guns, his company was mustered in as "Company A, Fifteenth Virginia Infantry." At the battle of Sharpsburg, the colonel of the regiment having been wounded, Willis had the honor of commanding the gallant Fifteenth, and in an assault on the enemy two color-bearers having been stricken down, he seized the flag, and though it was twice shot out of his hands, he carried it to the front. No less than seventeen balls pierced his hat and clothing, but as though he bore a charmed life, he came out with only a few scratches; for his gallant leadership he received promotion. At the battle of Fredericksburg he had an important part, and, indeed, throughout the War was so true and brave that his fellow-soldiers loved to call him "the fighting parson."

A thrilling story of the War is now introduced, although it concerns only indirectly the subject of this sketch. His first cousin, who figures in this story, while not an ordained minister, was a "licentiate," so there is the more reason that the story be told. Albert G. Willis, commonly known among his friends as "Bertie," was returning on leave of absence to his home. He stopped at the blacksmith's at Flint Hill, Rappahannock County, to have his horse shod. The ringing of the anvil prevented his hearing the approach of a party of Union soldiers. They had orders to hang the first of Mosby's men that they caught and young Willis was the first. The officer in command was so impressed with his prisoner's coolness and nerve that he offered to release him if he would deny that he was one of Mosby's men. He made this proposal several times, but it was refused. When the

time drew near for him to die he asked that he be allowed to pray, and when his request was granted he made a most earnest petition to God for his "murderers." The rope was thrown over the stump of the limb of a poplar tree. Another version of the story is that two Confederates were captured and that one of them was to be hung; the Union men said that they might draw straws to decide which one should die. The other man was not a Christian, so Willis refused to draw straws, saying that he was not afraid to die, for his peace was made with God through Jesus Christ. In June, 1865, when the General Association was in session at the First Baptist Church, Richmond, a reporter published in one of the Richmond daily papers an account of the hanging of Rev. E. J. Willis. About the time the sad news had been read and digested by the brethren, in walked E. J. Willis; he had been confused by the reporter with "Bertie."

At the close of the War Mr. Willis settled with his family at Rapidan, becoming pastor of the Gordonsville, Orange, and North Pamunkey churches. From this field he went to the pastorate at Alexandria. From Alexandria he went to Frederick County as a missionary of the State Mission Board, being pastor of the Winchester Church, and later of the Hebron Church also. While he was in Winchester he founded the Broaddus Female College, which was later removed to Clarksburg, West Virginia. It is said that the founding of this institution was a great blessing to West Virginia. His next work was at Shelby, N. C., where he was president of the Shelby Female College. He left Shelby to accept the charge of the Baptist Church at Cambridge, Maryland, where he remained till his failing health compelled him to give up active work. He died in Essex County, Virginia, at the age of 72, and was buried in Lael Baptist Churchyard, Lignum, Culpeper County.

JAMES HENRY WRIGHT

James H. Wright was born in Portsmouth, Virginia, December 7, 1856, being descended from Presbyterian ancestors. He served his apprenticeship as a printer in Richmond, Virginia, and in 1872 was converted in Pine Street Baptist Church of that city. In deference to the wishes of his parents he joined their church, declaring, however, that he was going to the Baptist Church as soon as he was of age. In a few years he obtained their consent and was baptized by Dr. J. B. Hutson into the fellowship of the Pine Street Baptist Church; in a short while he welcomed his brother, sister, mother and stepfather into his church. He was licensed to preach and, having attended Richmond College, was ordained October 12, 1879. He was pastor first of New Bethesda Church, Hanover County; then of Mountain Plain and Hardware and Sharon churches, Albemarle County, and Mount Shiloh, in Nelson County. While at the Louisville Seminary he became assistant pastor for Dr. T. T. Eaton at the Walnut Street Baptist Church. He served the church at Union Springs, Ala., for a year, and returned to the Walnut Street Church, where he remained for eight months. He was at Rockville, Md., for nearly two years and went from there to the West End Baptist Church of Petersburg, Virginia, where he labored zealously and successfully until incapacitated by illness. He went to Florida in an endeavor to regain his strength, but gradually grew weaker and returned to Petersburg, where he was cared for all the rest of his days by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Whitehorn. When they found that Brother Wright was without means, without hope of re-

covery, they gladly took him into their home, for ten weeks ministered to him day and night, wept over his death as parents for a son, and carried his body to its last resting-place in Albemarle.

Brother Wright was frail of body, but courageous in spirit. Dr. J. B. Hutson said of him: "He was a man of unspotted character, of clear and strong convictions, and ready if need be to lay down his life for the truth as he understood it. He was an uncommonly good singer, and delighted to lead the congregation in lofty praise to God." He was a preacher of power, with evangelistic gifts, and many were brought into the kingdom under his earnest appeals.

On October 9, 1884, he had married Miss Mollie S. Rittenhouse, and of this union one son survives. Consumption caused his death Sunday, January 10, 1892. The funeral took place at West End Church, Petersburg, and the burial at the home of Rev. D. C. Rittenhouse, Albemarle County.

L. Peyton Little.

BASIL MANLY, JR.

Some family names have been household words among Southern Baptists for nearly a century. Manly is one of these names. Dr. Basil Manly, Sr., was a scholarly preacher and distinguished educator, regarded, by one well able to judge, as in many respects the equal of the famous Dr. Francis Wayland. While Dr. Basil Manly, Sr., was pastor in Edgefield District, South Carolina, on December 19, 1825, his son, Basil, was born. While his father was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Charleston, young Manly attended a preparatory school in that city and later became a student in the University of Alabama, at Tuscaloosa, of which institution his father was president. A classmate thus speaks of him as a student: "I entered the freshman class at the University of Alabama in December, 1839. Basil Manly was a member of it and here began a friendship that extended through life. At our first meeting he impressed me as being quite delicate. He bore strongly the marks of the student, and in this his appearance did not deceive me. His father had spared no pains in his training, and by close application he maintained his place at the head of a class that was at least respectable in point of ability. For four years he was constantly in my sight and no one had better opportunities than I for studying his proportions. His character came out by slow degrees, for he had no irregularities. Immersed in study, he was punctilious in the discharge of every duty, and, if tempted, was never led to swerve. Others were prone to indulge in mischief; he did not seem to know the meaning of the word.

Others caught promotion by a shorter way; he knew no way except to work for it. Others dared to do wrong in the assertion of a false manhood; he was content to plod along in the old prosy path of right. The son of the president, it might be supposed that he would become an object of distrust and jealousy, but no one was found so unjust as to visit upon him that he bore the name of his revered father, or to connect him unfavorably with the head of the institution. In times of rebellion (and in those old fire-eating days insubordination was often rife), suspicion challenged every possible informer, and woe be to the 'suspect' that fell under its ban. Basil was so unobtrusive, so guileless, so little given to partisanship, that he was free to come and go at will without the shadow of a smirch upon his immaculate skirts. I should do Basil's memory deep injustice, however, if I should produce the impression that he was reserved or sour. No one had a keener appreciation of genuine humor than he, or knew how to make himself more companionable. For myself, I learned to love and respect him as a brother." Gentleness, which became one of his distinguishing characteristics, as is seen from this quotation, was conspicuous in him at this early period. Perhaps we are in danger of thinking that people who are gentle never have any struggle for this blessed boon. It is recorded, however, of Basil Manly, Jr., that in his earlier life he had to struggle with a violent temper. He broke several umbrellas over the head of his horse that was hard to control, but finally realized that unless he curbed his own temper it would bring him to ruin.

Upon his graduation at the University of Alabama, having decided to give himself to the gospel ministry, the question arose as to where he should pursue his theological studies. In this matter he had the advice not only of his father, but also of Rev. Dr. John L. Dagg, who

was professor of theology in Mercer University and whose "Manual of Theology" is remarkable for its clear statements of religious doctrines. Manly, who was inclined to choose Mercer, that he might sit at the feet of him who had already been a great help to him in his religious life, thus described years afterwards this stage in his life: "But he [Dr. Dagg] advised with characteristic earnestness and fidelity that I should not content myself with that, but should seek at *once* the best advantages and the fullest course that could be procured. These, it was agreed, could be found then at Newton Theological Institution, near Boston, Mass. When the disruption of 1845 occurred between Northern and Southern Baptists in their voluntary missionary organizations, . . . it led to the withdrawal from Newton of the four Southern students who were there—S. C. Clopton, E. T. Winkler, J. W. M. Williams, and myself. The other three went directly into ministerial work, while I determined, as I was younger, to prosecute further preparatory study, and went, under the advice of my father, of Dr. Dagg, of Dr. Francis Wayland, and other friends, to Princeton Theological Seminary."

Upon leaving Princeton, having been ordained at Tuscaloosa, Ala., he became pastor of several country churches. His poor health, however, led him, after a short while, to resign this charge and for a year to take up the saw-mill business, hoping that such a life in the open air might restore his strength. In 1849 the Southern Baptist Convention met in Nashville, Tenn. An alarm as to cholera kept many away, but among those who did attend, not a few were deeply interested in the proposition then being discussed, to establish a theological seminary for Southern Baptists. Mr. Manly was one of this number. At this meeting he met for the first time R. B. C. Howell and J. R. Graves. These brethren

thought the time had come for the establishment of such an institution, but he did not. Graves challenged him to debate the question before the Convention. He tells why he declined this invitation: "I did not want to be put into the false position of antagonizing the progressive movement for theological education, which I earnestly favored; and I am not ashamed to say I dreaded to cope with so vigorous and able an opponent as Brother Graves in an extempore debate." The Convention at Nashville adjourned to meet a few weeks later, on May 23, at Charleston. At this time and place, when a special educational meeting was held, he spoke on the matter of the proposed seminary. In his address he stated that there were seven theological professors in as many Southern Baptist institutions, having in all about thirty theological students. He advanced many reasons for the proposed seminary and suggested three possible ways for bringing it into being. While from year to year the question of establishing a seminary was discussed among the brethren, no definite action seems to have been taken until 1854, when in the Virginia Baptist General Association a call was made for a special meeting to consider the proposition. This meeting, which was held in Montgomery, with Mr. Manly as its secretary, called another meeting for the following year. Of this gathering, which was held in Augusta, Ga., 1856, Dr. Basil Manly, Sr., was president. This led to another special meeting in Louisville in May, 1857. Here it was finally agreed that the desired theological seminary be established at Greenville, S. C., provided that certain conditions could be met. In announcing the committee on Plan of Organization, the president, Dr. B. Manly, Sr., said apologetically that he had appointed comparatively young men "because it was proposed to form a new institution suited to the wants of our own ministry, and

young men were more likely to be successful in devising new plans." Here was the committee: J. P. Boyce, J. A. Broadus, B. Manly, Jr., E. T. Winkler, and William Williams. The last of this series of special educational conventions was held at Greenville, S. C., May 1, 1858, and upon the report of a committee of leading men the following men were elected as professors for the new seminary: J. P. Boyce, J. A. Broadus, B. Manly, Jr., and E. T. Winkler. Of these four, at first only two, Boyce and Manly, accepted the positions to which they had been elected.

In order to bring into one paragraph the story of Manly's connection with the establishment of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, other events in his life have been passed over. In November, 1850, he became pastor of the First Baptist Church of Richmond, Virginia. At this time "his form and voice and manner were rather suggestive of womanly gentleness and grace than of robust and vigorous manhood. . . . He always bore himself in the pulpit and out of it with becoming dignity and was able by quiet but effective means to influence, guide and control others. His gentle, soft and engaging manners, growing out of his sincere and affectionate heart, full of true Christian love and sympathy, made his pastoral visits most welcome and salutary to his flock." Rev. Dr. Robert Ryland, after Dr. Manly's death, wrote as follows concerning this Richmond pastorate: "It soon became evident that his bodily strength was not equal to the mental and physical energy required by the position. The large and scattered congregation worshiped in a spacious house. Three sermons a week and numerous visits were too much for a youth of delicate frame and no experience. Still he made a most favorable impression on his people. His thorough course of preparation and study, his diligent habits, his

prudent and refined manners, his genial and loving spirit and his sincere piety soon gained the hearts of all. Nothing but a holy enthusiasm could have sustained him for the short space of four years." As Richmond was practically his only pastorate, just here a few things should be said about him as a preacher. Dr. Jno. A. Broadus said, that while his voice was not strong, he had the other elements of a great preacher. Once after he had preached in Greenville, Dr. Boyce remarked to Dr. Broadus as they left the church: "If Richard Fuller had preached that sermon people would have called it one of the greatest sermons they ever heard, and they would have been right."

Dr. Manly resigned the care of the First Church to become the first president of the Richmond Female Institute. The Baptists of Richmond were fortunate to secure for this new enterprise one so able. Dr. Ryland says: "He gave a start to the school which has doubtless contributed to its distinguished success. One of the girls made a pun on the subject which voiced the feelings of all her associates and the general public. She 'liked the Institute because it had a gentle*manly* president.' During his connection with the institution he gave his Lord's Days to the Walnut Grove Church—a small and select body that lived in the Sydnor neighborhood several miles distant."

As has been seen already, Dr. Manly was elected one of the four original professors in the Seminary at Greenville. Undoubtedly the greatest work of his life was done in this sphere. For twenty-one years he occupied a chair in the Seminary, the larger part of the time having Old Testament Interpretation and Biblical Introduction, and for a season Biblical Introduction, Homiletics, and Polemics. He had drawn up the Plan of Organization and the Articles of Belief which each professor was

required to sign, and he was associated with Boyce, Broadus, and Williams as teacher. He was a man of scholarly aptitudes and attainments. He was familiar with a number of languages and was possessed of a vast fund of information on a wide range of subjects. His heart glowed with tenderness as he taught his class the Bible, his eyes often overflowing with tears. In those early days in Greenville his work was not measured by the lecture-room only. He came in close contact with the students. Dr. C. H. Ryland, who was a student the first session at Greenville, says: "He was our *pastor*— the one who drew us by his sympathy, gentleness and winning piety closer to duty and to God." The students held prayer meetings from house to house, and he frequently attended and always took part. From the very first it has been the custom in the seminary for each lecture to be opened with prayer, and Dr. W. H. Williams, a student of those early days, wrote afterwards that while he had forgotten many things of his Seminary life, Dr. Manly's prayers in the classroom were vividly remembered. "Not infrequently," he writes, "when the 'Amen' was said we had to brush away the tears before we could see our notebooks." The students saw him in his home as well as at the desk. One says: "Among my pleasantest memories of him are evenings spent at his house in Greenville, where the table was always enlivened by his genial, artistic nature. His brightness and wit were always kindly." Another tells of seeing him at the family altar, saying: "It was my privilege once only to meet with him and his family at their morning devotions, and his earnest and fervent pleadings for his family and the seminary students captivated me and deeply impressed me with his generous, loving spirit and the serious importance he seemed to set upon family worship."

Scarcely had the Seminary started before war came down upon the land and compelling the closing of its doors in 1862. Dr. Manly preached to a country church, and it was hard to get even the necessities of life. During this time a Sunday School Board was established at Greenville, chiefly through the efforts of Drs. Broadus and Manly. The publications were on the poorest Confederate paper, but they had a ready sale. Several catechisms were written by Dr. Manly, and *Kind Words,* a children's paper, started in 1866, had for one of its contributors Dr. Manly, who wrote as "Henry Hunter" and "Junior." When the War was over, the question as to reopening the Seminary came up. Dr. Boyce offered to go into business to help the situation. Dr. Manly wrote at length to Dr. Broadus discussing what was to be done. In this letter he says he can not come to Siloam to help Dr. Broadus because he had to go after his wife, and as he did not have money to go on the cars he had to "take the dirt road, and that takes time." The Seminary went on, yet surely those were hard years for the heroic men at its head.

In 1871 Dr. Manly was elected president of Georgetown College, Kentucky. The trustees elected Dr. J. L. M. Curry as president, but fearing that he would not accept, and in order to save the trouble of another meeting, they elected Dr. Manly in case Dr. Curry declined. Dr. Manly at first declined, but the Board asking for a personal interview and offering to pay his expenses, he visited Georgetown and finally accepted the position. It would be easier for him to educate his children at Georgetown and the salary there was larger. These were among the reasons that led to his acceptance, and Dr. Broadus, while hating greatly to lose him from the Seminary faculty, could not, all things considered, but approve his decision. When Dr. Manly went to George-

town it was his hope and ambition to see the college greatly enlarged and strengthened; but, by reason of circumstances which he could not control, these hopes were not realized. Indeed, shrinkage of the income of the college made it necessary to contract the work. Dr. Manly left, however, a deep and lasting impression upon the college and the community. While at Georgetown he went over to Midway twice each month to preach, thus enabling F. H. Kerfoot, the pastor, to preach in the country and carry on certain linguistic studies. Thus, as co-pastors, these two men worked for over a year. Dr. Manly said: "Brother Kerfoot is pastor and I am his assistant." Dr. Kerfoot counted himself highly fortunate in this arrangement, since besides delightful association, it gave him in his work Dr. Manly's "conservative, far-seeing, wise counsels."

When, in 1879, Dr. C. H. Toy, because of change of doctrinal views, resigned his professorship in the seminary, which was now in Louisville, Ky., Dr. Manly was elected to the vacant chair. His return to the Seminary, especially at this juncture, greatly pleased and reassured the Southern brotherhood. Upon his return to the Seminary, Dr. Manly took charge of the "Students' Fund," which he had looked after before going to Georgetown. This "Fund" was to help students in the matter of their board and was dependent on the voluntary contributions of brethren. This work and the Seminary Missionary Society, with its several mission Sunday schools, were very near to Dr. Manly's heart, and his pleas for these objects were usually successful. Once, in describing an appeal for a mission school, he said: "I came very near getting $100 the other evening. I asked a man in the city here for that much and if he had only said 'Yes' I would have had it." Dr. Manly, besides looking most carefully after the financial side of this society, thus

carrying on Sunday schools, many of which have grown into churches, provided the program and presided once a month at the meetings.

The throb of Dr. Manly's gentle and loving heart was a blessing in the Seminary circle as well as in his own home. Among the students and faculty he was called the "Beloved Disciple." His kind words, warm sympathy and heavenly smile were a benediction indeed. To record all his deeds of love and thoughtfulness would take pages. One day he saw a little girl crying bitterly on the street. He sought to comfort her, but she was lost and could not tell him where she lived. He asked her if she knew some place from which she could find her way home. Brightening up, she said that she went to the Walnut Street Baptist Sunday school and could find her way home from there. He accompanied the child to the Sunday school and thence saw her safe at home.

Once at a funeral "in Georgetown the ground was covered with snow, and Dr. Manly was seen treading down the deep snow, and when some one would come he would step aside from the well-trodden place and, yielding it to another, would prepare another place to do likewise if another presented himself." Just two weeks before his death "he was wading through the slush of a melting snow to a mission in the Highlands. He led a little girl with his left hand, in his right he carried his Bible." Once at the ordination of a young minister, upon request, Dr. J. R. Graves and he wrote in the Bible presented a word of advice. Dr. Manly's pen traced these words: "Speak the truth in love"; Dr. Graves added: "And speak it boldly as you ought to speak." A Louisville lady on one occasion told Dr. Manly that the doctrine of election gave her much trouble. His answer was that while she was in the

lower class she must not grapple with such a difficult question; when she was promoted to heaven's class she could understand such things. It is scarcely necessary to say that such a man was lovely and gentle in his home. He was extremely solicitous for the happiness and highest well-being of his children. He received their earliest confidences and was glad to help in their games. Next to their religious training he set their education. He often remarked: "I wish to spare no pains nor expense to give my children a good education, and that is about all I shall be able to do for them. They will then be able to do for themselves." Once during a revival in Greenville, when Dr. Williams had preached a powerful sermon, Dr. Manly, upon reaching home, found one of his children sitting at a table studying. He said: "I am very glad to see your interest in your studies, but I do not wish you to forget that there is something far more important. I wish you had heard that sermon tonight."

Dr. Manly was a most versatile man. He did many things well. Besides his teaching and his preaching, his deep scholarship and fund of general information, there was his executive and business capacity. He wrote well, and, besides many fugitive pieces, left a book, "The Bible Doctrine of Inspiration," which is "the calmest, fairest, clearest and most satisfactory discussion of the subject to be found anywhere in the same compass." He wrote some forty hymns, with his father edited *The Baptist Psalmody,* and himself brought out two other hymn books, "The Baptist Choral" and "The Choice." Dr. Manly had a good voice and sang well. Dr. Broadus regarded Dr. Manly as the most versatile man he ever met and said that had he "devoted himself exclusively to some one of several things he might have stood out famous among the men of the age."

In the autumn of 1887 Dr. Manly and his family broke up their city home and in pursuit of country air boarded on the edge of the city with Mr. Walker. On December 15 Mr. Walker and Dr. Manly, in the gathering twilight, with their arms full of bundles, were walking homeward from the railroad station. Suddenly they were attacked and robbed. Each received a single blow over the eye which rendered them unconscious. Dr. Manly never recovered from this blow, which probably shortened his life many years. He went on with his work, but under a heavy physical handicap, and finally, on Sunday, January 31, 1892, his earthly pilgrimage came to an end, Charles H. Spurgeon, the great English preacher, being called to his reward the same day. At the funeral, held at Walnut Street Baptist Church, a large number of ministers, not only Baptist, but of other denominations as well, were present. The sermon was preached by the pastor, Dr. T. T. Eaton, and addresses were made by Dr. W. H. Whitsitt; Dr. E. L. Powell, Pastor of the Fourth and Walnut Christian Church; Dr. R. H. Rivers, of the Methodist Church; Dr. C. R. Hemphill, of the Presbyterian Church, and Dr. Jno. A. Broadus.

WILLIAM ABEL WOODSON

While William Abel Woodson was born, converted and educated in Albemarle County, Virginia, the larger part of his life was spent in Nottoway County, where he died. He was born August 10, 1817. Early in life he made a profession of religion and united with the Zion Baptist Church, near the University of Virginia. He was educated at the University of Virginia, and while here enjoyed the faithful ministry of Rev. James Fife. He entered the University of Virginia in the fall of 1847 and remained there two sessions. He roomed at John Abell's and took ancient languages, mathematics and moral philosophy. During these years the Rev. Jacob Scott, a Baptist minister, was chaplain of the University. Soon after leaving school he entered the ministry, and among the churches he served were Jonesboro, (Brunswick), Mount Lebanon, (Nottoway), both in the Concord Association. His first wife, who died in 1872, was Miss Sallie Williams. After her death he married her sister Bettie, who died in 1886. His wisdom and good management enabled him to have a good farm and home, and here he hospitably entertained many. He had a good name among his people. He was a good man and was full of the Holy Ghost. He died January 9th, 1892. He willed his home to his brother, Rev. T. E. Woodson.

CYRUS FRANKLIN FRY

Cyrus Franklin Fry was born at New Hope, Virginia, March 7, 1824, and died February 27, 1892. He was a man small of stature, but large of heart and of indomitable energy. He was one of the pioneer Baptists in the beautiful Valley of Virginia. He was licensed to preach by the Laurel Hill Church and ordained in the Staunton Church. For several years he was pastor of the South Bottom Baptist Church, but his enduring monument is in the work which he did as a colporteur. During the War he kept a depository of books at Scottsville and was colporteur in the Army of Northern Virginia. After the War his field of labor embraced Augusta, Rockbridge, Rockingham, and Bath. He traveled thousands of miles over these counties distributing religious literature and organizing Sunday schools. His home was the haven of rest for every Baptist preacher who chanced to come into his neighborhood long before the now flourishing Staunton, Laurel Hill, and Waynesboro churches were organized.

In August, 1862, Dr. A. E. Dickinson wrote from Lynchburg, Virginia: "In Staunton I found Brother Fry, our colporteur, earnestly engaged. His labors have indeed been greatly blessed. He gave me an interesting account of some conversation he had with General T. J. Jackson. The General told him of several prominent officers who were sick and urged him to go and converse with them on personal religion, just as he would with the humblest private, adding that it was sad to see so many officers regardless of their eternal interests."

Dr. Jno. Wm. Jones, commenting upon this interview with Stonewall Jackson, says: "It was my privilege to

be present at that interview and to introduce the humble colporteur to the great soldier. Jackson said with a gracious smile as he cordially took the hand of Brother Fry: 'You are more than welcome to my camps, and it will afford me the greatest pleasure to do anything in my power to help you in your work. I am more anxious than I can express that our soldiers shall be good soldiers of the Cross as well as good soldiers of their country.' The nearly one hundred colporteurs of the Virginia Baptist Sunday School and Bible Board, who (under Dr. A. E. Dickinson) labored in the Confederate armies, were among the most efficient instrumentalities in the wonderful revivals with which we were blessed. And among the truest, noblest, most indefatigable, self-sacrificing, consecrated, and efficient of them all was C. F. Fry." Brother Fry had a passport which "Stonewall" Jackson had written himself. This passport he kept and treasured all of his life. After the War was over he continued to labor in the counties named above as a colporteur.

Brother Fry was a man of deep piety and earnest religious convictions, and many of the churches in the Augusta Association owe much to the foundation work which he did in their respective communities. The Augusta County Sunday School Union, one of the largest in the State, owes much to Brother Fry, for he was largely instrumental in its organization and its maintenance up to the time of his death. For many years he drove a horse familiarly known as "Old Charlie." "Old Charlie" was not noted for speed, but for plodding he had few equals.

C. F. Fry died February 27, 1892, being sixty-eight years old. His funeral was preached in the Waynesboro Baptist Church by his life-long friend, Rev. John H. Taylor, and his remains laid to rest in the Waynesboro Cemetery.

L. Peyton Little.

JAMES DANIEL MARTIN

James Daniel Martin was born in Pittsylvania County, Virginia, August 9, 1864. At the age of seventeen he entered Richmond College to prepare for the gospel ministry. His school advantages had been meager and the amount of ministerial work he undertook increased the difficulties of his college course. But he was an earnest student, and, in spite of time lost for lack of means, won the degree of Bachelor of Arts in June, 1888. His student life was marked by fervent piety and unusual religious activity. He was a recognized leader in religious work, and several of the most successful revivals ever held at college were under his leadership. On June 24, 1888, at Branch's Church, Chesterfield County, he was ordained. This church and Enon, in the same county, formed the only regular pastorate he ever had. Before his ordination he had preached for these churches regularly and he continued as their pastor for two years. During these years he taught in the Chester Female Institute, first as assistant and then as principal. On August 27, 1890, near Atlee's Station, Hanover County, he was married to Miss Sarah Isbelle, going the next month to Bedford City to become the principal of the High School. Here he taught one session. In the spring of 1891 he suffered a severe attack of grippe, which settled on his lungs and rendered the rest of his life a struggle with an incurable disease. Yet it was a heroic struggle. During the time he had taught he had never ceased to preach, and he was looking forward to the time when he could give all his energies to the higher calling. But his work was almost done. In June, 1891, he

preached his last sermon at Sharon Church, King William County. He spoke no more from the pulpit, but by his patience, love, and trust during the weary months of a lingering illness he preached a most eloquent sermon. His faithful wife, who never left his bedside, says that during his entire sickness not one word of murmuring was ever heard to escape his lips. His end was peace. Attended to the grave by his best loved pastor and college professor, his most intimate fellow-student and many sorrowing relatives and friends, his body, on a beautiful Lord's Day evening in April, was laid to rest under the blossoming fruit trees at the old homestead where he had wooed and won his bride. His short life on earth was as beautiful in its piety as the blossoms of spring. He died April 15, 1892.

JOHN W. HARRIS

John W. Harris was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, July 27, 1868. He studied at the Miller School (Albemarle County), Richmond College, and Crozer Theological Seminary. He was ordained to the gospel ministry March 30, 1891, at Craigsville, Augusta County. The following year, on April 13, he was married to Miss Elvie W. Percival, "a devoted and useful member of Grace Street Baptist Church, Richmond, Virginia." His work as a preacher was first in the Augusta and then in the Portsmouth Association. With his home at the picturesque village of Bridgewater in the Valley of Virginia as a missionary of the State Mission Board, he labored for some four years ministering to the Bridgewater, Mount Crawford, Deerfield, and Woodlawn churches. During one year of this pastorate he preached 130 sermons and paid 420 visits, and another year the record was 113 sermons, 400 visits and one Sunday school organized. From the Valley he went to the other end of the State to take charge of the Deep Creek and Lake Drummond churches, in Norfolk County. Here, after a pastorate of several years, he was laid low, at his home at Deep Creek, by typhoid fever, his wife being ill of the same disease at the same time. He died Saturday, June 12, 1892, and was buried the following Tuesday at Riverview Cemetery, Richmond. Rev. J. W. Mitchell accompanied the remains to Richmond, and the Baptist Ministers' Conference of Norfolk (to which body he belonged) passed resolutions expressing their appreciation of his "consecrated Christian life and great usefulness as a gospel minister."

LESLIE T. HARDY

Leslie T. Hardy first saw the light at Buchanan, Botetourt County, Virginia, July 10, 1834. He was reared to the occupation of merchandizing, and for many years devoted himself to that business. He was very successful in this direction, accumulating at one time quite a fortune. His services in the Confederate Army, which were quite conspicuous, were rewarded with the rank of captain of artillery, and many flattering notices from his superiors. He was severely wounded during the War, from which wound he occasionally suffered in after life. He began to preach in 1868, and was ordained in 1872. He soon moved to Kentucky, where he labored a few years and then returned to his native State and to his native county. Here he resided, laboring chiefly in Montgomery, and holding pastorates in that county and in Pulaski. About 1888 he moved to Glade Spring and labored there as pastor of one or more churches until his health failed. At this time he served Mountain View and Riverside churches; possibly others. He died July 23, 1892, and the same week saw also the death of his son, who was a minister and of whom this volume contains a sketch.

ALLEN FORREST HARDY

Allen Forrest Hardy, son of Rev. Leslie T. Hardy, was born in Buchanan, Botetourt County, April 1867. He was a frail child, and as he grew to manhood his weakness was not overcome. In 1883, while still a lad, in the yard of the Mill Creek Church, during the session of the Valley Association, Dr. W. E. Hatcher passed by, laid his hand on his head and said: "Do you ever think you ought to preach?" This remark seems to have settled the aim of his life. He attended, for a session, Alleghany Institute; was ordained by the First Baptist Church of Roanoke City and entered Richmond College. His frail health made it necessary for him to leave before the session was over. For twelve months he labored as a colporteur in Manchester, during this time organizing the Sunday school out of which the Stockton Street Church grew. In October, 1890, he became pastor in the lower part of Henrico County, of Antioch, New Bridge, and Four Mile Creek. The next month he was ordained at Antioch Church, the presbytery being composed of Rev. J. T. Tucker and Rev. R. H. Winfree. Things seem to have been at a low ebb in these churches when he took charge, but his energy and leadership soon brought about a great change. The Four Mile Church rose up and erected a new house of worship; this gave the pastor joy, but his fondest dream was realized when the New Bridge Church was revived and its removal to Highland Springs (now Barton Heights) effected. This seemed an impossible feat, but it was *not* impossible. Before the new house at this place was dedicated he had been called to his eternal reward. On July 17, 1892, at Lithia, he passed away. The funeral took place at the Buchanan Church, being conducted by Rev. G. W. Beale and Rev. P. B. Price, of the Presbyterian Church. His body was laid to rest in the Pattonsburg Cemetery.

HILARY E. HATCHER

On November 8, 1832, in Bedford County, Hilary E. Hatcher was born. He was baptized into the fellowship of Mount Hermon Church, Bedford County, by Rev. James L. Gwaltney. He entered Richmond College as a ministerial student and graduated there in 1859 in the class with Wm. H. Agnew, D. Wm. Gwin, John J. Harvey, James A. Mundy, and George B. Smith. From Richmond College he went to Greenville, S. C., where for two sessions he was a student at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He belonged to the band of twenty-six men who were students at the Seminary the first year of its existence. Ten of these men were from Virginia, namely, J. Wm. Jones, C. H. Toy, C. H. Ryland, R. B. Boatwright, W. J. Shipman, J. D. Witt, T. B. Shepherd, H. E. Hatcher, W. C. Caspari, Jno. W. Harrow. Of these, Hilary E. Hatcher was regarded by his fellow-students as "our Greek" because of his accurate scholarship. He graduated in the principal "schools" of the Seminary and then went forth to the War, becoming chaplain in the Confederate Army, serving in the Sixty-first Virginia Infantry. His first pastorate was at Orange Court-House, where he located in 1865. On October 2, 1866, he was married to Miss Gillie F. Jones, daughter of Dr. James L. Jones, of Orange, Virginia. During the course of his ministry he served Elon, Mount Hermon, Wilderness, Orange Court-House, Zion, New Hope, Antioch, and Zoah churches, in the Goshen Association, and Blue Run, in the Shiloh, the counties of Spottsylvania and Orange being the sphere of his labors. For some years he was pastor in Maryland, when he min-

istered to the Barnesville, Rockville, and Germantown churches, but he returned to Virginia, and his last work and last days were spent in his native State and in that section of it to which he had already given so many years. He was "a man of splendid person and grand intellect. His scholarship was broad and accurate. He delighted in scientific investigations as well as in theological discussions. In the pulpit he was commanding, instructive and attractive. His voice was strong and flexible. His preaching was profound while not wanting in ornamentation." Although he had been feeble for some time, his death, which took place August 20, 1892, was rather sudden. He left a wife and two sons. His eldest son had died in Atlanta, Ga., July 23, 1891.

WILLIAM S. PERRY

While Maryland was the birthplace of Wm. S. Perry, the northern end of the Valley of Virginia was his residence and field of labor for more than fifty years. Dayton, Mount Crawford, and Bridgewater were in turn his places of residence. He seems to have labored in this section of Virginia, where Baptists, forty years ago, were very weak and few, neither in connection with the State Mission Board nor as a regular pastor. If he was pastor at all it was for a very brief period. He was instrumental in organizing a church at Mount Crawford in 1841 and another at Bridgewater in 1873. The Mount Crawford Church called for his ordination. His health was so delicate as not to allow him to do much active ministerial work. "He was an able minister of the New Testament—a lover of his Bible." While he does not seem to have been in the habit of attending the annual sessions of the General Association, he was appointed as a delegate by the Mount Crawford Church to the great "Memorial Meeting" at Richmond in 1873, and the minutes of the Association for that year enroll his name as one of the great crowd that came up then. He died August 24, 1892, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, at the time a member of the Bridgewater Church, and was buried at Mount Crawford. He left a wife and a number of children. His memory is associated with Bridgewater, a little village whose clear flowing streams are not unlike the waters of "sweet Afton" and of the "bonnie Doon," which Burns has made famous by his matchless verses.

FERDINAND H. HALL

Rev. Addison Hall, who for so many years was a leading pastor among the Baptists of the Northern Neck, was married three times and was the father of eighteen children. One of these children, the son of his father's second wife, Miss Catharine C. Crittenden, was Ferdinand H. Hall. As a teacher and as a preacher he was useful. Notwithstanding the War, he had secured a fairly good English education, and after the War he spent a brief season at the Theological Seminary at Greenville, S. C. While at Greenville he was connected, as assistant editor, with a Baptist paper. Upon returning to Virginia he taught school for a time and then became colporteur in the Rappahannock Association. He visited Gloucester County frequently and preached there as occasion offered. His supply work at Providence Church led to his being called to this church and to his ordination on March 4 at Harmony Grove Church, Middlesex County, where he was a member. Brethren W. E. Wiatt, Julian Broaddus, and Benj. Bristow formed the presbytery. Providence and Union churches formed his field. After several years he gave up Union to devote a part of his time as pastor to Poroporone Church, King and Queen County. Providence and Poroporone churches formed his field at the time of his death, that occurred October 30, 1892, when he was about forty-five years old. He was instrumental in the erecting of a very large and handsome house of worship, which was completed just before his death. The congregation at his funeral was immense. He was married twice. His first wife was Miss M. D. Pitt, a daughter of Dr. Douglas Pitt, of Middlesex County. His second wife was the daughter of R. C. Heywood, of Gloucester County. Of each of these marriages two daughters survived.

JOHN S. MASON

John S. Mason was born "at or near Lynchburg, July 20, 1814, when that now beautiful city was only a village." He was converted at a Methodist camp-meeting, but his study of the New Testament led him to become a Baptist. He began preaching when he was nineteen years of age, and when twenty was ordained. His first church was Mount Calvary (now Kedron), Campbell County, Appomattox Association. His ministry extended over a period of fifty-eight years and "was remarkable for long pastorates. His long ministerial labors were confined to that scope of country embraced in the triangle cornering at Lynchburg, Danville, and Richmond. In early life he was pastor a year or more of a colored church in Lynchburg, and often referred with satisfaction to that work. For many years Brother Mason was the foremost preacher in the Appomattox Association." He was moderator of this body in 1862 when it met with the New Chapel (Campbell County) Church, and in 1863 when it met with the New Salem (Charlotte County) Church. In 1861, when the Appomattox Association met on August 6 and 7 in the town of Farmville, Brother Mason offered a resolution touching colportage among the soldiers in the army and urging the churches to take collections for this object. The following statement in the mniutes of that year gives an interesting suggestion of how war was already disturbing life at many points: "Brother Sands now rose and explained why the *Herald* had failed to come, and announced that they had at Raleigh found paper and would recommence publication." At the session of the

Appomattox in 1867, Brother Mason was appointed to look after Bethany Church, which had not reported to the Association since 1860. He was also appointed a corresponding messenger to the next General Association. The churches which he served in the Appomattox Association were Mount Vernon, Union Hill, Kedron, and New Chapel, and for many years his home was near Concord Depot, on the edge of Campbell County. "Often his soul seemed to be aflame with the love of Christ and his heart would melt in tenderness towards sinners. His labors were largely evangelistic. It would not be too much to say that thousands were converted under his ministry. . . . He was free from kinks and eccentricities, and the churches he served were notable for harmony, Christian love and good work." He died at his home, near Concord Depot, November 10, 1892.

THOMAS B. CREATH

Thomas B. Creath belonged to a family rich in Baptist preachers. His father, Wm. Creath, and four brothers, Jacob, J. W. D., Servetus, and Melancthon, were preachers. And his son, William Thomas, bearing the names of two older brothers who were killed in battle in the service of the Confederacy, is now a Virginia Baptist pastor. A sketch of Rev. Melancthon Creath will be found in the second series of "The Lives of Virginia Baptist Ministers." Thomas B. Creath died at his home, near Jarratts, Sussex County, Virginia, Thursday, November 24, 1892. His funeral was preached November 26 by Rev. Dr. A. E. Owen, and the venerable preacher was laid to rest, as he had requested, in the garden of his home where he had lived so long. Before the War he was a prosperous farmer and dispensed a generous hospitality. "In his later years he was more circumscribed in his means, but he lived above want and died peacefully in the bosom of his family."

What follows is, with some omissions and some verbal changes, a sketch of his life which Mr. Creath prepared, dated September 4, 1880: "I was born January 22, 1802, in Mecklenburg County, Virginia. I was converted in the woods near Wilson's Meeting House, Mecklenburg County, while Rev. Thomas Jeffries, a prominent young minister, was praying for me. He and Brother Jas. Jeffries were under the instruction of my father. . . . My father's house was the resort of ministers who sought instruction and advice in doctrines of the Bible, he being considered the champion in the defense of election and baptism. He was called in his day

a strong Gillite such was his readiness in an argument. Multitudes followed him when it was announced Wm. Creath would preach or speak. John Randolph, of Roanoke, . . . availed himself of every opportunity to hear my father. John Kerr and Wm. Creath were the only two men he could listen to for hours without being tired. The day I found peace, Ps. 62:11 came to me just before I found peace, while on my knees, Brother Thomas Jeffries praying. I was overwhelmed with grief as a great sinner. The above passage came to my mind and such was the bright manifestation of the goodness of God, I felt like telling the whole world what the Lord had done for me. Brother Thomas Jeffries led me to my father, at the church, saying: 'Brother Creath, here is your son.' . . . I commenced exhorting sinners to flee from the wrath to come. This was June 18, 1820. The following July I was received by Wilson's Baptist Church. . . . I was baptized by my father. From that time to the present I have felt it my privilege to preach the gospel of our blessed Saviour, feeling at the same time my inability for the want of an education. My father died in Edenton, N. C., on a tour of preaching in August, 1822. I itinerated in this and lower counties of North Carolina a year or two. Feeling the importance of close study to qualify myself for the ministry, I located in Princess Anne County, calling Major Morris' my home. Under his hospitable roof I was kindly treated, especially by his kind wife during a long spell of sickness. The churches of Pungo (now Oak Grove) and Muddy Creek called for my ordination. I was solemnly ordained to the ministry by Elders Samuel Brown and Smith Sherwood, June 12, 1830, serving some two years or more as the pastor of said churches. . . . After the death of Elder Nathaniel Chambliss and removal of Elder Jeremiah B. Jeter to the Northern

Neck of Virginia . . . Sappony and Seacock in Sussex extended to me a call, also Meherrin in Southampton, where old Brother Robert Murrell lived and labored for many years, succeeded by Hardy Cobb. I found it in a very feeble and declining condition, the house of worship going to decay. The church at Seacock was not only without a house to keep them dry, but the church was about extinct. The people of the world said if I would consent to preach for them they would furnish money and build a meeting-house on a more desirable site. Lemuel Bain proffered the land, the people went to work and soon built a house near the spot where Elam now stands—changed its name after its removal from Seacock to Elam by the suggestion of Brother Beverly Booth, of Surry. I held meeting from house to house; in most instances none of the family were professors. The result was a glorious revival extending in different sections, numbering about ninety-five conversions. Brother James L. Gwathmey, who was missionary in our bounds, held a series of meetings near what was then called Cotton's Springs. . . . The result was a number, in addition to those converted at Elam, determined to build a house of worship and constituted a church now called Newville. . . . Owing to declining health I was forced to resign in favor of Elder Caleb C. Gordon. . . . Paralytic stroke, both sides, after baptizing seventy-two persons on a hot July day. I baptized about 1,400 persons, assisted in constituting several churches and ordaining several ministers and deacons. . . . A second stroke of paralysis prostrated me, almost destroying my nervous system. The erysipelas in my left leg from hip to knee followed, causing the flesh to slough off, attended with lockjaw, the most excruciating pain endured by man to live; indeed, my physician said but for my strong faith I could not have endured

such pain . . . The doctor told me I was the second person he had ever read of or known of to recover; he graduated in medicine in France. . . . My delicate situation was such my friends advised me to desist from public speaking. . . . I gave the prime of my life to the churches and to the public, not exacting remuneration. I told them that I could live without being chargeable to them, advising them to give all they could to other objects. . . . I married Mary C. Atkinson, in 1832, who is the mother of seventeen children, eleven living. Two sons were killed near Richmond in 1862."

ISAAC T. AUSTIN

The service of this minister of the gospel seems to have been given wholly to churches in the Valley Association. In this section for upwards of thirty years he labored. The churches of which he was pastor were Bradshaw's Creek, Dry Run, and Mount Calvary. His work at the first of these churches lasted a number of years, having begun about 1873. He received little compensation for his labors and often was not paid at all. While not greatly gifted as a public speaker, his life was an epistle known and read of all men. Within a short period two of his daughters were carried off by the dreaded disease, consumption, and not long afterwards the same malady caused his death. He departed this life at his home in Montgomery County, December 1, 1892.

WILLIAM CAUTHORN HALL

On July 5, 1812, William Cauthorn Hall was born in Fluvanna County. Upon the death of his father, being left in charge, when seventeen years old, of his mother and seven brothers and sisters, by strict economy and good management he succeeded in giving the young people a good English education. When nineteen he was already a Methodist preacher, but in 1849 he united with the Baptists, and for the rest of his life was earnest in their ranks. The churches that he served during his ministry were: Williamsburg, Scottsville, Diana Mills, Blacksburg, and Four Mile Creek. His rather frail health seriously interrupted his work as a preacher, making it necessary more than once for him to resign his charge. During the earlier years of his ministry he refused to receive any compensation for preaching, gaining his support by business. His early educational advantages were limited, but loving study and being a wide reader and an independent thinker, he surpassed as a scholar many whose youthful opportunities had been far better than his. He was fond of writing and left behind him many manuscripts, among others one in the archives of Richmond College and a "History of the James River Association." He wrote frequently for the papers, and at the time of his death was an associated editor of *The Organizer,* a small Associational sheet published in Lynchburg. His death was tragic. The Apostle Paul tells of his "perils of robbers," and Mr. Hall, while pastor near Richmond, was brutally assaulted by a burglar; he never recovered from the injuries he then received, and on December 1, 1892, at his home in Buckingham County, he passed away. He was married twice. His first wife, who was Miss Eliza A. Sanderson, of Cumberland County, bore him four sons. His second wife was Miss Mattie Tompkins, of Buckingham. This sketch is based on an article in the *Religious Herald* by Rev. J. R. Daniel.

JOHN LANSING BURROWS

Until a few years ago, there stood on North Pearl Street, Albany, N. Y., a building, which, with its gable roof, narrow windows and wooden shutters, must have looked doubly quaint surrounded by costly modern structures. This edifice, known as the Lansing house, was erected in 1710 out of brick brought in a sailing vessel from Holland. The building, intended for a trading post with the Indians and, therefore, placed outside the stockade, did not escape rude attacks from the red men, but the old fireplace tiles, with their Scripture scenes, suggest that behind the stout doors were true, brave hearts. In this house on February 14, 1814, John Lansing Burrows first saw the light. His father was Samuel Burrows, the captain of an American privateer in the War of 1812, while his mother, a Miss Lansing, came of old Knickerbocker stock.

The life of John Lansing Burrows, which was destined to stretch out through threescore and nineteen years, breaks up into four fairly distinct periods, almost equal in length, though very unequal in importance and in our knowledge of them.

The first of these periods extends to 1835, in which year the subject of this sketch attained his majority, entered into the state of matrimony, and was ordained to the gospel ministry. Of these two decades not much is known. When six years old the boy lost his father, who died of yellow fever in Mobile. From this time he came under the watchful care of an uncle, who was a Presbyterian elder of the strictest sect, and of his grandfather, Nathaniel Burrows, who lived in Bucks County, Penn-

sylvania. Rev. Dr. Junkin, of Germantown, Pa., prepared him for college—Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., became his classical, Andover his theological *alma mater*. He was ordained at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and shortly afterwards married Miss Adeline Benthuysen, a union which was to last through thirty-eight happy years. Upon his ordination, Mr. Burrows became co-pastor with Rev. Dr. McClay, in New York City, whence, after about a year, he removed to Kentucky, where he first helped in a school at Elizabethtown, and then presided over one of his own at Shelbyville. While in Kentucky, he not only helped to establish churches in Owensboro and Henderson and was one of the founders of the General Association of the State, but also became known in many sections through his successful labors for the cause of Christ. Already the good man's love and capacity for work were being developed and made known. Another strong point in his character—an honest, intelligent interest in men and their highest good—appeared at this time as he entered heartily into the plans of two young men hungry for an education.

In 1840 Philadelphia captured from Kentucky the young preacher-professor for the pastorate of the Sansom Street Baptist Church. The loss Kentucky and the South thus sustained was not to be permanent, for Dixieland was eventually to have the larger and most fruitful part of this noble life. After four years with the Sansom Street saints, Mr. Burrows went out at the head of a colony to form the Broad Street Church. His skill in leadership, and his power to bring things to pass, were seen in the erection of an imposing house of worship for the new flock. He met the strong opposition to the new edifice with the assurance and entreaty: "Let me alone and I will build it." His energy in the accomplishment of this vow knew no bounds, for not satisfied with col-

lecting money, he kept the accounts and worked on the church with his own hands. The refrain of the Sunday school hymn: "Do you know any barefoot boy? Bring him in, bring him in," which during Dr. Burrows' Richmond pastorate gave him and great congregations of children more than once a thrill of delight, had already found an echo in his soul while he was in Philadelphia. Many "poor boys" were buried by him in baptism, one of whom afterwards became a multimillionaire, whose generous gifts to educational and other denominational movements have made the name of Jno. B. Trevor well known among us.

After fourteen years in the "Quaker City," Dr. Burrows accepted a call to the First Baptist Church, Richmond, Virginia. To this church he was to give a score of years, the best years of his life. From this church, one of the most influential and historic in the South, he was to receive the most lavish and lasting affection. He was coming to a city of literary aptitudes and genial social refinement. He was coming to this city on the eve of a great civil war, in which war Richmond was to play a leading *role*. He was coming to the First Church to be the "successor of the laborious Courtney, the eloquent Kerr, the wise-hearted Jeter, the Christly Manly." While Dr. Burrows had under consideration the call of the First Church, high hopes had been raised among the Baptists of Richmond and Virginia as to the bishop they sought to win from Pennsylvania. These hopes, not to be disappointed, were inspired by his first appearance before the General Association. At a mass-meeting held at Grace Street Church, he had followed J. G. Oncken, the Baptist apostle of Germany, in an address of thrilling power. The place which this address gained for him in the esteem of the denomination throughout the city and State was a prophecy of his wise and enthusiastic leadership among Virginia Baptists for two decades.

It so happened that Dr. Burrows' first Sunday at the First Church was also the first Sunday that two young men, then students at Richmond College, afterwards officers in the college, ever spent in the capital city of their State. The incoming pastor made a deep impression on them, as they testified at his funeral. Their words set the scenes of that first Sunday, and the chief figure in those scenes vividly before us. Dr. W. E. Hatcher said: "It is easy now to recall with what wonder I sat in these galleries and heard the new preacher. Such crowds I had never seen before, and as for the preacher, he was a revelation to me. That form so full and round and yet so elastic and graceful, that eye so splendid in its flash, that voice so rich and thrilling, that exhaustless flow of language, so apt and elegant, and that whole combination of art and soul, which marked his public speech, was a quickening sensation to my whole nature. I did not know that God made men like that." Professor H. H. Harris (the other young man) said: "That was a notable day, for a new pastor, coming in the pride of his manhood, was just entering upon the greatest and best work of his life. His two sermons on the "Mutual Duties of Pastor and People" still linger in my recollection."

The high hopes and rich promise of such an auspicious beginning were not to be dashed to the ground. In his own church, in Richmond, throughout the State, his influence for good was soon felt. He depended for success in his preaching, not on clap-trap or sensational methods, but upon the simple story of the Cross. "He made the church feel that its power lay not in numbers, wealth, secularities, but in the ever-present, ever-efficient Holy Spirit. He strongly impressed the church with his spirit of unselfishness." Dr. George Cooper, afterwards pastor of the church, says that the spiritual impress

which Dr. Burrows made upon the church is still felt. When such a feeling was prevalent among the members, it was no doubt an easy matter for the pastor to introduce, without causing any dissension, an organ, for the improvement of the singing. The fact that he did introduce the organ suggests the thought that with his high spirituality there was combined practical common sense. He believed in making all good things subserve the advancement of the kingdom of Christ. His own preëminent success as a preacher had, as one of its factors, his elocutionary power. His grace as a speaker and reader came not alone from natural gifts, but also from a faithful and painstaking cultivation of these gifts. In Philadelphia he had taken lessons from a distinguished teacher of elocution, and in Richmond he did not fail to practice reading aloud in private. His study being at the church gave him the larger opportunity for such practice. His excellence as a reader made the people's satisfaction with his reading his sermons the more ready, though such a custom had been in disfavor in the South, among the Baptists at least.

His secret of power as a preacher lay deeper than in merely graceful and effective elocution. "His sermons were methodical, fresh, clear, forcible, practical and sometimes very eloquent and impressive." Not only in Richmond, but also in all quarters he was increasingly in demand for dedications, Associational meetings, Sunday school conventions, college commencements, popular lectures, patriotic addresses, banquet speeches, and other such things.

In illustration of Dr. Burrows' power as a preacher, a description from the pen of Dr. Andrew Broaddus is appropriate: "He was, I think, on the whole, the finest elocutionist I ever heard. He was entirely free from the affectation that marks the performances of some who

pride themselves on their elocutionary skill. His voice was full and round, his enunciation clear and distinct, and neither too rapid nor too slow, and his emphasis correctly placed, and so significant that it brought out vividly the sense of what he read or spoke. I recall two occasions on which I heard him preach with power and effect. In 1860 he preached the dedicatory sermon on the opening of the new and beautiful house of worship erected by the Upper King and Queen Church, of which I was then pastor. A great congregation filled to repletion the spacious audience-room, and the three long and wide galleries, and blocked up the doorways. A crowd, so far from intimidating Dr. Burrows, as it does some nervous speakers, seemed to inspire him. His text was Psalms 45:15: 'With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought; they shall enter into the king's palace.' He depicted, with no little beauty and eloquence, the splendor and glory of the king's palace, and the triumphant songs of joy with which his people enter it; and drawing near the end of his sermon, he requested the congregation to rise, and with the dramatic effect of which he was no mean master, he dedicated the building, in striking language, to the service of God and closed with a fervid and eloquent invocation. It would have been difficult for any man to have preached a more appropriate sermon. The other sermon to which I allude was preached at a meeting of the Rappahannock Association. A very large arbor had been built. All the seats under it were occupied, and carriages filled with people were drawn up around its borders. There were probably 1,500 people in the congregation. It had been arranged that there should be two sermons—the first by Dr. Burrows and the second by Dr. Poindexter. Dr. Burrows' text was Matthew 25, part of verse 45: 'Inasmuch as ye did it not'; and his theme was the guilt and danger of omis-

sion. . . . He was listened to from the beginning to the end of his sermon with undivided and intense attention. In the course of his sermon he sent a thrill through the great congregation by exclaiming, in his full, round tones, and with the impressive emphasis of which he was a master: *'Men are sent to hell for doing nothing.'* He had hardly reached his seat before Dr. Poindexter was up, had announced his text, and had plunged, with characteristic vigor and fire, into his sermon. He told me afterwards that he saw the people had been wrought up by Dr. Burrows to a state of intense feeling, and he hoped to maintain it by omitting all introductory services and going right on with the sermon. With all his great powers, he hardly succeeded —partly, no doubt, because some had become weary from the unusual length of the service."

Another incident showing Dr. Burrows' power as a preacher must not be omitted. It is given by Mrs. Anna L. Price, and in her own words: "A young member of his church (Miss Mattie Braxton) had died, and her family, with other friends, had assembled to see her form for the last time and hear her pastor's funeral address. Dr. Burrows' text was: 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.' The preacher's tone, manner and words were inexpressibly touching, tender, and consoling. In the audience was a man of naturally noble character and great depth of feeling, but he was not a man given to weeping. This person was my own dear father (H. W. R.), gathered eighteen years since to the rest of God's dear children, for he died trusting in Jesus Christ and Him crucified. I noticed the close, sad, breathless attention my father was giving to Dr. Burrows, whose oratorical power increased as he told of the love God bore his earthly children, of their preciousness in his sight; then, pausing, he leaned

slightly beside his desk and added, most gently: 'And yet they die.' He told more of the Christian's privileges, gifts, mercies, personal keeping by the Holy Spirit. Again he paused, again leaned forward as though to touch every hearer and, with that wonderful pathos, said: 'And yet they die.' But my father was weeping violently, though quietly, and, on leaving the church, stood long beside one of those great pillars in front ere he could compose himself for the street. Need I add more concerning the oratorical powers of the Rev. Dr. Burrows?" One more testimony as to Dr. Burrows' ability as a preacher. The late Professor John Hart said that he would rather listen to Dr. Burrows twice a week, year after year, than to any other preacher of his acquaintance. The *Herald,* upon this, remarked: "That is high praise when it is remembered that Mr. Hart heard Dr. Burrows twice a week through a series of years and has heard all the great preachers among the Baptists. Besides, he is an uncommonly fine judge of preaching."

Dr. Burrows came to Richmond on the eve of the War. His position would have been a difficult, perhaps an impossible, one for a man less wise, less gifted with the power of adaptation. "He made no promises, and no apologies. He came as one who had a call and who came to fulfil it. It was not long before he had won all hearts. The people believed in him and they cared not whence he came. Without the least compromise and yet with the utmost facility he glided into his place." The War but widened the sphere of his work and gave fuller scope to his tireless energy. His church, a favorite with the soldiers quartered in Richmond, was often so crowded with them that when the congregation rose to sing the galleries presented the appearance of a regiment on dress parade. He did not simply preach to the

"boys in gray" when they came to him; he went to them. He preached a great deal in the camps and was as active as the most active in the great religious revival which swept through the army. When appointed by Dr. J. Wm. Jones to preach four times one day, he gently protested, suggesting that the work was being piled up "just a little too heavy." When reminded, however, that many of the soldiers were hearing their last message of salvation, he said: "All right; I'll fill these appointments, and I would be glad if you could appoint me to preach six times to-morrow." While no man could surpass Dr. Burrows in attention to matters of dress and decorum in the pulpit, as well as elsewhere, the fact that he was not dependent on such conditions to preach his best is shown by an anecdote which has gone the rounds. When the wounded were moved back from Winchester to Staunton in July, 1863, Dr. Burrows made the whole distance of ninety miles on foot. Anxious to hear preaching, notwithstanding the fact that he had lost his coat on the way, he slipped into the Presbyterian Church at Harrisonburg Sunday morning and took a back seat, thinking that no one would know him. The minister, however, being informed who he was, asked him to preach. Dr. Burrows called attention to the fact that he had no coat. This was not accepted as a valid excuse, so he preached, as he was, in his shirt sleeves, a most excellent sermon. Dr. Burrows reached the soldiers also through the printed page. His sermon to the memory of Colonel Lewis Minor Coleman, Professor of Latin in the University of Virginia, entitled: "The Christian Scholar and Soldier," was published in tract form and widely circulated in the army.

Dr. Burrows, while ministering to the spiritual needs of the soldiers, could not be unmindful of their temporal wants. He was a zealous member of the Richmond

Ambulance Corps. From the battlefield he would bear off in his arms the wounded of both armies. After the fight at Seven Pines he waded in the swamps to find and rescue the wounded. At Winchester he busied himself in the hospital with bucket and brush, scrubbing the floors.

"Over each of the twenty-one First Church 'boys in gray' who sealed their fate on the tented field, this great soul might have cried out as David over the slain Absolom: 'My son, my son, would that I had died for thee, my son, my son.' A glimpse of these dark days is given us by his own pen: 'We were drawn into closer fellowship by the terrible pressure of war. Our sons and brothers were in daily peril, and at many a funeral and over many a death where no home burial was possible we mingled our tears and our prayers together. We shared with each other our scant rations and bore the fearful privations of a besieged city, and the crushing disappointments and terrible losses and horrors of the closing scenes.'" After the War Dr. Burrows delivered a lecture on "The Evacuation of Richmond," which was eloquent and graphic in a high degree.

A few years after the War Dr. Warren Randolph was in Richmond when the following incident occurred. Referring to a horseback ride that he had with Dr. Burrows, Dr. Curry, and Professor Harris, Dr. Randolph says: "I remember an incident at Hollywood. As we all rode through the gate the keeper scanned us pretty closely. Dr. Burrows told him who we were, 'two were professors in Richmond College and two were Yankees' (both having lived in Philadelphia), but the keeper was not taken in by the clever joke. With a twinkle in his bright eye, as he turned to the shortest, stoutest man of the company, he said: 'I've seen *you* before,' when all joined heartily in the laugh."

Dr. Burrows was popular and in demand among all denominations while in Richmond. He was interested in all plans for Christian, philanthropic, and patriotic endeavor. Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge, in his address at the funeral, referred beautifully to this feature in Dr. Burrows' life and character, speaking, in part, as follows: "Nor can I forget the Sunday afternoon at the anniversary of the Virginia Bible Society in my church when Dr. Burrows preached the sermon in which he held up a small Bible in his hand and told us of the unsearchable riches, the inexhaustible mines of truth, and the unutterable preciousness of the little volume, which had done more for the welfare of the human race than all the uninspired libraries of the world. I can not now attempt to enumerate the varied departments of labor to which he gave his time and toil, some of them secular, all of them designed to advance the public good. There may be some in this assembly who formed a part of the great audience to which Edward Everett delivered his celebrated oration, in which he urged the patriotic duty of rescuing the dwelling and tomb of Washington from the decay and desecration to which it was exposed, and of placing both under the guardianship of an association for the purpose—the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association—suggested first by a daughter of South Carolina. The prosecution of that work had no more ardent advocate than Dr. Burrows. His eloquent appeals in its behalf are still gratefully remembered by many of our citizens, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the noble work accomplished."

The graceful words of Dr. Tupper, spoken at the funeral, show us the man and the place he occupied in the city and State: "The greatness of this man of God comprehended conspicuously the suavity, kindliness, generosity, the magnanimity, broad-heartiness of the cul-

tured Christian gentleman, whence flowed innumerable acts of pleasantness, favor, self-forgetfulness, charity, which made him when resident here and viewed in his relations with all classes, conditions and associations of society, in peace and in war, perhaps the most popular, admired, and beloved citizen of the town, if not of the Commonwealth."

In the general wreck and ruin of war, Richmond College had not escaped. After the surrender, like everything else in the South, it had to begin its work almost from the foundation. Its buildings had been defaced, its students and faculty scattered, its endowment well-nigh destroyed. At the meeting of the General Association, in June, 1866, the Education Board reported that during the year they had "collected no funds, assisted no young men, transacted no business." "On this report the ardent, buoyant Burrows and the fervid over-mastering Poindexter spoke like the prophets Zechariah and Haggai in the olden time in eloquent appeals to rise up and build." A motion to reopen the college was carried with enthusiasm and the trustees appointed as a Committee on New Organization, J. L. Burrows, James Thomas, Jr., and J. B. Jeter. Thus was Richmond College set on its feet again. Besides being a trustee, Dr. Burrows was president of the Education Board, or, as Professor Harris says, he *was* the Education Board. He devised and carried out a scheme for supporting a number of young men who were absolutely without funds. The farmers throughout the State, though unable to give money, willingly responded with boxes of provisions. The express companies transported these supplies at a nominal cost. So a mess was established and a plan wrought out which, in a modified form, has worked and proved a blessing among us ever since. In referring to this period of Dr. Burrows' life, Professor Harris says:

"Of his services to the cause of ministerial education it is not too much to say that he, more than any other, created an uplift of our whole denomination in the State."

Again, in 1873, the "Memorial Year," Dr. Burrows did splendid work for the cause of education. Upon motion of H. K. Ellyson, it had been determined by the General Association to undertake the raising of $300,000. Dr. Burrows was called on to organize and direct the campaign. For this work he was released by his church for twelve months. But for the financial panic, with its famous "Black Friday," the whole amount would doubtless have been raised. And the $150,000 which was actually paid in is "a lasting memorial, not only to the liberality of the donors, but of the marvelous zeal and energy of him who managed its collection."

It may not be necessary to record here all the lines of denominational work in which Dr. Burrows was useful. The Richmond Female Institute had in him a warm friend; he was for six years president, and for a longer period a member of the Foreign Mission Board; three times was he elected one of the vice-presidents of the Southern Baptist Convention.

Dr. Burrows', cheerfulness, Christian urbanity, and genial cordiality gave him at once an indescribable charm and a far-reaching power over all with whom he came in contact. Children loved him, and no wonder. He was childlike in spirit. One summer day, a number of little girls, in their dainty evening attire, were amusing themselves, near the First Church, by jumping rope on the pavement. Dr. Burrows came down the street. One little girl playfully exclaimed: "Every one that passes must jump." With a smile of great good humor and with the agility of a boy, Dr. Burrows leaped well over the rope and went on, to the amusement and delight of the children.

While Dr. G. B. Taylor was chaplain at the University of Virginia, Dr. Burrows came one year to preach the commencement sermon and was Dr. Taylor's guest. One evening, at the tea table, some subject in the conversation greatly interested Mary, a tot with long golden curls. After considerable self-control, she could restrain herself no longer, and with great animation made her comment, interrupting whoever was speaking. Her mother tried to repress her, but Dr. Burrows was on Mary's side, pleading in his rich voice for her: "Oh, mamma, let the little one talk."

There never was a man more considerate of other people's feelings, or more ready to make amends when perchance he had given offense. In a controversy with one of his brethren, the latter became so offended that he declined to speak to the Doctor, or, at least, he evaded him whenever he came near. At last Dr. Burrows met the offended brother on Main Street and, grasping him by the hand, said: "I will speak to you; you may be right and I may be wrong. At any rate, we are not children, but Christian brethren, and we will be on good terms as heretofore."

In 1873, after a married life of some thirty-eight years, Dr. Burrows was called on to mourn the death of his wife. She was buried in Hollywood, where almost twenty years later he found his last resting-place by her side. To Dr. Burrows three children were born, two sons and a daughter. The daughter married Professor W. Winston Fontaine and died in Texas in 1889. The sons were Rev. Lansing Burrows, D. D., at present the pastor of the Baptist Church at Americus, Ga., and for many years one of the secretaries of the Southern Baptist Convention, and Mason Mitchell Burrows, who died in 1863.

In 1874, Dr. Burrows resigned the pastorate of the First Church, Richmond, to accept a call to the Broad-

way Baptist Church, Louisville, Ky. Here Dr. Burrows remained about seven years. During this pastorate he sustained a heavy loss in the destruction by fire of his library and all his sermons. So great was Dr. Burrows' energy, so varied had his reading and culture been, so active was his mind, that he doubtless was much less disturbed by the devastation wrought by the flames than most preachers would have been. A series of sermons which Dr. Burrows preached in Louisville on the "Prodigal Son," whether they were delivered before or after the fire is not known, were most favorably received. Rev. R. L. Thurman pronounced them the best sermons on the subject he had ever heard. Afterwards when Dr. Burrows preached the same series in Norfolk, and they were printed in one of the city papers, Dr. Andrew Broaddus was much impressed with them and thought they were worthy of a more permanent form.

While in Louisville he was called on suddenly to speak at the Bardstown Institute Commencement, the appointed orator having been detained at the eleventh hour. His acceptance saved the college officers from an awkward situation and gave evidence of the spirit of the man. The address which he made on the humming bird delighted the audience.

In 1882, Dr. Burrows left Broadway and became pastor of the Freemason Street Church, Norfolk, Virginia. This was, strictly speaking, his last pastorate. One can but be impressed with the vitality and energy of a man who at sixty-eight years of age was willing and able to undertake the pastorate of a large city church. He was equal to the situation, doing a valuable work, "not only in the church, but also in the city, in creating and developing the missionary or evangelical spirit which had been so lacking before."

After Dr. Burrows had been at Freemason Street some nine years, feeling that his health was declining,

he decided to resign. For a time he was uncertain where he would next make his home. At this juncture an episode occurred which did credit to all concerned. The venerable man of God received a most beautiful and affectionate letter from the First Church, Richmond, asking the privilege of entertaining him as their guest for the years yet remaining to him and enclosing a check for $225. The church had taken this action by a unanimous rising vote and had entrusted the matter to a committee, consisting of the pastor, Dr. George Cooper, and Dr. W. D. Thomas, John C. Williams, William F. Harwood, and R. D. Ward. Dr. Burrows declined the invitation, deciding to spend the closing years of life under the roof-tree of his son, in Augusta. Although arrived at the ripe age of seventy-seven, he was not content to be without work in his new home. So he became the stated supply for the Ways Church, located some thirty-one miles from Augusta and near Stellaville. Once a month, on Thursday or Friday before the first Sunday in each month, he went out to his charge, to be present at the Saturday conference of the church and to visit some among the members, as well as to preach on the Lord's Day. It was on one of these trips that he received his summons to depart and be with Christ. Nor did the summons find him unwilling or unprepared. A few weeks before he had said to a friend: "Death has no terrors for me . . . and I have no craving to live. I am going home." The end came, as he had wished it might, suddenly. On the first of January, 1893, being Sunday, he preached at Ways from the text: "Be ready for every good work." Titus 3:1. This was his last public utterance, and his hearers report that he was unusually tender and gracious. He spent Sunday night at the home of A. C. Taylor, one of his members. The next morning, having walked out on the farm and

watched the hands at work, he returned to the house and started up the porch steps. He paused, sat down on the second step, his head drooped to one side, and when friends reached him he was dead.

Funeral services were held in Augusta, a memorial sermon being preached from the text: "I have fought a good fight," by Dr. Henry McDonald, of Atlanta, but Dr. Burrows' request that his remains should be taken to Richmond was not disregarded. The services in Richmond, held in the old First Church, especially draped for the occasion, were presided over by Rev. W. D. Thomas, addresses being made by Drs. Cooper, Tupper, Hoge, Hatcher, and Harris. It seemed very fitting that he should sleep his last sleep in the soil of Virginia, where the larger part of his ministry had been spent—in Hollywood, the necropolis of that city to which his ripest and richest years had been given.

The memorial services which were held both in Louisville and Norfolk, and the numerous notices that appeared in the various religious and secular papers, showed that the cry of our Southern Baptist Zion was:

> "O fallen at length, that tower of strength,
> Which stood four square to all the winds that blew."

The sturdy vigor of body and mind which he had inherited from his ancestors was the substructure for a solid and beautiful character which, under the grace of God, he built up through fourscore years. A true man, a sympathetic friend, a wise counselor, a bold leader, an eloquent preacher, a faithful pastor, a champion of education, an indomitable worker, a thorough Baptist, truly a veteran had fallen whose place would be hard to fill.

JOSEPH ASCHAM BILLINGSLEY

In the First Series of "Lives of Virginia Baptist Ministers" there is a sketch of Elder John Ascham Billingsley; his son's name stands at the head of this page; some future volume of this series will doubtless contain the name and record of Rev. Joseph F. Billingsley of the third generation. Joseph Ascham Billingsley, whose mother was Sally Duerson, was born at "Salem," his father's home near Spottsylvania Court-House, Virginia, February 11, 1817. Spottsylvania County is famous as the scene of the persecution of Baptist preachers and the bloody battles fought on her soil. In this county and the county of King George most of Mr. Billingsley's life was spent. Since his father's home was "saturated with Christian influences," it is no wonder that he united with the church when quite young. When the father of this home passed away, of his nine children all save one were members of the church. At first young Joseph was a member of the old historic church, Waller's, in Spottsylvania, but in February, 1841, he moved his membership to Massaponax Church, near Fredericksburg, since that was nearer his home. Here he was licensed to preach, and then, in December, 1842, ordained, while the next year he became pastor of this flock, succeeding, it seems, Elder Lawrence Battaile, Jr. He served this church for fourteen years, and before this period had expired he had come to be pastor of Waller's, Piney Branch, and Salem churches, in Spottsylvania County. In 1851 he was called to the care of Shiloh Church, in King George County. In 1854, Zoar Church, Spottsylvania County, was organized, largely through

his influence. He served this church and Hanover, King George County, until a year or so before his death. Towards the end of his life he was supply and pastor of Sharon, Orange County, and Hebron, Spottsylvania. A year or so before the end came his failing health made it necessary to give up active work. At his home, near King George Court-House, he lived the last thirty-five years of his pilgrimage. He was twice married, and was the father of sixteen children. His first wife was Miss Connor. His second wife, who was a sister of Rev. Dr. John L. Johnson, now of Clinton, Miss., survived him. His death occurred on April 12, 1893.

This sketch may appropriately close with words spoken concerning the work and character of Mr. Billingsley by two men who knew him well. Rev. W. J. Decker, who furnished some of the facts used above, and who was baptized by him, says of him: "His theology was Pauline, almost hypercalvinistic. The writer, sitting at the feet of Dr. Boyce and others in the Seminary, did not have to unlearn his theology. It had been learned in early life under the ministry of this man of God, his pastor. . . . In his day the temperance cause came to be agitated. After some hesitation, he became its advocate. With all the force of his nature, training and Christian convictions, he proclaimed and defended the cause. He was by many held to be an extremist. His stand for temperance brought him into conflict with some of his brethren. His sensitive nature and their opposition caused not a breach, but a coolness and some estrangement. To him the situation was not pleasant, for he loved the friendship and fellowship of his brethren with an intensity born of the spirit."

Rev. Dr. George W. Beale says: "He was a true successor and imitator of the older men who rode on horseback fifty, sixty or seventy miles to meet their appoint-

ments and were wont to hold meetings in various private houses along their route of travel. For more than forty years he was engaged in labors on widely separated fields, and rode in heat and cold from lower King George to upper Spottsylvania. . . . The religious history of King George County for the past fifty years could not be written without large reference to his work. It was in the dark days of the War that I knew a score of men who belonged to his church and were reared under his ministry, and they wore their religion as they wore their uniforms. On the march and by the campfires they sang the songs of Jesus which they had learned in old Hanover Church. The snows of winter did not cool and the heat of battle did not dissolve the love of Christ and His cause in their hearts. Brother Billingsley held opinions during most of his ministerial life adverse to the Associational union of churches, and his churches were independent and separate in this respect; nevertheless, they did not fail to send annually a liberal gift to the cause of missions. More than any other minister I have ever known was J. A. Billingsley a devout and prayerful student of the Bible; more than any other of my acquaintance had he imbibed in heart and memory the precise language with which the Holy Spirit has revealed in New Testament and the Old the will and the word of God. He was not a man of books, but of *The Book*."

VOLUSCO VAIDEN

Volusco Vaiden was born in New Kent County, Virginia. "He possessed a vigorous, active, and brilliant mind, and had the advantages of a good classical education." Early in life he began to serve the public as an educator and as a speaker. He was always ready on any theme of general interest, and his rare gifts of wit and repartee enabled him to delight and charm his audiences. On special occasions, when he was at his best, he often rose to flights of oratory and eloquence. He was in great demand for Sunday school celebrations and other festive occasions. During the War he was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates and here rendered faithful service. The most valuable work of his life was as teacher and preacher. He established the "Lofty Retreat Academy," a popular and successful school, and was for many years its principal. Along with his teaching he carried the work of preaching. For some years he acted as supply for several churches, and when Rev. J. H. Barnes resigned at Liberty Church, New Kent County (Dover Association), he was elected as the pastor. This was about 1886. It seems that, having no other church, he preached at Liberty every Sunday; this was an unusual thing for a country church in Virginia. While the Minutes do not show that there was increase in the church's membership, there may be reasons for this which do not appear in the Minutes; he baptized from year to year people not a few. Some thought that in his sermons he indulged too freely in the ludicrous; at times, however, he was "grandly sublime," speaking in the most pathetic manner. "He possessed to the full the noble qualities of a Virginia gentleman—hos-

pitality, kindness, goodness, charity, courtesy, veracity, integrity, manliness, chivalry—all these beautified his noble life." He died at his residence, Lofty Retreat, Lanexa, Virginia, June 28, 1893, in the fifty-ninth year of his life. This sketch is in the main, the obituary in the Minutes of the General Association for 1893.

JAMES M. DILLARD

James M. Dillard was born in Amherst County, Virginia, February 14, 1816, and died of paralysis at his home at Tye River Depot, Nelson County, Virginia, October 25, 1893. In early life he made good use of the scant educational advantages he had. He grew up a farmer and was quite successful. He had a strong mind and read widely. He was active in advancing the interests of his community. Of an inquiring mind, he gave what time he could to study. Little did he think when thus active in cultivating and enriching his mind of the work the Lord had for him to do.

In his fortieth year he professed faith in Christ and joined St. Stephen's Baptist Church, near his home, being baptized by Rev. Peter C. Hoge in Tye River. He was a man of decided convictions, and when he understood what his duty was did not hesitate to go forward to its discharge. This spirit prompted him when he became a Christian, hence his promptness in commencing work for his Saviour. So successful was he in conducting prayer meetings and winning souls to Christ that he earnestly desired a wider field. He was thus gradually led into the ministry. He was very sociable and loved to have his friends share his home with him. Strangers he never turned from his door, and the poor found in him a true friend.

Two years after his conversion he was ordained to the ministry. The presbytery was composed of Revs. T. W. Roberts, P. C. Hoge, and P. S. Henson, the latter preaching the sermon. His first charge was Piney River Church, of which he was pastor for twenty years. Soon

after commencing his work there he was called to the pastorate of St. Stephen's, and was pastor there for twenty years. He served also Walnut Grove, Fairmount, Mineral Spring, and Ariel, all in Nelson County, and in Amherst County Piney Mount and Ebenezer. His last pastorate was Mountain Plain Church, Albemarle County.

He was twice married. His first wife was Miss Mary Mundy, of Amherst County. They had ten children, nine of whom still live. His second wife was Miss Lou Watts, of Amherst. She passed away several years before he died.

W. J. Shipman.

WILLIAM M. RODGERS

William M. Rodgers was born near Farmville, Virginia, and was educated in the classical and theological departments of Hampden-Sidney College. He was for forty years a Baptist minister, being pastor at one time of the Upper Banister and Mount Ararat churches in Pittsylvania County, Roanoke Association. During the later years of his life he did not have charge of any churches, more because of the loss or failure of his voice than for any other reason. He did much preaching at schoolhouses and private residences during his later life. He was scrupulously honest, earnest, sincere, and true; no one could say aught against him. His life was useful in very many respects, "a sermon of towering importance." He died January 25, 1894, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

ALDRIDGE MADISON GRIMSLEY

In June, 1826, Rappahannock County, which was then a part of Culpeper, gave birth to Aldridge Madison Grimsley. The Rappahannock River and its tributaries water the county, and at the age of twenty-two Mr. Grimsley was at work as a miller. In the same year, 1848, he was married to Miss Amanda Smith, of his native county. Of this union three sons and three daughters were born, all of whom, except Milton Robert, who became a beloved and useful minister of the gospel, died young. After twelve years of married life his wife was taken from him. In 1862 he was married to Miss Annie E. Lear. She became the mother of three sons and three daughters. In 1859 Mr. Grimsley was licensed to preach, and until 1862 was engaged in colporteur work, a part of the time in the Army of Northern Virginia. His work as pastor and preacher covered a period of some thirty-five years, during which time he served the Orleans and Enon churches in the Potomac Association, and Salem, Mount Carmel, Graves Chapel, Thornton's Gap, and "F. T.," in the Shiloh. Perhaps in the same length of time no man "married more couples, preached more funerals, or traveled more miles by private conveyance to fill appointments." Concerning Mr. Grimsley, Rev. Dr. E. W. Winfrey wrote soon after his death, as follows: "In some things he was a remarkable man. His physical frame was of no small proportions; his features were large; his countenance was open, frank, and expressive of cordiality and all good feeling. He understood the people among whom he spent his life—not only knowing them by name and face, but entering into their thoughts and feelings and giving them freely

and heartily his counsel and sympathy. . . . There was never a day too cold nor a night too stormy for him to visit the poor and suffering. His people understood him, enjoyed him, loved him. Around the fireside, on the court-green, in the pulpit—anywhere and everywhere —and whether in the narration of new or familiar anecdote, or in innocent pleasantry of conversation, or in serious discourse, they heard him with delight. Kindness appears to have been his most pronounced trait of character. He will be long remembered as a real friend and helper of the poor. They were his especial care. A short while before his death, a neighbor, who depended for himself and family upon the proceeds of a small mill, was brought almost to despair by a lingering sickness which rendered him unable to work. Brother Grimsley, volunteering his services, went day after day to the mill, and, taking up again the occupation of his boyhood, kept his neighbor's family from want. . . . When in his prime and under the influence of deep feeling, his voice must have reminded one of the blast of a trumpet—loud, full, and clear. Rhetoric and grammar and homiletics were held by him to be altogether subordinate to the requirements of sound teaching and saving impression. . . . That in the country where he had always been known large congregations loved to hear him preach is evidence that his ministry was one of power." After an illness which was rather brief, on Saturday, April 28, 1894, he "passed into the spirit world." The following Monday many hundreds attended his funeral, the sermon on this occasion being preached by his friend, Rev. S. M. Athey, from the words: "To me to live is Christ and to die is gain," Phil. 1:21.

THEODORE WHITFIELD

Virginia claims this minister of the gospel because he gave the last seven years of his life to a Richmond pastorate, and because his ashes rest beneath Virginia's sod. In Mississippi, January 31, 1834, at "Magnolia," the home of his father, Rev. Benjamin Whitfield, his mother being Miss Elizabeth Hatch, of Alabama, he first saw the light. His descent, from a long line of ancestors in this country and England devoted to the ministry, and the atmosphere of refinement and culture in the home of his childhood, had much to do in making him the man he came to be. Next door to his father's home was the church that had been built by his grandfather; here at the age of thirteen he was converted and baptized. In 1852 he became a student at Chapel Hill, entering the sophomore class of the University of North Carolina. He took rank among his fellow-students by reason of his ability as a speaker and by his service in the choir and the glee club, and graduated in 1855. His plan to be a lawyer came to an end while he was on a pleasure trip to New Orleans with a gay party of young people. He left his companions, returned home and urged his mother to help him in his new resolve to preach the gospel. Newton Center, Mass., gave him his theological training, and as he returned home, in passing through North Carolina, he saw for the first time Miss Morehead, who afterwards became his wife.

His first pastorate was at Danville, Ky., where the Baptist cause was then weak. A similar condition obtained in Aberdeen, Miss., his next field of labor. Nor were matters in much better shape in his two succeeding pastorates, Greensboro and Goldsboro, N. C. In Aber-

deen he had large numbers of colored people members of his church. The dark war cloud was now gathering, and in Greensboro he gave much time to the sick in the army, also teaching to help support his family. In 1869 he became pastor of the First Baptist Church in Meridian, Miss., and before he left this city, to work in Mississippi Baptist College, he had built a new meeting-house and greatly enlarged the congregations. He was next Professor of Greek and then superintendent of the State Blind Institute at Jackson. He now refused a flattering call to Kansas City, because he feared that his being a Southern man might cause a split in the church, and returned to North Carolina, where, after a few months given to protracted meeting work, he accepted a call to the church in Charlotte. Next Goldsboro claimed him a second time as pastor, and then he heeded the call of the Newberne Church. It was from here that he came to Richmond, Virginia, to what was his last, and some think his best, work, the charge of the Fulton Baptist Church. Care for this field became the "passion of his life," and here he labored almost without intermission for rest and after his strength began to fail.

He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Wake Forest College, a degree of which he was indeed worthy, for he was a theologian of first rank and an able preacher. While his voice was not strong, he was an effective preacher. He was faithful in his preparation for the pulpit and his ability to quote at length from the Bible was unusual. His brethren in the ministry in Richmond deferred to him in matters of exposition, counting him sound and able. As a pastor he was laborious, loving, and wise. On more than one field he brought things to pass, healed dissensions, built church houses, and won the deep affection of his people. Once, in Richmond, in a pastoral call, he found husband and wife both sick in

bed. The family had just moved into the house and things were not in running order; the pastor took off his coat, went to work, put up a stove, going to the store to get a necessary piece of pipe, and got things in good shape before he stopped. Not only as preacher and pastor but as a writer he did valuable service; indeed, Dr. Hatcher inclined to the opinion that his finest work was with his pen. His articles for the press were marked by vigorous thought, strong argument, and purity of English.

After a long illness he passed away at his residence, 17 West Grace Street, Richmond, May 28, 1894. The funeral, which took place at Grace Street Baptist Church, and in which these Baptist preachers, L. R. Thornhill, George Cooper, W. W. Landrum, G. F. Williams, W. E. Hatcher, and Henry McDonald, took part, was attended by a very large crowd of people. And this funeral bears the distinction of being the first funeral of a Richmond Baptist pastor; others pastors had ceased to be pastors in this city when their end came. Attention was called to this fact by Rev. Dr. J. B. Hutson. Dr. Whitfield was survived by his widow and three children.

J. W. M. WILLIAMS

The life work of J. W. M. Williams was done in Baltimore as pastor for forty-three years of the First Baptist Church, yet since he was born in Virginia and had here his first and second pastorates he has place in this volume. He was born in Portsmouth, Virginia, April 7, 1820, his parents, Edward Williams and Catharine Owen, being noted for sterling piety and active interest in all good works. After attending a local academy, in 1838 he entered what is now known as Richmond College. While a student there he wrote out a set of resolutions for the guidance of his life; the last resolution read thus: "Quench every rising wish for man's approbation." He was next a student at Columbian College, graduating there in 1843; twenty-three years later his *alma mater* conferred on him the honorary degree of D. D. His ordination to the ministry took place at the Cumberland Street Church, Norfolk (for which church he had "supplied" about a year), February 27, 1844. On October 3 of the same year he entered Newton Theological Seminary, and on December 22, 1846, he was married to Miss V. J. Read at "Jeffersonia," Northampton County, Virginia. This union lasted for forty-four years, and was a union indeed. "Kinnie Read," as he lovingly called his wife, was his wise helper through his life. She was a woman of mental vigor and deep piety, and her heart was committed to all the work of the church and the denomination. A motto of her husband's was: "By the grace of God and Kinnie Read I am what I am."

His first pastorate was of the Jerusalem (Southampton County) and Smithfield (Isle of Wight County)

churches. They were forty miles apart and he traveled one hundred and sixty miles a month to fill his appointments. He took up collections for missions, a thing that these churches had never known before, and saw two commodious meeting-houses erected. In 1848 he became pastor of the Baptist Church in Lynchburg. He wielded an influence, not only in Lynchburg, but in all the region around, many being led to Christ under his preaching. A visit to Baltimore, to which city he went to solicit funds for a church edifice in Lynchburg, resulted in his being called to the Monumental City. His pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Baltimore began January 1, 1851, and continued until January, 1894, when he resigned and was made pastor emeritus; this relationship continued until Tuesday, August 28, 1894, the date of his death. To tell the story of these forty-odd years with any completeness would be to give the history of Baltimore Baptists for this period. When Mr. Williams went to Baltimore the First Church was housed in the "Round Top Church," an imposing edifice that stood on the corner of Sharp and Lombard Streets. It was modeled after the Pantheon in Rome, was for years one of the city's landmarks, and had a seating capacity of about 1,700. Yet the new pastor found that this noble structure had its drawbacks; the acoustics of the audience-room were so bad that the preacher was like one speaking to a congregation on the other side of the Blue Ridge Mountains, for those in the center of the house could not hear unless the voice was on a high key. A debt also rested on the property. When Mr. Williams went to Baltimore there were only two self-sustaining white Baptist churches in the city and the other Baptist pastors were George F. Adams, Richard Fuller, and Franklin Wilson. He began his work on a salary of $1,000. He found the church connected with neither the North nor

the South in its missionary activities, the members being expected to send their gifts to the Richmond Board or to the Missionary Union, as they might elect. The new pastor took the responsibility. After taking a collection for missions, the new pastor asked that he be appointed as a delegate to the Southern Baptist Convention; thus the affiliation of the "Old First" was settled forever. He became a leader, not only among Baltimore, but also among Southern, Baptists, nor was he unknown or without influence among his Northern brethren. The "Round Top" having become a downtown church, a move was deemed wise, and the new structure, on Townsend Street (near Fremont), was dedicated January 6, 1878. Amidst many ups and downs in all these years, both at the old site and at the new, Dr. Williams kept his grasp on the situation, never losing his faith in God and his church. He was a patient, laborious, loving pastor and faithful in his sermon preparation. He was blessed with a vigorous constitution, and in his last years, with his white hair and beard and sweet smile, was a handsome man. Before his active work came to an end he used to say that the church he then served did not call him, but that he called them, and this was literally true, for only one was left of those who had been in the church when Dr. Williams had taken charge. Dr. Williams' death took place at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. W. Gore, at Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

JOHN CRALLE LONG

John Cralle Long was born in Campbell County, Virginia, November 28, 1833, and died at Charlottesville, Virginia, August 6, 1894. He was the son of Armistead Long and his wife, Calista Cralle. His father was the son of Colonel Armistead Long, of Culpeper County, Virginia, and his wife, Elizabeth Burgess Ball, the latter being the daughter of Colonel Burgess Ball, a friend and near kinsman of Washington and an officer of the Revolutionary Army. John's father was educated at the Military Academy at West Point, but resigned before graduation and settled on a farm in Campbell County. Here John was born, but when he was three years old his father moved with his family to Union County, Kentucky, making the whole journey in vehicles and on horseback. Two uncles, older brothers of his father, settled in the same county, the three families occupying neighboring farms, on one of which was the White Sulphur Springs, a well-known watering-place of those days. Here John enjoyed a brief but happy childhood. Often would he wander care free and joyous along the streams, or in the wild and almost unbroken forests which surrounded his father's home. "Again," he wrote in a letter some years afterwards, "a brother, two years my senior, and myself would seek the shade of a tree standing all alone in a grassy field and read some book of war or love. From these readings both of us thoroughly imbibed the spirit of chivalry, and many a tilt have we had together, our lances long, tapering weeds. The gun and the fishing rod also contributed to our enjoyments. Nor were the more elegant accomplishments of life neglected. Boys as we were—very children—we

went much into society, and with older children mingled in the dance—not the wild whirling of the uncultivated, but the dance of the most approved masters."

For the education of the children of the three households a tutor was engaged, a Mr. F. K. Heisley from Pennsylvania, who had been a college professor, but who for some youthful indiscretion had lost his place. He was an excellent teacher, and a few years later returned with the Longs to Virginia. Among John's schoolmates and constant companions was a younger sister, Annie, who recalls that he was industrious and learned fast and, in her eyes, he appeared to know everything.

Two incidents of this period illustrate the boy's high spirit and strict sense of justice. One evening, at a hunting camp, to which the lads from the farm had strayed, one of the hunters thought to amuse himself by prodding at John with "an Arkansas toothpick." The boy resented this invasion of his dignity and said: "You are not a gentleman or you would not so treat a little boy." To carry out the joke the man pretended to be insulted and challenged the child to a duel. The challenge was at once accepted, shotguns being chosen as the weapons and the next evening as the time. The boy had no idea but to fight, and when one of the colored servants suggested that he might be killed, answered, "Yes, but what is life without honor?" He contrived to elude the family and presented himself at the appointed place armed, not only with a shotgun, but with a huge empty pistol that an older brother had put into his hands. When the hunter treated the matter as a joke he drew the pistol on him and forced him to make an humble apology. This incident gave the lad quite a name among the Kentucky bloods.

On one occasion when, in John's opinion, Mr. Heisley had administered punishment unfairly, he snatched the ferrule out of his hands and tossed it out of the window and declined to go out and get it. He declared that when he was grown he was going to whip Mr. Heisley, but when he did grow up he remembered with great esteem this teacher of his early days.

In 1841, while the family was yet in Kentucky, John's mother died. She was a devout Christian, a Methodist, and although he was only eight years old at the time of her death, she seems to have greatly influenced his character and life, and doubtless it was from her that he derived some of his noblest qualities. Years later he wrote: "When my mother died—she is said to have been a beautiful woman, and as pure and noble as she was beautiful—the sun of my boyish joy was set. I can even now recall some of the particulars of that dark day; and for years after I could not hear her name mentioned without tears."

After the family returned to Virginia, in 1843, the growing boy had as his teachers in Lynchburg the Misses Gordon, and in the country his own older brother, Armistead, who was afterwards to be a gallant Confederate general, and the author of a life of R. E. Lee. When he was only twelve years old John entered the printing office of the Lynchburg *Republican,* and a little later, still as a printer, went to Farmville. Here most important events in the youth's life took place; he became a Baptist; he felt called to preach. Though not attending preaching at the Baptist Church, he came to be a member of a Bible class at that church taught by Mr. William A. Armistead, a man of earnestness, intelligence, and honesty of mind. This teacher does not seem to have used any direct means to make a Baptist of young Long, but the silent personal influence drew the youth

that way. A remark some boy had before this made now set the young printer to thinking and to studying the New Testament. The boy's remark was: "The Baptists do not use the same Bible that other people do." Our young friend had answered: "What you say can hardly be true. There must be some mistake about it." This remark first turned his thoughts towards the Baptists. Next came the influence of his Sunday school teacher. Finally he did not care or dare to go against what appeared to be the teachings of the New Testament. So, although none of his people were Baptists, in his nineteenth year he became one, guided by a "sort of military respect for authority," not knowing "how to disobey what seemed to be positive orders." Years afterwards, in a tract, "On Being a Baptist," he wrote thus about this important event in his life: "I felt that whatsoever the New Testament teaches by plain precept or by reasonable inference ought to be the law of my life. And years have only served to strengthen the conviction that that feeling was right." He was baptized by Rev. William A. Tyree.

In Farmville, and about the time that he became a Baptist, he decided to give his life to the gospel ministry. Soon after this purpose was formed he entered Richmond College in the fall of 1852. During his life here he was intimate, among others, with C. C. Chaplin and J. W. McCown. These three received from their fellow-students the title of "The Triumvirate," a name to be credited rather to college rivalries and animosities than to the callow wit of college fledglings. "Years afterwards, when C. C. Chaplin passed to his reward, J. C. Long wrote for the *Religious Herald* a tribute to his college friend, calling it 'A Sprig of Acacia.'" And when J. C. Long died the same paper contained an article from the pen of Dr. McCown, the last survivor of "The Tri-

umvirate," called "Another Sprig of Acacia," which told tenderly and graciously of the character and work of the friend who had passed away.

In 1856 Mr. Long graduated at Richmond College, his fellow-graduates being William F. Fox, H. H. Harris, George M. Morris, and William B. Meredith. He was elected tutor for the college, and this choice suggests that thus early there was in this young man elements and traits which were eventually to make him a great teacher. But he had decided to be a preacher, nor was he to be diverted from this purpose. During his course as student and tutor he had frequently preached, and after a year the tutorship was given up and he was ordained to the ministry at Grace Street Baptist Church in Richmond on July 5, 1857. The ordination sermon was preached by Dr. R. B. C. Howell, and Dr. Jeter delivered the charge. Rev. J. W. McCown was ordained at the same time.

In the fall of 1857, at the instance of Governor Broome, of Florida, Mr. Long accepted a position as teacher in the Florida State Seminary at Tallahassee. Here he spent one session, serving also for a part of this time as pastor of the Tallahassee Baptist Church. Although not yet twenty-five years of age, he seems to have made a fine impression as a preacher, and prominent citizens, including the Governor, were often found in his congregation. At the close of the session he was urged to remain longer, but he was eager to devote himself wholly to preaching the gospel. He, accordingly, at substantial pecuniary sacrifice, resigned his Florida position and accepted the pastorate of the Cumberland Street Baptist Church at Norfolk, now the First Baptist Church of that city. He began his labors there in the early fall of 1858, and on October 19, 1858, was married to Miss Josephine Hardin Ragland, of Rich-

mond. This young lady was one of a group of sisters distinguished alike for their intellectual gifts, personal charm, and their deep religious life. Here began a union of loving companionship and mutual happiness, which was not broken by the hand of death until after thirty-one years, when Mrs. Long died on December 1, 1889.

The Norfolk pastorate was not in all respects a happy one. The congregation was small and composed mostly of very poor people. It was with the utmost difficulty that they could pay even the greater part of the small salary promised their pastor, and he was finally forced to resign in May, 1861, because of their inability to support him. But, notwithstanding the burden of poverty under which the church labored at this time, the ministry of Mr. Long seems not to have been without effect. By the end of the second year of his pastorate the membership, which had before been steadily decreasing, had increased from one hundred and thirty-three to one hundred and seventy-five, and the congregations were larger than they had been for years.

At the outbreak of the War Mr. Long settled his family on a farm in Goochland County, where he engaged in farming and preached for several country churches, being absent for some months, however, in 1863, in Danville, where he conducted a private school as a means of support. As the churches to which he ministered from his Goochland home were Fire Creek, Powhatan County, and Mount Tabor, Amelia County, geography shows clearly that he had long journeys to make riding or driving over eastern Virginia roads to meet his appointments. A country pastorate in eastern Virginia has many blessed comforts and compensations, but it is not without such hardships as exposure to cold and inclement weather. These words may suggest scenes in this stage of Mr. Long's life. Nevertheless, there were none

of his pastorates which he was in the habit of recalling with greater pleasure.

About the close of the War Mr. Long moved to Scottsville, Virginia, and became the pastor of the Scottsville and Hardware churches, a village and country church being here united in one field. It was at this period that Mr. Long began those visits to "Verdant Lawn," the hospitable home of Rev. William P. Farish, near Charlottesville, which were to continue for so many years, and which were to be to him such a joy and delight.

Fortunately, we have his own account of his first visit to this home, where friends in council held such high and noble converse, and where beautiful Virginia hospitality reigned. Describing this visit, he says: "It has now been more than twenty-five years since I first visited this old Virginia home. I had become a pastor in the country, preaching alternately at Scottsville and at the Hardware Church, up among the mountains. Once in a while, when I went to the Hardware Church, I rode on to Charlottesville to see John Hart and C. H. Toy, who were then there in the Albemarle Institute, and other friends, to get the cobwebs brushed from my mind, and to have a few hours of talk with men who knew well what talk is for. On one of these occasions I overtook William P. Farish going home. His ruddy face, his snow-white hair, his strong and vigorous frame, his hearty and cheerful voice, all impressed me. He called out to me from a distance, turning on his horse: 'What injury have I done you that you do not come to see me?' When I next went to my Hardware appointment I found Mr. Farish there before me, and I went home with him. More than any one I ever knew, he had the art of making a man feel comfortable in his house. There was no overdoing the matter, but some-

how he always made me feel that I was doing him the greatest kindness to come to see him. I not only felt free; I felt rich. For the time, I seemed to be the owner of a large house and 1,200 acres of land; everything about me was mine to use and enjoy. He had traveled, had seen many men; he talked well, and loved to talk, and he let his guests talk, too. In these early fall days, as always in the fall, the past comes back to me, and memory, sweeping over a broad field, pauses and lingers in the Farish household as I first knew it. Every member of the family is recalled, and the family as a whole. If it could have continued just as it was then! If the years were not fated to slip away and to change so many things and to bear so many things away with them!"

In 1865, when Virginia Baptists met, they found that in the desolation which had swept over the South their college, Richmond College, had been almost wiped out of existence. Dr. Robert Ryland made this characteristic report as president of the college: "It is a short story, brethren—and is soon told—our endowment was all in Confederate bonds—we have the bonds—you know what they are worth." The situation seemed desperate. Upon motion of Mr. Long, a committee, consisting of T. G. Jones, A. Broaddus, W. E. Hatcher, J. O. Turpin, and W. R. McDonald, was appointed to report on the situation. The General Association met in Richmond, June 7-11, 1866. At this time John C. Long secured a meeting of some of the alumni of the college. This gathering appointed Mr. Long, George B. Taylor, and H. H. Harris to lay their views before the Association. When the report of the Education Board came up saying they had "collected no funds—assisted no young men—transacted no business," the committee recommended the reopening of the college. This report was discussed by

a number of speakers. An historical sketch of the college, published some years ago, speaks thus of the discussion of this report: "It will not be invidious discrimination to refer more particularly to three of the speakers. Mr. Long, in behalf of the alumni, with true filial devotion, made a pathetic plea for their dismantled mother, pointed proudly to her past and pictured with prophetic power a yet brighter future. He urged the propriety of using the remnant of endowment, if necessary, to reopen the college with full equipment. Mr. Taylor began more cautiously, advocating careful preservation of the existing fund as the nucleus of another endowment, but, warming up as he spoke, nobly seconded the appeal for early and complete resumption. The climax was reached when James Thomas, Jr., from his place near the center of the church, briefly told how, as one of the trustees, he had protested against the change of investment, and, when it was made in spite of all protest, had given up in despair, but added that 'the enthusiasm of these young men' had touched him and that he was ready to subscribe $5,000 for another endowment and, pending its collection, to pay the salary of one professor. This thrilled the audience with hope and settled the question." So the college was saved and Mr. Long had had no small part in this victory.

In 1868 Mr. Long became pastor of the Charlottesville Church, succeeding Rev. Dr. William F. Broaddus. In this relationship he remained seven years. This was to be his last pastorate, and at this point it will be timely to give some estimate of him as a preacher and as a pastor and man. The following estimate is from the pen of Dr. Noah K. Davis, Professor of Moral Philosophy, for so many years at the University of Virginia, and a member of the Charlottesville Baptist Church: "In his private, personal character, Dr. Long was very modest

and unassuming. He magnified his office, but never himself. Gentle and refined in his manners, he was attractive to strangers; genial and warm-hearted, he made many friends; cordial, sincere, and unselfish, he never lost them. A conversationalist of rare charm, he was popular in social circles. The respectful deference of his address, the firmness of his matured opinions, the fearless independence of his conduct marked him as a typical Virginian. His patience in trouble, his tender sympathy, his unswerving rectitude, marked him as a Christian gentleman.

"Endowed with a keen and subtle intellect, his mind and heart were ever full of questions whose solution he was always, often successfully, seeking. He welcomed light and truth from any quarter; was an earnest, liberal-minded student; and thus became a ripe and finished scholar, with clear-cut, settled views on many controverted points and with ability and learning to maintain his ground. Yet he was not a disputant, but a thinker and a teacher. Alas for us, who are groping in the dark, that he did not live out a full measure of days!

"Dr. Long's earnestness and thoughtfulness were especially apparent in his preaching. He never in the pulpit uttered a sensational word, but, as a brother minister writes of him, 'he always preached the very marrow of the gospel, the old-fashioned doctrines of God's word which he firmly believed and consistently held.' There was a rare pathos in his style, great vigor and originality in his thoughts, and profound earnestness in his appeals. Write it in his epitaph:

> "'The law of truth was in his mouth,
> And iniquity was not found in his lips;
> He walked with God in peace and equity,
> And did turn many away from iniquity.'"

An earlier estimate, more fully characterizing Dr. Long's work in the pulpit, appeared many years ago in

the *Southwestern Baptist,* and though written of him while he was still a young man—apparently during his Norfolk pastorate—it is equally true of his later years: "The Rev. John C. Long is one of the quietest and most unpretending of our ministers. He preaches in a low tone, rarely elevates his voice above its ordinary key, and goes on in his smooth way, uttering the deepest truths and presenting the freshest views of religious doctrine and experience as if it were a matter of course to know what is true and worthy of public proclamation. He ought not to be heard in a noisy, promiscuous, unthinking crowd. He is not a Boanerges. He has no pretense—no mere *argumenta ad homines*—no reasonings for one place whose soundness he suspects and would be ashamed to utter in another. He aims to be right; and the right and the true he believes to be adapted to all audiences alike. Go to hear him, if you have a chance, on a quiet evening in October, when the rustling of the autumn leaves and the distant lowings of the herd are all the noises the ear can catch, or on a Wednesday night in a city church, in the lecture-room, when the city is quiet and no hum of busy industry is abroad—get into a snug corner, as near the pulpit as you can—be attentive to the minister as he goes on unfolding, first, the meaning of his text; then presenting the illustrations which enforce it, then its application, and as he rises with his theme, mark his quiet earnestness, his perfect mastery of his subject, the simplicity and beauty of his illustrations, the strong (almost startling) and perfectly novel view of some puzzling and difficult topic, and you are delighted—you are 'carried away'—you feel that it is good to hear the gospel from the lips of a master, to ponder its sacred matters with a thinker who honors its truth, and is in earnest in showing you its hidden treasures. Mr. Long preaches more

like the English Manning writes than any other minister I know. He is not, and never will be, what is called a popular preacher. He can never have lung enough to sway the giddy crowd of thoughtless and superficial listeners. He hasn't pretense enough—quackery enough —to create a stir in a fashionable audience. His place is with the thinkers, with the thoughtful, whether learned or unlearned, and they who attend his ministry to be profited by the truth will secure lasting and blessed benefit; and his fellow-ministers who shall hear even occasionally his pulpit efforts will not be unprofited. I was not surprised to hear that a brother whom he had visited, and for whom he had preached several sermons, should recur to the visit as one affording both pleasure and profit to himself—the views of truth presented were so fresh and new and truthful. There is, of course, the highest literary polish in his pulpit efforts. He has read much, and deeply drunk of the well of English undefiled. His contributions to periodicals evidence this."

As pastor of the Charlottesville Church, Dr. Long had among his members the family at "Verdant Lawn," that typical Virginia home to which allusion has already been made. His own pen shows him once again a visitor in that charming home. Since his first visit, Mr. Farish and his wife had died, and now their son-in-law, Rev. John T. Randolph, and his wife, occupied the home. Dr. Long says: "The masters had changed, but the spirit, the tone, the genius of the place was the same. Many a time Hart, William Fife (son of Rev. James Fife), as close a thinker and as pure a spirit as one ever meets in life, Robert S. Morgan, the leader of our choir, and I went together to the old home. Usually we walked through the fields; we went before supper and left next morning after breakfast. We never could see that our sudden, unannounced coming made any change in the

family arrangements. Certainly it caused no confusion or haste or embarrassment. It produced no ripple, no chafing in the stream of family life. The table always seemed to be expecting guests. And after supper there was conversation — keen, earnest, honest discussion. Those who talked tried to be as much simple truth-seekers as ever Socrates was. Sometimes there was a cessation of 'high argument' and then came confidential home-talk among friends, and sometimes there was music. Morgan sang his 'Flee as a Bird.' It was midnight before we retired to rest. Fife is dead; Morgan is in South Carolina; John Hart is still a schoolmaster in Old Virginia, and I am here. But, besides those who went with me, there were others whom I often met at 'Verdant Lawn.' I have spent days there with Dr. Sears, formerly President of Brown University, and Agent of the Peabody Fund. I have been there with Dr. Jeter and J. W. M. Williams, and John A. Broadus and Noah K. Davis, and with others not, like them, known to the great world, but nearer and dearer than all. How much at home I have been there! I have slept in every chamber in that great house, the privilege of pastor and friend.

"In late years when I have visited my friends it has generally been alone. One of the family, Dr. W. P. F. Randolph, after Morgan went to South Carolina, was leader of our choir. He had a rich, deep, sweet voice, and he was passionately fond of music. His sister, Julia, was also a sweet singer, few sweeter. It was a pleasure long to be remembered to hear them sing together. This pleasure they always gave me when I found them at home. . . . I went out into the long back piazza, and, as I had often done before, watched the full moon rise in silent beauty above Carter's Mountain. The mountain was the same great leafy steep; the moon was the same in majestic glory; but how much else was changed!"

During his pastorate in Charlottesville, Dr. Long was popular with the people of other denominations and much beloved by his own members. As an evidence of his cordial pastor spirit, these words of Dr. Noah K. Davis, written after Dr. Long's death, are most significant: "More than twenty years ago, on coming here, the first to meet me, greeting me with a smile and grasp of hearty welcome, was the now lost friend and brother whom from that hour I loved. Of course. Who could resist him? He was my faithful pastor for some years.

> "'We took sweet counsel together,
> And walked to the house of God in company.'

"I thankfully acknowledge his great helpfulness. When disheartened by the magnitude of my task, he gave me fresh courage by his hopefulness and wisdom. He entered into my work and helped me with his keen and disciplined intellect, giving me light as well as strength. And, more, he urged and helped my feeble efforts towards a higher life, giving me larger thoughts of unselfish service. Whatever I am that is worthy, he helped me to be, and I shall always think of him with glowing gratitude."

Dr. Long's personal appearance at this period of his life and some of his salient traits of character are well set before our eyes by the following words from Rev. Dr. J. W. McCown, one of "The Triumvirate" already alluded to: "A frame of medium height, slightly but firmly knit, and even in the early days a little bent with the student's stoop of shoulders; a face of rugged and homely mold, and strongly marked with lines of thought and care, and eyes that ever anticipated the tongue in the expression of varying mood and feeling. Such the outward form; within dwelt a keen, grasping mind of restless, ceaseless activity, and a great, magnanimous soul.

. . . There was a large satirical ingredient in his composition; was there ever in this world satire so little bitter, ever a cynicism so sweet and tender? The meanness of human life stirred his pity, and its pathos touched him profoundly. The sting of his satire was ever healed by the balm of his sympathy."

In 1875 Dr. Long resigned the Charlottesville church to accept the chair of Ecclesiastical History in the Crozer Theological Seminary, at Upland, Pa. Here he spent nineteen years, and doubtless Dr. Stifler, one of his colleagues, is right in saying that here he did his life work. While he was an excellent preacher, he was preëminently fitted to occupy a professor's place. From the very time of his graduation it seems as though the teacher instinct were lying latent in him, now and then showing itself. He was always a student, and increasingly a scholar. He was learned in the languages, especially Greek and Latin, both of which he read with ease. Many of the books which he had to consult in his historical work were accessible to him only in the Latin tongue. While he, perhaps, would have preferred the chair of New Testament Exegesis, he soon proved his thorough fitness to teach history. It was remarked that the details of history never mastered him, but that he was the master of details. He studied movements and principles rather than men. He made history interesting and profitable. In his first years at Crozer, his students complained of the dry discussions of Kurtz, their text-book, but were charmed with their teacher's lectures. At first, Church History had no place in the first year's course, but eventually Dr. Long had the satisfaction of seeing it taught in all three years. Dr. Johnson, one of the Crozer professors, declared that Dr. Long was very much like the late Professor Diman, of the chair of History at Brown, and remarked concerning these two teachers that "each was

so urbane, so witty, so transparently the high-souled gentleman, that one felt he was in the hands of a fitting guide when his teacher led him into the company of the great ones of the earth, and either illuminated secular history, as Diman did, by what occurred in the church, or church history, as Long did, by what went on in the world." Dr. Johnson naïvely adds: "I often told him how Dr. Diman did things, but with the stupid Yankee reserve, never ventured to say, 'You remind me of him all the time.' "

Since Dr. Long was able to go directly to original sources for information, and was in the habit of doing this, and as he was a thinker and given to arriving at conclusions for himself, he was highly qualified to write history, especially in view of the fact that he commanded a graceful and charming style. He was at work in his later years upon a history of the Reformation, but did not live to complete it. His contributions upon historical themes to the Quarterlies were pronounced by those worthy to judge of high ability, Dr. N. K. Davis saying, in regard to his article on the "Historic Episcopate," which appeared in the *Bibliotheca Sacra,* that work like that ought not to pass away. On controverted topics especially, his writings are remarkable for their perfect candor, fairness, and sincerity. Good examples are his tracts, "On Being a Baptist" and "Baptism in History in the East and West." It is especially to be regretted that he did not write a history of the Baptists, for which he was, by temperament and scholarship and sympathy, remarkably well equipped. A number of poems from his pen appeared from time to time, and the following, published in the *Independent* some time after his death, in addition to its literary merit, is not without biographic interest:

"THE BLINDED EYES.

"I thought the shining sun was dark,
And dark the bending skies;
Alas! I find the darkness all
Is in my blinded eyes.

"I thought my fellow-men were cold
And from me stood apart;
Deceived was I—the coldness all
Is in my frozen heart.

"No music in the rippling brook,
Nor in the breeze I find;
The brook and breeze are not to blame,
No music's in my mind.

"No beauty beams in all the fields,
In flowers, shrub or tree;
Yet not in them, but in myself,
Is the deformity.

"I ask not that the outer world
Another face may wear;
But that myself, myself be changed,
I make my daily prayer."

Not only as a teacher, but also as a man and as a preacher, Dr. Long was greatly esteemed at Crozer. A thorough Virginian and a Democrat, he went to Pennsylvania, a most out-and-out Republican State, only a decade after the end of the Civil War. Yet he fully won the hearts of his neighbors. Dr. Johnson says: "He reviewed the War as judicially as though he were considering the struggle of the Greek and the Persian civilizations. I have never known his equal in this regard among such of us that lived in those terrible years. A characteristic conclusion was that history would accept as the real heroes of the War Lincoln and Lee. If he was proud of the latter as a Virginian, he loved the former as an American. . . . For years he taught a

great Bible class in the Baptist Church of Upland, filled the pulpit for months, was heard with delight by thoughtful people in many churches, and was particularly dear to the brethren who make up the great Baptist Ministers' Conference in the City of Brotherly Love.

"Whatever was due to his learning and mental force, even more was accorded to his singularly winning character. A gentleman 'born and bred,' a Christian from heart's core to tip of tongue, he commanded deference by his simple dignity and won love by his gentle ways. The students so trusted him that occasionally they made fearful exactions upon his time and waning strength; but he ever treated them according to his rule, always to deal with a man so that he might afterwards do him good."

Dr. Long received the degree of D. D. from his *Alma Mater,* Richmond College, and the degree of LL. D. from Baylor University, Texas.

Dr. Long had six children, born of his first marriage. One of these, a daughter, Harriet Ragland, died before him in early womanhood, a singularly pure and beautiful character. Five sons still survive. They are: Armistead R. Long, a lawyer of Lynchburg, Virginia; John C. Long, a farmer, Amherst County, Virginia; Charles M. Long, a professor in Bethel College, Kentucky; Joseph R. Long, Professor of Law in Washington and Lee University, and William F. Long, a lawyer of Charlottesville, Virginia. Some time after the death of his first wife, Dr. Long married the widow of Charles G. Clark, M. D., of Troy, N. Y., a sister of Rev. Dr. E. H. Johnson, a professor of Crozer Theological Seminary. His second wife survived him, dying in 1907.

In the summer of 1894 Dr. Long was seeking rest and health in Charlottesville, where happy and useful years had been spent. And here, on the 6th of August, death

overtook him, and so it came to pass that his funeral took place in the church where he had once been pastor, and he was laid to rest among the Amherst hills, amidst familiar and beloved spots, and not far from the place where he had first seen the light of day. Not long before the end he said to Dr. N. K. Davis, who sat by his bedside: "Do you remember the last sermon I preached here? The text was: 'That life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith?' I have been trying hard, very hard, to live up to that."

CHARLES GORSUCH MERRYMAN

"This is my twenty-eighth birthday. I thank God that He has spared my life so long. Oh, that I had done more for Christ in these years! What failures, what lost privileges, what wasted opportunities fill the past! I spend these last moments of the old year 1888 on my knees imploring God's help and strength that I may be more holy, more devout, more consecrated during the next year. I know He will help me in every hour of it." This is an extract from the diary of Charles Gorsuch Merryman, who was for more than six years a Virginia pastor. He was born December 31, 1860, at "Alberton," the family homestead, Baltimore County, Maryland. He studied at the Towson public school, the Baltimore City College, the Johns Hopkins University, and then entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. During his student days in Baltimore he accepted Christ and was baptized into the fellowship of the Eutaw Place Baptist Church by Dr. F. H. Kerfoot. After his graduation in Louisville, he became pastor of the Greenville Baptist Church, Augusta County. On this difficult field he did good work, completing the meeting-house, paying off some church debts, organizing a mission at Vesuvius, and in many ways strengthened the cause. On April 30, 1890, at the church of St. Michael and All Angels, Baltimore, he was married to Mrs. Charlotte Carter Parsons. In January, 1890, he accepted a call to the Riverside Baptist Church, Baltimore. Here he labored faithfully until his death, July 3, 1894.

JOHN CHURCHILL WILLIS

In the lower end of Orange County, Virginia, is a place called Indiantown, from the fact that here were found many relics of the aborigines. Near this place, John Churchill Willis was born, lived, died, and was buried. His parents were Larkin Willis and Mary Gordon, the daughter of Rev. John Churchill Gordon, a Baptist preacher. The only child of Mr. Larkin Willis by his first wife was Edward J. Willis, who was a Baptist minister, but Mary Gordon, who was a bride at sixteen, was the mother of twenty children, seventeen growing up to be Christian men and women. When the Civil War called for Virginia's sons to go to the front, at one time no less than ten sons from this home were in the ranks of the Confederate Army. One of these was shot on the battlefield and one died in a Federal prison. At the marriage of the youngest child, fifteen brothers and sisters were present. The subject of this sketch, the oldest of this score of children, was born May 21, 1824. At the age of seventeen he was baptized by Elder Charles A. Lewis into the fellowship of the Flat Run Baptist Church, at that time an arm of the Zoar Church, but in 1848 organized into an independent body. Shortly after this time there came into the home of Mr. Larkin Willis, as the teacher for the younger children, Miss Mary Catesby Woodford, from Kentucky. She was a great-granddaughter of General William Woodford, of Revolutionary fame, a member of the family that had given its name to Woodford County, Kentucky, and a young woman of rare beauty, singular gentleness, and excellent education. Was it any wonder that the oldest son of the

home to which she went to teach should fall in love with her? Upon June 26, 1845, soon after he had attained his majority, they were married and forthwith went to live at "Woodlawn" (which was to be their home for almost fifty years), on the banks of the Rapidan River. The bride was a strong Episcopalian, while the husband was no less ardent a Baptist. They decided not to discuss denominational differences, but to read the Bible carefully and to follow its leadings. In a few years she became convinced of the scripturalness of the Baptist position and was buried with Christ in baptism. The custom thus formed of studying the Bible together was continued to the end of life. It would be hard to find a more beautiful picture of wedded love than that seen at "Woodlawn." The perfect union of husband and wife was "cemented by common joys as they prospered in the world and saw three sons and a daughter grow up to lives of usefulness, and even more by common sorrows as they laid beneath the sod six other children dying in infancy or early youth." He was a man of commanding presence, being six feet four inches tall and weighing three hundred pounds, of strong mind and versatile in talent. "He was a successful farmer and mill-owner, a good mechanic, a man of all-round common sense, and withal an earnest student and deep thinker." His fellow-citizens often called on him to fill such public offices as those of county surveyor, commissioner, and supervisor, but he was always unwilling to accept any work that kept him long from home, for, like Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior," his bias was "to homefelt pleasures." He kept in full sympathy, to the very end of his life, with young men, who eagerly sought his advice on all subjects. In his wife, who, though charming in society, was a modest "keeper at home," the "distressed found ever a soothing friend and the poor a willing helper." Upon one occa-

sion Mr. Willis had a painful fall from a buggy, in which his great weight made matters more serious. He longed to get home. Unfortunately, on this occasion, his tender wife, who usually was ready to minister so lovingly in case of accident or distress, was herself ill, so she lay in one bed and he in another, while together they sang the songs of Zion from "The Windows of Heaven," accompanied by the voices of their little ones.

On the first Sunday in April, 1858, he was ordained at Flat Run Church to the gospel ministry, the presbytery consisting of Elders William R. Powell and Joseph A. Billingsley. He immediately became pastor of this church, and this union lasted until his death, a period of thirty-six years. After that day in the spring of 1858, along the country road, where the old church stood, great armies tramped, and in the same neighborhood hundreds fell in battle, but for thirty-six years "he stood fixed and stable, like a towering tree that makes a landmark for a neighborhood." While his regular ministrations through the years were at Flat Run, other churches in Spottsylvania, Culpeper, and Orange Counties heard his voice, and at the time of his death, Zoar, along with his mother church, called him pastor. He delighted to work for feeble churches and poor people, and the general section in which he lived offered large opportunity in these directions. He seemed, by reason of his indifference to financial compensation for his services, to belong to a former generation, when a paid ministry was less known among Baptists. "He coveted no salary, sought no place, made no display, seemed absolutely free from jealousy or soreheadedness, much preferred to listen rather than to speak in meetings, studied his Bible day and night and loved to talk about its precious truths. He took no notes into the pulpit, yet had thought out his subject so logically that it was easy for a hearer to make clear analyses of

his sermons. He was at his best in discussing what are sometimes called the Pauline doctrines of sovereign grace and applying them to the duties of daily life. His manner was more didactic than emotional, but was enlivened by an undercurrent of genial, cordial humor and by tropes and figures drawn from agricultural pursuits." Not only was he remarkable for his goodness and his high personal character, but as a thinker, writer, debater, and theologian he was independent, strong, able, forceful. Mention should be made here of the temperance movement in which Elder William R. Powell was the leading figure, but in which Mr. Willis did efficient work. This episode in the history of the Goshen Association is more fully described in a sketch (in the "Third Series") of Elder W. R. Powell. He was first assisted, and then succeeded, in the editorship of the *Virginia Baptist* by Mr. Willis.

While the record of his pastorate of one church for thirty-six years is most inspiring, perhaps the picture of his long and happy wedded life is even more beautiful. Some two years before his death he wrote thus about his wife: "My wife! The partner of my joys and sorrows, of my successes and defeats, of my ups and downs, of my elations and mortifications. I am what I am through her influence. Had I adhered more closely to her advice I would have been a better and more successful man. . . . The midnight lamp finds her in meditation and prayer and in pouring over the pages of the Divine Guide. A wife, a mother, a mentor! . . ." It had always been the hope and wish of this loving couple that they might not be separated long by death, and it was even as they wished. They "were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided." Their married life and its end recall the beautiful lines of Burns' song:

"John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And many a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo, John."

Mr. Willis passed away August 2, 1894; the next day his wife followed him, and they were buried in one grave. On Sunday, September 16, 1894, at Flat Run Baptist Church, an all-day service in memory of this pastor and his wife was held. A beautifully printed programme gave the order of exercises. Professor H. H. Harris, of Richmond College, presided, and explained the meaning of the service. Mr. Edward J. Woodville, a member of the church, paid a tribute to his "faithful and loving pastor." Rev. Dr. T. S. Dunaway, the next speaker, described his friend of many years as the "unselfish co-worker for Christ." After a recess, the services were resumed. Mr. R. Lindsay Gordon, of Louisa, and Mr. B. D. Gray, of Culpeper, spoke of Mr. Willis as a "firm friend and safe adviser." Mr. Andrew Jackson Montague was to have spoken of "the charms of a Christian home" as illustrated by the Willis home, but, he being absent on account of official duties, Professor Harris spoke on this theme. The last speaker was Rev. Dr. E. W. Winfrey, whose subject was: "A Sinner Saved by Grace." This remarkable service was attended by a large concourse of people, many coming long distances, and a goodly number of negroes attested their interest by their presence.

ROBERT N. REAMY

The birthplace of Robert N. Reamy was in the upper part of Richmond County, where he sprang from godly Baptist parentage on February 4, 1817. His birth did not usher him into affluence or the enervating luxuries of life, but he was forced to learn from childhood the necessity of honest toil. He grew to manhood in the stern and exacting school of farm labor, where his physical nature was finely disciplined, and his splendid natural powers became developed into a hardy and resolute spirit and a robust frame of singular muscular strength and endurance. His commanding stature, his long and sinewy limbs, and his independent and ardent nature must have distinguished him in any group in which he was thrown.

Ere he had reached his majority he married Miss Jane Owens, of King George County, Virginia, and so felt the restraining and helpful effects of a happy union which he was destined to enjoy throughout his long life. The educational advantages of his boyhood were of necessity limited, and after his marriage neither his resources nor the burdens and cares of a growing family admitted of his undertaking much in behalf of his mental training and culture. Happily, two years after his marriage, in August, 1839, he was brought under conviction of sin and found peace in surrendering himself to Christ. A movement was on foot at that time to organize the Rappahannock Baptist Church, and he became one of its constituent members.

Prayer-meetings in private homes, conducted by both ministers and lay members, were much in vogue at this

period, and it is quite likely he found occasion, with the encouragement of older brethren, to exercise his gifts from time to time in exhortation and prayer, yet he was forty years of age before he was formally licensed to preach. This was done by Pope's Creek Church on March 2, 1857. The General Association was beginning at this time to lay much stress on the work of Sunday schools and colportage, and Brother Reamy was employed as a colporteur. In this capacity he traversed the Northern Neck, preaching the gospel from house to house and scattering among the people many valuable tracts and choice volumes of religious literature. This work proved to him the opening of a door to the ministry, and he was ordained at the call of Gibson Church on April 8, 1860.

After his ordination, he entered into pastoral relations with Gibson, in Northumberland, and Round Hill, in King George, the two churches being about fifty miles apart. He was not many years pastor in King George, but, besides his services at Round Hill, he gathered the nucleus from which Oakland Church was subsequently formed. For a few years he was pastor at Pope's Creek, where for most of his life he held his membership.

Gibson Church was the principal field of his ministerial usefulness. Here, for more than thirty years, he performed a self-denying and arduous ministry crowned with many tokens of the divine blessing and marked by the unfailing confidence and esteem of his brethren. His home was distant from this church about twenty-five miles, and during the long years of his service he was wont to go to his appointments on horseback. Dwellers along the route of his travel grew familiar with both the steed and its stately rider, and could not fail to be impressed with the example of his zeal and constancy in heat and cold, in sunshine and cloud, as he pursued with regularity and patience his lonely journeyings.

Besides the labors which he performed in his own fields, he rendered much helpful assistance to other pastors in evangelistic meetings, his heart always being so enlisted in such efforts that he would attend them even at the serious sacrifice of his own private interests. He was wont to tell how at times he would toil in the field under the moon far into the night that he might take the daytime to attend revival meetings.

As has been intimated, Brother Reamy labored throughout his ministry under grave embarrassments. His family was large, eighteen children having been born to him; his farm was limited in extent and fertility, his remuneration by the churches was meager, and during much of his life a rheumatic ailment impaired his activity. It seems almost marvelous under these difficulties that he should have achieved the measure of success that marked his life.

Our brother may fairly be said to have been a diamond in the rough. Beneath a rugged exterior, which never owed anything to meretricious style or ornament, he carried a warm and honest heart, an humbly pious spirit, and an ardent yearning for souls. He was loyal to his convictions, fearless in their defense, independent in his opinions, imbued with a nice sense of justice and honor, and true as steel to his friends.

His preaching was as marked as his own individuality and was the expression of his own feelings, a reflection of his deep religious experiences, the fruitage of his quiet meditations, the lessons of his daily observations, and the flashes of inspiration which came to him at times. In manner he was not in the faintest degree artificial or affected, but was simple, natural, and as spontaneous as a mountain streamlet borne onward all impetuous and untrammeled in the flow of its current.

He possessed a strong and penetrating voice, and when addressing an audience the wide sweep of his long arms seemed to give weight to his words. A muscular peculiarity gave a singular power of expansion and contraction to his forehead, so that his thick, dark hair over his brow would rise and fall as if in harmony with the feelings that rose and fell in his breast. Thus impressive and unique in his personality, he was probably never disturbed by a sleepy hearer.

He was well schooled in the discipline of sorrow. Two manly sons who fell in battle in '64 and '65 cast a pall on his home, and the loss of other children multiplied his grief.

The evening of his life was greatly cheered and comforted by his son, A. Judson Reamy, whom he was privileged to see enter the ministry with many signs of a highly successful and useful career. The cup of his parental joy would have probably overflowed had he lived to see Luther, the son of his old age, also assuming the ministerial mantle.

Brother Reamy peacefully died at his home in his native county, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, on August 27, 1894, and was interred in the family cemetery on the farm of his son Luther, where his grave is suitably marked by a monument erected by the Gibson Baptist Church. With almost his dying breath he was heard to exclaim: "Father, open the gates and let me through." The gates were opened, and the toil-worn warrior was admitted to his rest and crown.

George W. Beale.

JOHN A. BROADUS

The Broadus (or Broaddus*) family has been well known in Virginia for the best part of a century. It is of Welsh origin, and the name was once spelled Broadhurst. Many are its members who have risen above mediocrity, for gifts and goodness, and of these, several have been Baptist ministers. The elder Andrew Broaddus was a distinguished pulpit orator, between whom and the subject of this sketch a strong likeness, despite marked difference, is discernible. Major Edmund Broadus, the father of John A. Broadus, was a man of mark and influence, due to his robust common sense and sturdy probity, as well as a decided Christian and stanch Baptist, who, though no politician and refusing the politician's arts, was for years elected to represent Culpeper County in the Legislature of Virginia, and, indeed, was never defeated in any contest before the people. John A. Broadus was blessed also in his mother, whose maiden name was Simms. His two maternal uncles, after whom he seems to have been named, were intellectual men, John Simms being a physician and Albert Simms a teacher, whose able, faithful teaching the nephew enjoyed.

John Albert Broadus was born in the county of Culpeper, Virginia, on the 24th of January, 1827, and died March 16, 1895. Once, while he was a student at the State University, several students were talking together of the places of their birth.

*Most of the family spell the name with the double "d"; once when I asked Dr. J. A. Broadus why he differed, he replied: "My father preferred to use only one 'd,' and I have just followed him."

One after another had mentioned some city or estate bearing a historic name. Presently it was asked: "And you, Broadus, where were you born?" With that peculiar manner which we all remember, but which none of us can describe, came the reply: "I was born at the Poor House." It was even so, for when he first saw the light, his father had charge of the county home for the poor. A home it was, and not to be confounded with those refuges for paupers of which every one has read with mingled disgust and horror. Indeed, I, having spent a night there during the War, remember it as a pleasant place, though it still had its old use.

John A. Broadus adds another to the long list of boys born in the country and reared amid "plain living and high thinking" who have won success and honor. We have hints in his own writing which show his to have been a boyhood brightened with love and the opportunities of satisfying his thirst for knowledge. Books were, indeed, scarcer than afterwards, but they were eagerly pored over and their contents mastered. The weekly paper, too, was a boon, and when ministers and others were entertained in his father's home, he was keen to observe them and to listen to their conversation, making his own reflections on both. There were several brothers and sisters, and he has given us a pleasant picture of the family, with their books, gathered around the fireside during the long winter evenings, and of his going, just before bedtime, without a light, to the loft for apples, bumping his head, perhaps, but able, by feeling, to choose the mellowest apples. Those of us who knew James Madison Broadus understand with what a good and noble brother and playmate John's boyhood was blessed. The moral and religious influence of that home was the best possible, all of the children being early converted, and one of the girls becoming the wife of a minister. One

of his schoolmates was the afterwards celebrated A. P. Hill, a general in the Confederate Army and a martyr to the "Lost Cause." Dr. Broadus once said to me: "It took a very smart boy to get ahead of A. P. Hill in the class."

While still a youth, and with modest acquirements, but thorough as far as he had gone, John became a country school-master, that stepping-stone, with so many, to higher things. His school was in Clarke County, at the home of Mr. Kerfoot. He once said in my presence: "I was a hard rider, and so they gave me a mule."

It was at this period that the question of his life work, after long and solemn weighing, was, once for all, decided. He was ambitious, and no doubt the thought of statesmanship was very attractive. He had also a love of knowledge for its sake and may well have thought of a cloistered existence where all the wealth of the world's learning would be spread before him. He must have known, too, something of the peculiar trials of the Christian ministry. But, on the other hand, he had taken duty for his watch-word and felt the constraining power of the love of Christ. He himself tells us how, after one of the fervid appeals of Poindexter, who had portrayed as only he could the heroic sacrifice of the first Mrs. Judson and her glorious crown, a young man said, with deep but suppressed emotion: "Brother Poindexter, it is decided; I must preach." That young man was no other than himself, and from that moment he looked not back, but pressed forward with his characteristic force of character, first to gain the needed preparation and then to fulfil his high calling.

He must have been in his twentieth year when his father, in 1846, partly perhaps to secure in a very desirable community the means of support, but chiefly, no doubt, to give him the best facilities for acquiring wide

and thorough scholarship, removed to the University of Virginia and took charge of the State students' boarding-house on Monroe Hill. Here the family remained four years, the father's death coinciding with the graduation of the son, who carried away that degree of M. A. so highly esteemed by all who have any just idea of the thorough teaching and searching examinations of that institution whose diploma represents nothing less than the actual attainments of the student. When John A. Broadus entered the University the number of students was not much over one hundred and fifty, but from that time till 1856-7 the number rose rapidly, nearly doubling before he left, and reaching in his tutorial years nearly seven hundred. Many of the students at that time were irreligious and wild, but there were not wanting men both earnestly pious and hard and successful students; among these he was easily first. He never failed to answer a question in the class and to answer it correctly. Two of the professors were remarkable men and exerted a beneficent influence upon him. Dr. McGuffey, the Professor of Philosophy, had a peculiar power to awaken enthusiasm in his students. This writer often found himself overcome with feeling in that classroom so powerfully was all his mental machinery set into operation. The professor relied much on the Socratic method. He was not satisfied with a student's telling what was in the text-book or in the lecture, but insisted on the student's own thoughts on the subject and the reasons for them; and if a student undertook to defend an erroneous view, he would be forced by his own answers to see that it led to a palpably false conclusion. One day, Broadus was asked: "What do you think of the author's statement?" "I have never thought about it." "Think about it now and give your idea." Dr. Broadus once told me that that moment was a turning point in his life, and that

he then felt, for the first time, that he could think for himself on a philosophical problem. He was greatly influenced by Dr. McGuffey also in the matter of public speaking. The professor was a great believer in the extempore method; that is, in free speaking without manuscript after a thorough mastery of the subject. He would say that thus the language was better and the style actually more concise, and he sustained his view by reasons based on the working of the mind. We all know that John A. Broadus was not only a perfect master of assemblies, but an earnest advocate of free speaking both in his lectures and in his book on preaching.

After all, not metaphysics but language was his forte. It is stated that when he entered the University he did not know a letter in the Greek alphabet, but in two years had mastered the language so as to graduate in it with high distinction. In this department of study, and in other directions, he was powerfully impressed by the mind and heart of Gessner Harrison. This great teacher had studied medicine, but when Professor Long was about to return to England he said to the trustees there was no need to look far away for a successor, since one of his former students was admirably fitted to fill the place. The hint was acted on, and Gessner Harrison revolutionized the study of the Ancient Languages in the entire South. He established the principles of these languages through a wide induction from their literatures, substantially as the laws of Natural Science are learned by the observation of phenomena, and his great work on Greek Prepositions was read with delight by that American scientist, Lieutenant Matthew Maury, who, no Grecian, yet was interested in it for its scientific character. His Latin Grammar, if not suited for a textbook, and if sometimes fanciful, is yet a profoundly philosophical book, and I well remember finding it,

though difficult, the reverse of dry. Dr. Harrison not only thought for himself, but was an original investigator, and in some particulars anticipated, by several years, the conclusions of the greatest German philologists. He was full of good sense and quiet humor. I remember his saying once to the class: "Gentlemen, I think Kikero is the right pronunciation,* but do not pronounce it so when you go from here, for then people who do not know will think you don't know." Learned in the classic tongues, he was direct in his style, a lesson naturally learned from the Greek, and there was a beautiful, homely simplicity and strength in his character. It could not but be that the young man who was his pupil and almost son, and for a decade directly associated with him, should be greatly influenced by him, and, while no imitator, reproduce some of his finest qualities of mind and heart. Indeed, Broadus' indebtedness to both of these teachers was often gratefully and publicly acknowledged, while the dedication of his "Commentary on Matthew" to the memory of Gessner Harrison was as heartfelt as it was beautiful.

Many things as he did well, he was not a universal genius, and had not a turn for mathematics. At one point in the course, he was overwhelmed with discouragement and actually wept. It was not the need of hard, persevering, painful labor that daunted him; but there are problems in the higher mathematics that do seem to baffle the nonmathematical mind, no matter how long or earnestly wrestled with. At this point the gentle and learned Courtenay, who adorned that chair, knowing how fine a student he had to deal with and his conspicuous success in other lines, so heartened and helped him, that in due time these apparently inaccessible heights, which have proved actually inaccessible to many, were trium-

*Of the name of Rome's great orator.

phantly scaled. Dr. Broadus once said to me: "I have forgotten my mathematics, but the discipline gained in the study is invaluable."

Great as was his indebtedness to these teachers, it must not be overrated. Let it but be remembered how many other men had equivalent advantages without the fruits borne by him, and it will then be seen how strong and fine was the original fiber of the man himself. Superadded to other gifts, he had what in many respects excels them all—a genius for hard, persevering labor. He had already his feet on the rounds of "the ladder of St. Augustine," and perfectly descriptive of him is a verse of the poet slightly paraphrased:

> "The heights by this great man reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But he, while his companions slept,
> Was toiling upward in the night."

Hard student as he was, he did not neglect other means of improvement. A good debating society may be made as useful to a student as the teaching of the classroom. His mind is whetted by collision with other young minds, he learns self-control, how to speak, how to argue, and how to answer an opponent. Broadus was a member of the "Jefferson," generally the largest and most important of the two Literary Societies, and the vigor and keenness of his speeches are still remembered by fellow-members now themselves men of mark, who even then predicted for him a great future.

And not only in things of the intellect, but as a Christian he took a high and decided stand, and was serious, earnest, irreproachable. He attended and participated in the weekly prayer-meeting and, for at least a part of the time he spent at the University, conducted a Sunday school in a destitute neighborhood. Very likely also he preached sometimes to the servants. This last, with hard

study, was a fine preparation for the ministry to which he was looking forward. Dr. McGuffey used to say: "Read Butler's 'Analogy' and preach to the negroes." Perhaps, however, his chief usefulness at this period was due to example. It was impossible to know him and associate piety and dullness. Indeed, it must have been patent to all that this faithful servant of God was also one of the very best and most successful of students, for he had no superior, and perhaps but one equal. But his religion was cheerful and bright, so that even the younger and gayer men, instead of being repelled, were positively attracted to him and learned to love as well as revere him. Thus he was, in that interesting community, a power for piety and hard work.

The following passage taken from a tribute by Frank H. Smith, Professor of Natural Science at the University for nearly half a century, gives a vivid picture of Broadus at that time: "My first meeting with him was in October, 1849, at the students' weekly prayer-meeting, then held on Sunday afternoons in the parlor of Mr. Addison Maupin. It was just after my first matriculation at the University. At a certain stage of the meeting, a student of striking personal appearance, and bright, dark eyes glowing with the light of intellect, rose to speak and drew the attention of all. I was at once impressed with the force, propriety, and simplicity of his brief utterances. There were a maturity and sense in what he said that marked him as no common student. We were thereafter thrown much together. We often met at Dr. Gessner Harrison's house, being attracted thither by similar reasons. In that drawing-room young Broadus could gratify, besides, his uncommon taste for and enjoyment of instrumental and vocal music. Indeed, he was quite a singer himself, and while, like some others of us, he had no great voice, he more than made up for the defi-

ciency by the thoroughness of his knowledge of the art of music and the precision of his execution—qualities which, as I afterwards found, belonged to all that he did in every department of effort. We were both members of what at that day was almost the only outlet of regulated vocal energy, the chapel choir."

Broadus took four years at the University, when he might have made the Master's degree in three. This was wise, because work done with deliberation is better done. Rapid acquisition of knowledge has something of the nature of cramming which gets up subjects for only momentary use. Then, too, the time needed at the University of Virginia for good results depends much on the amount of previous and special preparation, of which he seems to have had little. Besides, the added year enabled him to take certain studies and review others, especially philosophy, and his home and dearest interests being at the University, he had reason to prolong rather than shorten his stay.

His graduation essay was remarkable and revealed the influence of the teaching in Philosophy. What he once said of another was true then of him, that men often do some of their best work in early life, availing themselves of all their finest thought acquisitions. His graduation was quickly followed by his marriage to Miss Maria, eldest daughter of Professor Gessner Harrison, and his ordination to the gospel ministry. This service took place at New Salem Church in 1850, about a mile and a half from his birthplace and early home.

Well do I remember my first meeting with Broadus. We were both teaching in Fluvanna County, Virginia, he a private school at General Cocke's place, "Bremo," and I (just graduated from Richmond College) an "old field school" in the Fork neighborhood. We met in 1850 at the James River Association. I then for the first time

heard him preach, his text being, "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?" and a very bewitching sermon it was. But no less a spell did he cast over me by his manner and conversation. He accepted me at once as a friend, perhaps for my father's sake, and I loved him at once for his own. He had come on horseback and I in a buggy with Mr. Henson, father of Dr. P. S. Henson, who, seeing how agreeable it would be to us both, very amiably gave his seat in the carriage to Broadus and took the horse, which was rather a hard trotter. That long ride together, which, however, seemed short, being so pleasant, cemented our friendship more than brief interviews during a series of years could have done. It is certain that from that date he was an elder brother to me and treated me with such frank kindness that I always felt perfectly free in my intercourse with him. His six years of seniority and more than proportional attainments inspired my respect, but all fear was cast out by perfect love, while he from that time to our last meeting in the autumn of 1887 ever called me "George" in a way that was music to my soul.

One little incident of that day is worth mentioning. We stopped by a wayside spring to drink, and when I insisted on serving him first he made a mock bow nearly to the ground, accompanying it with some playful protest before accepting the gourd. Not more refreshing was the water of that spring than the gaiety which naturally welled up in him whenever he was with intimate friends and the pressure of work and care was for the moment removed. This capacity of his, so pleasant to all who enjoyed his companionship, was invaluable to himself as relieving the strain on life's "silver cord."

During his stay in Fluvanna, he preached several times at the Brick Church, people gathering from far and near to hear him, and as the pastorate was vacant, he was in-

vited to it. It was a position pleasant and important, but one of the brethren, shrewder than the rest, saw that the brilliant young preacher was destined to a lofty flight and could not, under any circumstances, have long remained there. In fact, he was probably already engaged to return to the University as Assistant Professor of Ancient Languages. At his suggestion, the Fork Church called his brother-in-law, the late Rev. William A. Whitescarver, whom he ever addressed as "Will," who served it long and well.

While teaching at the University he was pastor of the Charlottesville Baptist Church. A member of his Greek class, and also of his congregation, I had excellent opportunities to know him. His leading traits then were a purpose to excel in his work, a thirst for learning for its own sake, a desire for usefulness and fine tact. He would sometimes send me a note inviting me to his study on the lawn, and I have now before me a clear picture of him as he would be at his table covered with lexicons and other books of reference, a shade over the lamp and one over his eyes, intense seriousness in his face; in a word, the typical hard student. He already had the stoop of the man who sits much at a desk, and when in repose his face seemed almost sad. There was much to do, for, besides the preparation of two sermons for Sunday and other pastoral duties, there was the getting ready to meet his classes and the drudgery of correcting not less than a hundred exercises every week. Besides all this, he was constantly adding to his knowledge and laying broad and deep the foundations for the future. Specially was he at work on New Testament Greek, bringing to it his thorough acquaintance with classic Greek and using all the best helps. He said to me at that time: "Though I may not become an authority, yet I wish to be able, for myself, to form an independent judgment on all

questions of New Testament interpretation." As yet not many books were on his shelves, but he was already beginning to gather a first-rate library, getting exactly the tools he needed and only the best.

In the classroom he simply followed the tradition of the University, rigidly questioning and insisting on exactly correct answers, correcting mistakes, yet using the utmost politeness to every student, no matter how idle or dull. His dignified mien prevented disorder and his keen wit would have quelled it had it appeared. Any slight annoyance he could abate by a playful subacid remark.

Some incidents of this period may be noted. On his return from the Baptist General Association at Fredericksburg, he reported to me the sermon he had preached. Text: "What lack I yet?" For evangelization of the world, we lack (1) Men, (2) Money, (3) Prayer. I cried out, perhaps impertinently, against such a perversion of the text, alleging a dictum of my father, that the exact meaning of a text in its connection should be given, and the sermon be in accordance with that meaning. My superior in years and learning not only took the criticism very kindly, but ever afterwards, when he had a chance to honor the critic or his sons, would tell the story. In his book on preaching, he tells of that sermon. One day a friend wrote him somewhat thus: At least now that Brother X (a preacher of ability and note) is dead, you might take that reference to his sermon out of the next edition of your book. "No," he replied, "the reference was to my own sermon." It seems that there was more than one sinner.

When he got back from the first meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention that he ever attended, and which was held in Baltimore, I found him much depressed. Said he, "I have done it. Something I have feared has

already come to pass." He then explained that a certain Baptist minister was known to feel hostile to the University and specially to Dr. Harrison, and that some of the hostility, he had felt, was likely to be transferred to himself as so closely connected with both. In the Convention a slight passage at arms had occurred between the two—really nothing in itself and meaning nothing to the brethren at large, who were ignorant of the preceding circumstances and so without the key to the situation. The question before the body was between annual and biennial sessions, and Broadus, not knowing the convictions and wishes of the Boards and their secretaries, put in a plea for biennial meetings. Said he, in illustrating his argument, "If the session were annual, I would not go when the place of meeting was distant, knowing that next year it would probably come nearer." The other brother took the opposite side and said that even when the distinguished gentleman from the University could not attend, the meeting might still be held, whereupon Broadus, stung by the sarcasm, appealed with some warmth to the President for protection against such personalities. The incident, trifling in itself, would hardly be worth mentioning but for the opportunity of referring to Broadus' subsequent course towards this individual. He seemed determined to disarm him of prejudice if any really existed, and during a long course never failed to say, as he most truthfully could, the kindest and most complimentary things concerning him on every suitable public occasion. It was very interesting to me, the only other person in the secret.

Once he and another went out to spend the evening and night at the hospitable home of Rev. William P. Farish, about four miles from the University. At a pause in the conversation, the other got hold of a quarto dictionary and, treating the company as his class, began

to ask for the spelling and meaning of words, taking care to select the hardest ones for Broadus. Great was the surprise of the others that he could neither spell nor define every word, but *he* was much amused, and then, as ever afterwards, was quite willing for all to know that he did not know everything. On a much later occasion some one was speaking glibly of a gargoyle. "What is a gargoyle?" he asked, "I do not know," whereupon it turned out that the person using it had a rather vague idea of its meaning, and the dictionary was referred to.

Still, there were few things which a cultured man ought to be acquainted with that he did not know even then, and he was a keen, though kindly, critic. When at a Ministers and Deacons' Meeting in Charlottesville, Brother Whitescarver had used one of the words incorrectly, he said: *"Obtain an object, attain an end;"* and, about the same time, to me, Chry'sos-tom, my dear fellow, not Chry-sos'tom."

Pressed as he was with double duty, his preaching reached the high-water mark, and the little Baptist Church of Charlottesville was always crowded, the congregation including numbers of students and often professors as well. Never can I forget how I would sit enwrapped in his eloquence which was scarcely surpassed afterwards, however much he may have grown. I think that later his sermons became more didactic and perhaps richer in the exposition of Scripture, but, oh, there was then a freshness and fervor and a flow of thought and language, and sentences from his lips are still in my memory as if heard yesterday.

He was also even then a teacher in the pulpit, and delivered on Sunday nights a course of lectures on the Epistles of Paul, not dwelling so much on details as seeking to show the movement of thought and general scope of each letter, and, as a help, he had printed a scheme of

the lectures. These were very popular, in the good sense of the word, with the more thoughtful part of his audience.

Nor did he confine his labors to the pulpit, but was a good pastor, in his own way, not so much by visiting, which was impossible, as by seeking here and there to put things in motion or have others better done. Some young ladies collected a little fund, enabling him to put good literature where it would be useful. Each of these had a little note in his hand asking for a contribution, with the characteristic request: "Please do not give unless you really wish to." He printed and circulated a little tract of his own on "Giving," to promote mission collections. When I took charge of a large Sunday school class of young ladies, he gave me Robinson's "Harmony of the Gospels"—his own gift.

His pastorate gave the Charlottesville Church an impetus which it has felt ever since. The increase of the congregation led to the building of the spacious house which that body still occupies. A number of young men of the congregation, since useful in various fields, entered the ministry and were ordained during this pastorate, and many other persons had their lives shaped for weal and usefulness through his ministry. He soon became the most important man in this limited but interesting community, as he afterwards was in others much larger.

From the first he exalted God's Word, seeking to know its contents and meaning and promoting in every way its reverential and faithful study. Hearing that Rev. Dr. Stockton, a Methodist minister of Baltimore, was publishing the Bible in several separate volumes and in the, then little used, paragraph form, he was much interested and entered into correspondence with him to offer cooperation and to avail himself of the advantage offered.

His address on "Reading the Bible," delivered soon after before the Y. M. C. A. of Lynchburg, is truly masterly and practically helpful. The very title, as well as that of his book on "Homiletics," is significant. He always preferred the most every-day words. It was somewhat the fashion then to decry the use of Biblical Commentaries, but he warmly favored it, believing that even a poor Commentary, properly used, might be helpful, both to get at the meaning of the text and to impress the text itself on the mind. He used to urge the reading of the Book of Revelation, even if all of it was not understood. My own experience as a child showed me how impressive and useful certain parts of the Bible were when read reverently, though with an imperfect conception of their meaning.

Having preached and delivered an address on education in Richmond on the occasion of the meeting of the Baptist General Association of Virginia, he won all hearts and began to receive calls to large and influential churches. Among these invitations was one to serve Grace Street Church, Richmond, during the year or more of the pastor's absence in Europe, the pastor himself, Dr. Kingsford, earnestly desiring Broadus for his substitute. The reason he assigned to me for not accepting this otherwise pleasant position was that where a substitute at all succeeded there was always danger of unpleasantness for church or pastor. But, after all, why should he leave Charlottesville for any pastorate elsewhere? He had already made his life plan, viz., to be a pastor for several years and then devote himself to teaching. And how marvelously did this early formed life scheme and his University preparation dovetail into the need that was arising and the place which God was preparing for this divinely prepared man!

My own years after leaving the University were spent in Baltimore and Staunton, but I kept in touch with my

even then revered friend, often my mentor, through correspondence, and, specially while in the latter city, by means of exchanging visits, while he was University of Virginia Chaplain and pastor in Charlottesville. I greatly regret the loss of his letters of that period. Several of us students, but specially William Dinwiddie (afterwards so able and useful as a Presbyterian minister) and I, were much troubled on the subject of future punishment, and certain writings of John Foster had done us both harm. While pastor in Baltimore, I was still greatly distressed in seeking to form a Theodicy and find a solid basis for my faith. Perhaps I had been too daring in my speculations, but it was impossible to preach even on the simplest subject without feeling the ground firm under my feet down to the bed rock. This reference to myself must be pardoned, as necessary to explain a part of what follows. Broadus wrote suggesting that, instead of Foster, a more healthful writer, such as Dr. Arnold, should be read, and mentioned a volume of Archbishop Whately, in which this life is considered as the mere childhood of our being and, therefore, the period of trust in our Heavenly Father as to many dark and mysterious subjects. He made a playful but not uncomplimentary thrust, suggesting that my mind somewhat resembled John Foster's, only that the mold was smaller and a bit dented. Without accepting this view as far as a compliment is implied, I rejoice in that, whereas that great thinker's habitual mood was gloomy and pessimistic, my own, since I got out of the fogs of youthful doubt, has been, thank God, habitually bright and cheerful.

If Broadus himself had ever been much troubled with doubts or intellectual difficulties, they must have been very early gotten rid of, and, as he had no undesirable eccentricities, there was, from the first, as ever afterwards, absolutely nothing in his mental attitude or char-

acter or conduct to diminish his influence and power for good, so that all the good he did, and how much and of how many kinds it was, remained clear gain, with no tare to be deducted. Almost equally was it in his favor that he understood his limitations and knew what he could not, quite as well as what he could, do. His having been the first of our preachers to come before the public with the halo of a splendid University career on his head, was undoubtedly much in his favor at the start, but it would have availed little but for his sterling qualities of mind and heart and the acquisitions of that career.

Another of his letters at that period hit off an early, and may be later, fault of mine—carelessness about dress. J. W. M. Williams, meeting Broadus, reported on me, and the latter drew a humorously exaggerated picture of my appearance, closing with an injunction to me to have a good laugh thereat.

Later he helped me in a very useful protracted meeting at Staunton. In going to that infant church, I mentioned to Dr. Jeter that there were no leading members, to which he replied that this did not matter if there were *following* members, as the pastor could lead. In fact, a better church in this latter regard there never was. The brethren and sisters were ever ready to do anything I asked them, at which I was pleased and proud. There was danger that I would not be careful enough, and Broadus saw the danger and gave me a hint of it, warning me not to be like Louis XIV of France, who said, "*L'état c' est moi.*" (I am the state.)

One night during the meeting, circumstances rendered it impossible for him to go over his notes before preaching. It was suggested to take them with him to the pulpit, but he declined, saying that much of the impressiveness of free preaching was sacrificed if the people saw a manuscript.

He, at that period, possibly afterwards, made his notes on a half sheet of foolscap paper folded lengthways, and a sheaf of these skeletons, always neatly kept and labeled, looked like so many sheriff's bills.

His sermons, as preached, seemed so faultless and complete, that I supposed he never forgot and left out anything he meant to say, but he once told me that this occurred not infrequently, and a friend recounts that, spending the night with him after he had preached on an interesting occasion, Broadus was quite unhappy about a passage which had thus dropped out of the discourse. According to Dr. McGuffey, the thing forgotten were better omitted, as likely not to be logically, and, therefore, naturally, connected with the rest. Whether this be so or not, it would always be better to leave out matter called for by the notes, but not apropos, or if time were short and people beginning to be weary. This last, however, could not be when he was the preacher.

He did not at first accept a place in the new Theological Seminary; it attracted him strongly, but there were reasons for waiting, and he wanted to be sure before taking so important a step. His going at all depended upon the organization adopted. With Boyce's "Three Changes in Theological Schools" he was heartily in sympathy, one of them being in striking accord with the University of Virginia plan of instruction; but there was an idea with some that at least one old, well-known man should be appointed, and the name of the elder Basil Manly had been presented. This, Broadus confided to me, would be an insuperable objection to his becoming a member of the Faculty, for, argued he, we should all be so much in awe of our superior in age and reputation that we could not be our truest, best selves. He was wise in this, and it was for the best that (to use his own descriptive words) the professors were "all boys together."

He found it easy to like Greenville, and wrote me: "The Baptists of South Carolina are as much like Virginia Baptists as one pea is like another." Of his work at the Seminary and of his books others have told and will tell, as also of his country pastorate, his connection with the Sunday School Board formed during the War, and of his mission to Lee's army. I know something of his privations during that dark time, and of the sacrifice made for the Seminary then and afterwards when he had only to yield to shining inducements pressed upon him in order to enjoy every comfort and opportunity. No doubt he was in the place that suited him, but still the sacrifice was real and great, and is a triumphant answer to the popular sneer that ministers feel it their duty to go where the salary is largest. He had been somewhat slow to take hold of the Seminary, but he held on till death—*his death*—and till the fortunes of the School, financially and still more morally, were out of danger. Having served it in so many other ways, he proved a successful agent and raised thousands of dollars for it, both at the North and in the South. Dr. Boyce once said to me: "The brethren think of Broadus as a fine preacher and professor, but he is also a splendid financier as well."

During the War he began to prepare his "Commentary on Matthew," designing to cover the four Gospels, and well do I remember his reading me the passage describing the scene of John's baptizing, and saying that he had constantly in his eye men like Dr. Jeter, of high intelligence, but not learned in the ancient languages.

After the commencement exercises of 1886 we went with two or three students to a cafè for refreshments. Relieved, no doubt, that another period of pressing work was successfully finished, he was in fine spirits and playful as a boy without any sacrifice of propriety. He

quoted to the young theologues some one's etymology of the word *restaurant,* deducing it from *taurus* (Greek), a bull, and *res* (Latin), a thing; result, restaurant—a bully thing. When I uttered the name of the poet Keats, as if it were pronounced Kates, he inquired if that was the usage in England, and I had to confess that it was only my own caprice, and the boys were highly amused at the clever way in which he had pulled me up; but I had my revenge later when he spoke of the Eustachian tube, pronouncing it as if it were Eustatchian, whereas I, owing my deafness to that organ, and passing daily in Rome the Square of St. Eustachius, deserved no credit for knowing that the *ch* had the force of *k.*

Twice more was I to see him ere my return to Rome, once when he rode out to the University of Virginia parsonage to visit me, and we sat under the trees; and a little later, when he delivered the James Thomas Memorial address in Richmond. On the former occasion he tenderly urged me to remain some time in the home-land for a period of perfect rest; and when I said that I would have no means of living, he added: "Draw the salary all the same," citing half jovially his own course: "When they have gotten all the work they can out of me, 'tis but just that I be turned out to graze."

The address referred to he read from MS., as he had done that on A. M. Poindexter, and he read both of them as well as if he had been reading his sermons all his life. I was struck with the orderly way in which each sheet, when finished, was so placed as to leave them at the end in their original form. When I expressed my enjoyment of the address, he accepted the tribute in a very cordial manner. On that and on similar occasions, his way of receiving congratulations recalled to my mind the words about Lord Macaulay by his younger sister: "I like so much the manner in which he receives compli-

ments. He does not pretend to be indifferent, but smiles in his kind and animated way, with 'I am sure it is very kind of you to say so,' or something of that nature." The truth is, while hating flattery, one always likes appreciation, specially from friends, and Dr. Broadus was too sincere a man not to show any gratification felt. If it is sweet to be "praised by the praised," much more is it to be praised by those whom we love and of whose love we are sure.

I will now mention some other of the distinctive traits in the character of John A. Broadus, as revealed to me in an acquaintance of nearly half a century.

He always held the conservative, and what might be called the distinctively Southern, conception and sentiment concerning woman. When, at a church in Fluvanna, a girl in bloomer, or semi-bloomer, costume was seen, he expressed his disgust most strongly. I recall his note to the *Religious Herald,* protesting against the "tilting skirt" and begging every woman reader to set her face against all such fashions. His views as a Christian teacher concerning women's speaking in public assemblies, harmonized perfectly with his feelings on the subject.

He was a great worker, and his work was done as a fine art. His intellectual growth and activity resembled not a wild and tangled mass of vegetation, but the trained and cultivated and, therefore, largely fruitful vine.

Varied were the manifestations of his sturdy independence. As a State student, or as a candidate for the ministry, he had been, like all others such, exempted from the payment of tuition fees at the University of Virginia; nevertheless, he paid them with his earliest earnings after leaving that institution. He was never ashamed or afraid to confess a mistake. Once when I found him doing

what he had once condemned, I asked: "What have you to say about it?" and he replied: "Only this, that I was wrong, and have learned better." He evidently believed, with Goethe, that the confession of a past error only means that we have grown in character and gotten new light.

His voice, though not very strong, was singularly sweet, and was a source of power in conversation and in public speech, while his easy flow of choice language, his evident conviction, his modesty which disarmed criticism, and his historical imagination, together with the tenderest pathos, made him the prince of preachers; yet, when all is said, one feels that every attempt at analysis or description is inadequate. We inhale with delight the fragrance of the violet, but can not through words convey it to another.

It has been said that he was not original; perhaps not, in the strictest sense of the word, for not one man in a generation, the world over, is original; but in another and as good a sense, he was original, standing more signally and grandly alone in his whole make-up and career and position among the brotherhood than any of his contemporaries, at least in our Southland.

His superiority was rather in description and on questions involving knowledge than in the realm of thought; and, it seems to me, of his published discourses, the historical and biographical addresses are of a higher order than the sermons. For effectiveness when preached, which was their true aim and end, these last are unsurpassed; while as literature they might, in the judgment of some, suffer in comparison with the published sermons of Richard Fuller.

He was a matchless host and abounded ever in what William Wirt called the "sweet, small courtesies of life," and his manner towards the gentler sex was fine.

All that he was in mien had its source in a naturally kind heart under the influence of divine grace. He always saw the best in one and was ready to say an encouraging word to and of one. In my early ministry I wrote for the *Religious Herald* an article, entitled "Blue Monday," the object of which was to show that in every sphere of life ideals failed of perfect realization.* I signed it "Rolyat" and it was published on the fourth page of the paper. What was my pleased surprise to receive a few days later a letter somewhat thus: "Many thanks for 'Blue Monday.' John A. Broadus." This and other generous notice taken of my pen work led me whenever I wrote anything to think of him and of the impression he would receive from it, and it was a stimulus alike to heart and head.

His tact and thoughtful courtesy prevented or disarmed envy. When he got his D. D. he said to some of his juniors: "Your turn will come." He never got above his old friends in spirit, high above them as he soared. He was my oldest, best, dearest friend, helpful alike in word and deed. There was this God-like character in his friendship that while he loved many, he loved all heartily, though differently, and each one was so sure of being warmly, tenderly beloved as to feel neither fear nor jealousy. The Greek saying, "Many friends, no friend," was disproved by his large-hearted, appreciative friendship for so many and so widely different men.

His whole life and being were dominated by a loyal, reverential love to Jesus Christ, of whose love to himself he had no doubt. He was a man purified in the furnace of affliction, having, as he once wrote me, experienced every form of bereavement, and the Refiner could see in him His own face.

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*The theme was suggested by my brother, C. E. Taylor.

Late in the evening of the first day of November, I stood by the graves of Boyce, Manly, and John A. Broadus, the latest grave of the three. The western sky was aglow with the departed sun and the moon was shining in the East. A chill was in the air and a chill would have been in my heart but for the blissful certainty —Boyce, Manly, John A. Broadus, are "with Christ, which is far better."

George B. Taylor.

Rome, Italy, June 3, 1896.

THOMAS NICHOLAS JOHNSON

This sketch is based on an article by Rev. Dr. L. R. Thornhill in the *Religious Herald* upon the life of Rev. Thomas Nicholas Johnson. He was born June 20, 1812, in Buckingham County, Virginia, near Mount Zion Baptist Church. Although his parents were not Christians, he early made a profession of his faith in Jesus. His father died when he was eight years old, leaving a widow and two sons. He was convicted of his sins at a meeting when the venerable minister, walking down the aisle and speaking to persons about their souls, said to him: "Young, Tommie, but not too young to die." The boy had prepared an answer for the preacher, but he had been approached at an unguarded point; the arm of conviction had reached him. When sixteen years of age he took a decided stand for Jesus, and three years later determined to become a minister. He went first to Humanity Hall Academy and then to what is now Richmond College.

In July, 1836, he was ordained, the presbytery consisting of Elders P. P. Smith, William Moore, and Joseph Jenkins. After laboring as a missionary of the General Association of Virginia, in 1837 he accepted a call to Sharon, Mulberry Grove, and Enon Churches, in Buckingham County, Virginia. He remained as pastor at Sharon seventeen years; at Mulberry Grove, with two short breaks, for fifty-seven years; at Enon first only a short time, but later was there for eleven years, and still later for twenty-one years. His other pastorates were at Fairmount and Mount Shiloh, in Nelson County, and Hebron and Liberty Chapel, in Appomattox County. He

was pastor of this last-named church almost forty-one years. This was probably his most satisfactory pastorate and here he did his best work. His ministry covered a period of sixty-three years. The country pastorate has its compensations and, along with the exposure of long cross-country rides, comes also physical vigor. Brother Johnson had a magnificent physique, standing six feet two inches tall. Upon one occasion a wicked fellow threatened this man of God with personal violence if he preached at a certain time and place; but he did preach at that place and time, nor was he molested.

As a preacher he was patient and careful in his preparation; clear, logical, simple in his presentation of the truth. He was felicitous in his use of illustrations and effective in his quotations from the Bible. While by nature timid and shrinking, this weakness was not a hindrance to him in the pulpit. Since he was called by conviction to deliver his message, he did not fear the face of man, and his appeal was to men's consciences. He had many traits of character which helped to make him an excellent pastor. While strong and fearless in his convictions as to the truth, he was affectionate and as gentle as a woman. While utterly devoid of anything approaching to "gush," the cordial grasp of his hand and the genial light of his eyes brought warmth and strength. He was fond of children and went with blessing into the homes of rich and poor alike. His wisdom and discretion made his ear a safe repository for the secrets and sorrows and troubles of his people. He entered into the joys and sorrows of his flock, whom he bound to him with hooks stronger than steel.

He was married three times. Of the first marriage only two children lived to maturity. The daughter became the wife of Rev. Dr. J. A. Mundy. Of the two children of the second marriage, one became the wife of

Rev. Dr. W. J. Shipman. The eight children of the third marriage all lived to the estate of manhood and womanhood. His home was a happy one. For many years he lived on his own farm, in a comfortable dwelling, not far from his Mulberry Grove Church.

He once expressed the desire that he might die at home in his own bed. This desire was granted to him. After two months upon a bed of sickness, during which time he displayed not only patience, but even ecstatic joy, he was called to his heavenly reward on September 13, 1894.

MELZI S. CHANCELLOR

The *Religious Herald* of April 4, 1895, contained a sketch of Rev. Melzi S. Chancellor, and the Minutes of the General Association for the same year his obituary. These papers were from the pen of Rev. Dr. T. S. Dunaway. No other material has been secured, so this sketch is practically a reproduction of these articles. Melzi S. Chancellor was born in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, June 29, 1815. While living in Baltimore with his uncle, Mr. Lorman, and clerking for him, he made a profession of religion. His ordination took place at the Wilderness Church, Spottsylvania County, and for more than half a century the preaching of the gospel was his business. He was pastor of the following churches in the Goshen Association for longer or shorter periods: Wilderness, Piney Branch, Mine Road, Salem, Goshen, Craig's, Eley's Ford, and New Hope. Of this last-named church he was the loved and honored pastor for thirty years. Some of these churches were organized by him, and the meeting-houses in which they worshiped were built largely through his personal gifts and liberality. He was a beneficent man, and besides these gifts, he dispensed a large amount of charity without ostentation. He was instrumental in leading many souls to Christ. Few ministers of the gospel baptized, married and buried as many persons as he did. He belonged to that honorable and useful class of the human family who, with good minds, industrious habits, kind hearts, noble aims, sterling principles, and strong faith, are useful in their day and generation; shining examples to the young, cherished and honored members of society, whose deeds and

memories are worthy to be held in everlasting remembrance. While he was a pronounced Baptist and confidently believed their principles and practices were in harmony with the teachings of the word of God, yet he had a broad charity for all, and loved all Christians, by whatever name called, and freely accorded to others the right to interpret the word of God for themselves.

He was a useful citizen. He rendered valuable service to his State and county, filling most acceptably several positions of trust. He was a patriot and loved his State and country. True to the cause of the South in the war between the States, he suffered a long imprisonment as a citizen hostage, in consequence of his loyalty to his State and section. He was twice married. His first wife was Miss Lucy Frazier, and his second, to whom he was married October 20, 1886, and who survived him, was Miss Bettie W. Caldwell. Six children were born of the first marriage, three sons and three daughters. In the good providence of God his last years were years of temporal as well as spiritual comfort. He had the means needed for his physical comfort, and his last years were bright by reason of a conscious fellowship with his Saviour and a pleasing prospect of a blissful immortality. After a brief illness, he died at his home in Fredericksburg on February 20, 1895.

R. H. W. BUCKNER

R. H. W. Buckner was born in Caroline County, Virginia, December 9, 1810. The county of his birth was his home and the sphere of the larger part of his life's labors. He was baptized by Rev. Lawrence Battaile and soon afterwards was ordained to the gospel ministry. He was educated at the Rappahannock Academy, and for some years was associate principal with Charles Lewis. He was useful in the vineyard of the Lord, preaching and doing other ministerial work. In 1840 he was the founder of Round Oak Church, Caroline, and, according to one account, its pastor for many years. Another record says he was never pastor of any church. During the declining years of Rev. James D. Coleman, he was selected as supply pastor for Mr. Coleman's whole field, having already been for some years Mr. Coleman's assistant at Liberty Church. For fourscore and five years he lived in the same community, and by his talents, his acquirements, and his personal integrity had large influence among the people. As a minister of the gospel, he officiated at the marriages and funerals, wrote the wills, adjusted the differences, and with his wholesome advice was a comfort to the whole community. He was married twice, his first wife being Miss Judith Boulware, of Caroline, and his second Miss Slaughter, of Rappahannock. He left no child and was a widower for some years before his death. At the time of his death he was a member of Liberty Church, which had been "the love of his youth, the pride of his manhood, and the home of his old age." He died February 25, 1895.

CHARLES A. RAYMOND

Charles A. Raymond was born in New Haven, Conn., February 5, 1822. The larger part of his life was spent in the South, where he "labored as a minister of the gospel and the true friend of the interests and work of the denomination." So far as can be learned, his work among Virginia Baptists was in the bounds of the Rappahannock Association. His post-office for years was Hick's Wharf, and the churches he served were Mathews, Gwynn's Island, and Westville. For twenty years he lived and labored in this Association, helping not only in his own churches, but also by meetings held in other churches. "For twelve years he suffered intensely from a malignant form of blood poisoning, which kept him from active work and deprived him of fellowship with his brother pastors, for which he daily longed. In all this time of sore trouble, pain could not make him impatient; nor did consequent privations cause a murmur to escape his lips." He died at his home in Mathews County, March 5, 1895. He left a widow and seven children, all of his children being members of the "household of faith" and three of his sons Baptist ministers. The facts for this sketch are taken from the obituary, written by Rev. B. C. Hening, in the Minutes of the General Association for 1895.

JOSEPH WALKER

The life of Joseph Walker lacked only nine years of extending over the whole of the nineteenth century. While born in Pennsylvania, his life, in the main, was identified with the South, especially Virginia. Could all of his contributions to the newspapers be collected, the story of his life would be told in a most interesting way and there would be many pages filled with discussions covering a wide range of subjects. This sketch will be autobiographical rather than biographical, for it will be best in every way for us to hear this nonogenarian tell his own life record. The quotations that follow are taken from the columns of the *Religious Herald,* for which paper he wrote from 1838 practically to the end of his life.

Rather more than four years before his death he wrote: "Since my nativity, April 10, 1804, there have been twenty-one Presidents of the United States of America; three Popes of Rome; four Kings of Sweden; ten rulers of France, including three Napoleons; three Sultans of Turkey; three sovereigns of England, including the reigning Queen; three Emperors of Russia, three of Austria, two Kings of Italy, and three Emperors of the consolidated German States. Of distinguished premiers, I remember Peel, Russell, Palmerston, Disraeli, and Gladstone, of England; Talleyrand, LaFayette, and Thiers, of France; Bismarck, of Prussia; Count Cavour, of Sardinia; Metternich, of Austria; Gortchakoff, of Russia, and Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Webster, and Seward, Bayard and Blaine, of America." He wrote much about the changes and improvements since his early

days, and once suggested that some day "airships may transport burdens and passengers on the wings of the atmosphere." Describing agricultural and industrial life in his days, he wrote: "When I was a boy the farmers turned over the sod with wooden mold-boards and had their coulters set and sharpened with the blacksmith's hammer. They mowed grass with hand scythes and cut grain of all descriptions with sickles and scythe-cradles. Hay they raked with hand rakes and bound sheaves with such implements as God himself had given them. It was not uncommon to see blooming maidens in the meadows and harvest fields in those days raking after the reapers. . . . When I was yet quite young, nearly all wearing apparel was made and made up by hand within the circle of a man's own family. Mothers picked cotton and wool with their own expert fingers, then corded it into rolls with hand-cards, while daughters spun the rolls into yarn, then wove it into cloth, or knit socks or stockings with it. Why, as late as 1839, when I began my ministry on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, the girls of my congregation supplied me with all the socks I needed, and they were the best article of the kind I ever had. . . . In those thrifty times if a young woman could not milk a half-dozen cows before breakfast, spin yarn when necessary, weave it into cloth with a hand-shuttle, and then make up her own linsey-woolsey garments, her chances for matrimony were hardly above second rate. . . . My father had an old Continental flintlock musket, and when fire was needed for any purpose, he'd look up the rusty old gun, prime it with powder, snap it over tow or cotton, and so, after repeated trials, kindle a fire. It was this or borrow from a neighbor, and it was as common to borrow brands of fire-coals, in those times, as it was to borrow anything else. . . . When I first began to write letters, epistolary correspondence was both more

costly and perplexing than it is now. . . . The rate on a single letter was fifteen cents. . . . I once paid fifteen cents for a letter, the contents of which ran about like this: 'I take up my pen to let you know we are all well and I hope you are the same. No more at present.' "

In a long article, giving an account of his life and headed with a greeting to his brethren in the Southern, Western, and Northern States, he wrote: "During a temporary residence in Richmond, Virginia, I was baptized by Rev. James B. Taylor, in 1831. That was a remarkable year for scenic peculiarities. The atmosphere was hazy, dim, and depressing. The face of the sun was veiled in a green hue, with large dark spots in places that could be seen with the naked eyes. . . . I returned to my home in Norfolk with a letter from the Second Church, Richmond, and united with the Cumberland Street Church, under the care of Dr. Howell. I was soon elected a deacon and began with other brethren to exhort the colored people in the galleries of the house. In the course of about a year I was licensed to preach, my credentials bearing the signatures of John Goodall, pastor, and Thomas D. Toy, clerk. Subsequently, I was called to Petersburg on secular business, where I supplied the Baptist Church for three months during the absence of the pastor, Dr. Southwood. Besides supplying the pulpit of the white, I preached frequently for two colored churches in the vicinity of Petersburg. At one of the services in the white church I was listened to by my first pastor, Brother Taylor, who induced me to spend some time at the Seminary, in charge of Dr. Ryland. The difficulty of being a married man was overcome; but at the end of the second year my wife died and I had not the heart to remain longer. While there I preached frequently in Manchester and for churches in the surrounding country. In June, 1838, during the session of the General Asso-

ciation, I was ordained in the Second Baptist Church—James B. Taylor, Thomas Hume, Sr., Cumberland George, John Goodall, and Alfred Bennet, of New York, constituting the presbytery. I at once accepted the pastorate of the Pungoteague Baptist Church, in Accomac County, where I found a delightful home in the house of Joseph Gunter, father of the present Judge Gunter, of the same place." After two years on the Eastern Shore, and four years as pastor of the Hampton Church, there being in this latter period "remarkable temperance reformations among the colored people" and "glorious revivals," he acted as pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Richmond, for a year, while the pastor, Dr. Magoon, was in Europe. During this year a debt of some $7,000 on the church was paid. Mr. Walker's "next move" was to the "classic village of Charlottesville." This was in 1846. His trip by rail from Richmond was without incident, save a delay of several hours, and when he reached his destination, at the station "was a group of the representatives of the Baptist Church awaiting my arrival. Farish, Alexander, Abell, Massie, Mosby, and several others, gave me a welcome greeting. . . . I went home with Deacon Abell." So his pastorate began. The presence of the University of Virginia made him nervous as to the future, while the pronounced Pædobaptist sentiment of the town made him feel that he wanted to be "useful on strictly Baptist lines." The boarding-school of the town was under Presbyterian control, and a rule of the school requiring *all* girls to attend the Presbyterian church Sunday morning subjected Mr. Walker to the mortification each Lord's Day of having a dozen Baptist pupils absent from his service. His failure to have this rule changed resulted, through his leadership, in the establishment of a school under Baptist control, with Rev. S. H. Myrick as President. In this undertaking

Rev. W. P. Farish rendered valuable assistance. During his Charlottesville pastorate Mr. Walker "avoided all union meetings and never coöperated with other denominations, if by so doing Baptist principles might be compromised." Mr. Walker tells the following incident in regard to A. Pope Abell, a noble worker in the Sunday school, the church, and the Association: "That is the only place I ever knew where a Baptist deacon went to church in a wheelbarrow. Pope Abell had injured his foot. Snow was on the ground. His Sunday school class needed him. So he had a colored man to wheel him there and home again.

"I now crossed into Western Pennsylvania and took charge of the Sandusky Street Baptist Church, Allegheny City. The place, the people, everything was strange, but the Baptist *heart* was there. . . . From Allegheny I went to Fairmont, in Western Virginia, to take charge of the *Baptist Recorder*. I found an excellent home in the family of Dr. Eyster, whose wife was a good Baptist. I soon saw that the paper could not live where there was no Baptist church and few Baptists; and after conducting it a year, I left it in the hands of the publishers. Yet during the time, I had preached in Pruntytown, Clarksburg, Morgantown, and in the courthouse in Fairmont. The paper, too, had stirred up a first-class hornet's nest, which made it necessary for its editor to preach a three hours' sermon on baptism at Lumberport and to debate for four hours with the celebrated Moses Tichinell, of Palatine, on the same subject. After the storm had subsided, I made sail, under a full spread of canvas, with the old Jordanic flag fluttering at the masthead, for the East, and anchored in the Baptist harbor of Baltimore, to labor as state missionary agent for the Maryland Union Baptist Association. The year's work was nothing to speak of, except that Adams, Fuller, the Wilsons,

the Cranes, and J. W. M. Williams, who came awhile before I left, were very kind to me. . . . A call came from St. Louis for a man of my dimensions and caliber to originate and take charge of a new mission interest. This was in 1850. I went. Found the cholera in the city. Reported to Dr. Jeter, at whose instance I had been called. A room was to be furnished which required money, and the missionary was to collect it. So it was tramp, tramp; beg, beg; talk, talk, just as it had been in Richmond. . . . A hall was found, furnished and paid for and a church of twenty-two members was organized. For three years, or nearly so, I continued as pastor of this church, baptized numbers, sent two colonies to the Northwest, then resigned, and was succeeded by Rev. John Teasdale."

While pastor at Allegheny City, Mr. Walker's church was almost decimated by the departure of young men for the West, wild with the gold fever of 1849. One young man from whom the preacher expected a marriage fee in a few months "suddenly left his affianced one for the gold fields beyond the plains, promising to return shortly with his pockets full of gold dust, when she was to be made happy and I was to have a fee out of the glittering treasure from the mines. But alas! she has never seen him since and I—well, I have about given up the fee."

Mr. Walker, upon visiting Philadelphia, was the more anxious to see Girard College because of the rule that prohibited the entrance of ministers. A white cravat he had on, however, called forth from the porter the question: "Are you a clergyman?" and his reply prevented his admission. On another occasion the gateman asked: "Are you a stranger in these parts?" Mr. Walker replied: "I am a visitor to the city from the State of Missouri and would like to form an estimate of the prin-

cipal objects of interest in your large and attractive metropolis." The answer came: "Very good, sir, walk in."

Mr. Walker, upon leaving St. Louis, accepted the office of Corresponding Secretary of the Domestic Mission Board at Marion, Ala. To this work he gave four years, visiting Associations and churches in the South and making two trips to the Indians in Kansas. From Alabama he moved to Macon to take charge of the Georgia Baptist paper, *The Christian Index*. He says: ". . . The year 1860 found me back in Richmond. When the War came on I served as post chaplain during the whole time. Staked all on the Confederacy and lost all. In place of twelve thousand dollars in good securities, I have eighteen thousand in Confederate bonds drawing 8 per cent. interest, and just as good as they ever were. And yet I could not have paid for washing a collar when the Confederacy collapsed unless some one had given me a nickel if my life had depended on it. I need not tell how I lived bachelor's life in the basement of a church; how I carried roasting ears to market before day, or how I wrote religious novels for bread and butter. All of which, however, is literally true."

As post chaplain at Richmond, Mr. Walker had many interesting experiences. He describes the inauguration of Jefferson Davis, at which he was present, saying: "As if to add to the general depression of spirits, the weather on the 22d of February, 1862, was dark and stormy. The clouds were emptying themselves of torrents of water as the tall form of President Davis appeared under the equestrian statue of Washington, surrounded by a monumental group of revolutionary statesmen. There he stood under shelter of an improvised canvas, as if anchored to the rock under his feet. His voice was steady, clear and full, and it rang out through the pelting storm like a clarion trumpet, without the slightest sign of fear

or discouragement. An immense concourse of anxious citizens, from under an apparently solid roof of umbrellas, heard him through; and though there was no enthusiastic cheering, they retired reassured by the electric oratory of their confident chief. I myself returned to my quarters with the pleasing persuasion that all was not lost. . . . The battle of Seven Pines, called 'Fair Oaks' by the Union general, came next in order of time. This sanguinary conflict I both heard and saw from the roof of the State Capitol. . . . On the afternoon before the battle, I passed through six or seven large tobacco warehouses that had been fitted up as hospitals. Every ward was fresh and clean, and every cot white and tidy. In less than twenty-four hours from that time there were 6,000 prostrate Confederates in those cots, mangled and wounded in almost every conceivable manner. A few of the Union wounded were also brought there and cared for. . . . For six long days these battles had raged more or less furiously and the thousands of dead and wounded left on the field presented a heart-sickening sight even to veterans. My duty was to assist in burying the dead with religous services, and this we did as far as practicable. It was not unusual to have several hundreds of coffins awaiting burial at the same time, and this in the hot months of June and July. On one occasion there were 270 coffins corded in a rick at Hollywood Cemetery and we had to put them in their graves by tens, making one service answer for ten at a time. In this way only could we work them off our hands, but this was not difficult when the dead were buried side by side in trenches, as they were towards the close of the War, at Oakwood. . . . This brings me to the time when the office of post chaplain was not very desirable. An enemy now began to close upon us that was much more formidable than Grant's well-fed and well-drilled

legions. This consuming foe was a want of food, forage and clothing. . . . Gold was at a premium of $40 for $1, and the cost for subsistence ranged upwards accordingly. . . . Sugar was $10 per pound, coffee $30, champagne, probably New York cider, $40 per bottle. I myself paid $100 for a second-hand stovepipe hat, $30 for a hair brush and a small-toothed comb, the latter a very necessary article in the last days of camp life. Orders frequently came from headquarters that the soldiers must be provided for, no matter what became of others; but in the winter of 1864 we were on less than half rations, and these not of the choicest kind. Our bill of fare was unique and simple: Cornbread from unsifted meal, without salt; coffee made out of rye, roasted beans or peanuts; baked sweet potato slices, or, in fact, anything that would make a beverage that resembled coffee. No sugar, but sweetened with sorghum when occasionally we could get it. Twice a week each man was made happy by half a pound of some kind of meat, but even this boon did not last long, and as hunger pinched, many sighed for home and threatened to go. The officials feared this, and on a set day, after several bombastic speeches on the duty of patriotism, they promised us a dinner of turkey and 'fixings' for the Christmas near at hand. But Grant was pegging away within seven miles of us, and when Christmas came the constant rattle of musketry drove all thoughts of a dinner out of the minds of our superiors and we dined on the usual Confederate fare. I had the good fortune to purchase from a friend in Richmond a barrel of superior flour for $625. I had it conveyed to my quarters as quietly and secretly as I could, but the other chaplains got wind of it and I had one or more of them to dine with me every day. About the same time I got hold of two gallons of sorghum, and my visitors were unanimous in the opinion that I could

make the best sweet cakes of any chaplain in service, which was true, for no other chaplain had the means of making any."

After the War Mr. Walker was pastor for three years of a field in Charlotte County, composed of the Ash Camp, Mossingford, and Charlotte Court-House Churches. Then he went West again and organized a Baptist church at St. James, Missouri. Let his own pen go on with the story: "In 1873 I went twelve miles farther south to Rolla, where I remained seven years as pastor, and we succeeded in building the handsomest meeting-house in the town. I came East three times to solicit funds for that house, and Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, Manchester, and the General Association at Lynchburg, aided us. In company with other churches we organized the Dixon Association. . . . In 1880 I came East again and, at their earnest request, visited Professor John H. Gill and wife in Rockville, Maryland. I concluded to make my home with them. . . . In 1881 my friends moved to Georgetown, and, of course, I went with them. The Gay Street Church of that city, being without a pastor, called me and I accepted and served them for two years. On the death of Professor Gill I found a pleasant home in the family of W. H. Haycock and his wife, sterling Virginians."

During the last years of his life, Mr. Walker preached and lectured now and then. On a trip to Newport News and Hampton, the Hampton newspaper announced that he would lecture on the "Evangelization of Richmond," when his subject was "The Evacuation of Richmond." Upon this occasion his suggestion that in the collection contributions range from a penny to five dollars was exactly complied with. His death took place April 7, 1895, in the home of his dear friend, Rev. J. H. Fox, Scottsville, Virginia, and the funeral was conducted by Rev. Dr. William E. Hatcher.

Mr. Walker was a man of strong native intellect, with an excellent memory and disposed to think through to his own conclusions on important questions. He had decided religious convictions and opinions on religious matters, and was, in his denominational views, what is known in Baptist ranks as a "Landmarker." He believed that for valid baptism the proper administrator was necessary. His mind was alert, he loved to write for the denominational press, and was always ready to break a lance with any comer whose views he could not accept. The General Association, in 1893, by formal vote, sent to him their cordial greeting. The year before, not being able to be present at the General Association, he wrote to the *Herald* urging against long speeches and new booms. In January, 1891, he had written to the same paper warning the Baptists not to drift away from their principles and doctrines.

BURR P. DULIN

Fauquier, one of the Piedmont counties of Virginia, was the birthplace of Burr P. Dulin. On September 8, 1814, near Orlean, he first saw the light. "He grew up to manhood in that section, working as a farm hand. He commenced the battle of life without any adventitious aid as wealth, high social influence or culture, but had to rely upon his own strong arm, stout heart, and resolute will. His educational advantages were very meager, but he had a naturally strong mind and was sustained by an ambitious spirit. Reading, study, and associations made him an intelligent and well-informed man. He made a profession of religion about 1833 and was baptized into the fellowship of the Jeffersonton Baptist Church, Culpeper County, by Rev. Cumberland George. In the year 1837 he entered upon the work of the gospel ministry, preaching his first sermon at Carter's Run Baptist Church and continuing in the good work till his death." The Potomac Association was the sphere of his ministerial labors. For some years at some of his churches his salary came, at least in part, from the State Mission Board, and year by year his reports to the Board show how active and successful he was. In 1868 he baptized twenty-four; in 1872, eighty-five; in 1873, sixty-four; in 1874, twenty-two, and in 1875, fifty-five. For years he preached regularly to four churches, and the record of many a year shows that he was often pastor of more than four churches; one year the number ran up to seven! The following is a list of the churches in the Potomac Association that he served as pastor for longer or shorter periods, and the list may

not be complete: Brentsville, Oak Dale, Mount Hope, Union Grove, Centerville, Gainesville, Jerusalem, Beulah, Brentown (afterwards New Hope), Woodbine, Clifton, Mount Carmel, Stafford's Store. Of at least one of these churches, Oak Dale, his pastorate continued for many years. In 1880, when he had been pastor there for twenty-one years, he wrote to the *Herald,* giving some reasons why he had been able to stay so long. He had been prompt in meeting his appointments; he had always sought to settle personal difficulties outside of the church meetings; in visiting, he had always treated all persons alike, and had made it his rule not to tell to one person the ill another had said about him; he had always tried to give his people the plain, simple truth of the gospel. He "had many gifts that make the popular preacher. He had an attractive and a commanding appearance, a benevolent face, and a voice, winning, musical and of great compass. He had a fluent speech, a ready command of language and a sympathetic nature. He was a man of faith and hope. Others might sit in the shadows, but he stood on the mountain top and saw the crowning day. His thoughts had little of logical arrangement and did not court the drapery of rhetorical fancy, but they fell upon the hearts of the people as fire in the stubble. His mind and heart were intent on saving souls, and often he would rise to heights of genuine eloquence and of great persuasive power. He was more preacher than pastor. The pastoral work was not exactly to his mind. He did not have, as some, that enviable gift that can train and develop all the talents of the church so that it may become an active and efficient body. . . . Brother Dulin was an evangelist, and he magnified his office. . . . As missionary, evangelist and pastor, he traveled with eager feet the counties of Fauquier, Loudoun, Stafford, Culpeper, Rappahannock, Greene, Madison, Spottsyl-

vania, and Prince William, proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation. He was twice married. He delighted in his home. Blessings followed him. . . . The shadows also came and rested upon his home and path. Death invaded his happy retreat and called wives and children, so that of a large family only three children survive him." He preached his last sermon to his Oak Dale Church the Sunday before his death. A Presbyterian preacher who heard this sermon said that he preached with unusual power. "The last act in the drama came some time Friday night, April 26, 1895. It was a fitting and beautiful close. He had made his preparations to meet his congregations near Alexandria on the following Saturday and Sunday and then retired to his chamber for the night's rest. When the morning came his son entered the chamber to arouse his father to meet the early train. He saw him lying on his side; his eyes were closed; his cheek was resting on his open hand. He thought the father was asleep. It was deep, sweet sleep, blessed sleep,

"'From which none ever wakes to weep.'

"The children called their father, but he was not, for God had taken him." The quotations and some of the other facts in this sketch are from the obituary in the Minutes of the General Association, prepared by Rev. Dr. I. B. Lake.

THOMAS CLARKE GOGGIN

Thomas Clarke Goggin was born January 2, 1815, being the oldest son of Stephen and Jeanette Goggin. When he was sixteen years old he made a profession of religion, and on August 6, 1831, was baptized into the fellowship of Morgan's Church (then known as Goose Creek Church), a church which was organized in 1787. In 1832 he was granted "the privilege of exercising his gifts in prayer and exhortation within the bounds of his church." In 1838, he was ordained. On December 4 of the same year he was married to Miss Elizabeth Jane, youngest daughter of Thomas and Sarah Johnson. During his long ministry he married 582 couples. While he was, during a period of some sixty years, pastor of various churches and a preacher far and near, his membership continued to the day of his death with Morgan's Church. During the pastorate of Rev. James Leftwich there was much opposition to missions and giving to the Boards in Morgan's Church. Finally, Mr. Goggin made a motion one day that all who were not in favor of contributing to these objects be allowed to withdraw. Seven got up, put on their hats and walked out, Brother Leftwich remarking as they departed that there were seven and that their number would not increase, which prediction was verified.

He was, for a longer or shorter period, pastor of the following churches: Morgan's (Goose Creek), Palestine, Staunton, Old Fork, Hales Ford, Fairmont, Boone Mill, Blue Ridge, Enon (Hollins), New Hope (Beaver Dam), Mount Zion, Suck Spring, Timber Ridge, Mount Olivet, Quaker, Bethlehem, Shady Grove, and Stony Road. Of "Morgan's" he was pastor three times and

for some twenty years. He was what might be called now the old-style Virginia country preacher. From about Tuesday to Friday of each week he worked on his farm and attended to his material affairs. On Friday he set out for his Saturday appointment. On Saturday he met this engagement, preaching and holding the business meeting of the church. On Sunday he preached once or twice or even three times at as many places, and on Monday returned home. In the case of Mr. Goggin, at least one of his appointments was thirty-seven miles away. Besides his preaching in churches and at regular appointments, many a sermon was delivered at schoolhouses, private residences, in the woods and other places. His labors touched Botetourt, Montgomery, Giles, Craig, Roanoke, and perhaps other counties. A large part of his work was without financial compensation. He was a fearless defender of the doctrines of the Baptists. Once he was preaching on the subject of baptism at Floyd Court-House. There were few Baptists at this place and no Baptist church. After he had spoken an hour and a half, he was about to close, but his audience cried out to him to go on, as they wanted to hear him. So he continued, and his sermon reached out over two hours and three-quarters. This was the longest sermon he ever preached.

He was moderator of the Strawberry Association for twenty-one successive sessions, from 1849 to 1868, a period of nineteen years. During part of this time the body held two meetings each year. He would probably have been continued in this office for yet many more years by his brethren, but his modest, retiring disposition suggested that this honor be given to others. For years his presence and his words of exhortation were a benediction to the Association. One year, when the Association met at Bethlehem Church, some younger brethren, in their ardor and zeal, undertook to reprove and rebuke

the older brethren in the ministry. After hearing their words, Brother Goggin arose and spoke about as follows: "I do not know what I ought to say; perhaps I ought not to say anything, but I feel like putting a little salve upon the bleeding backs of these dear old brethren who have been lashed so here to-day." During the session of the "Strawberry" at Liberty (now Bedford City), in 1889, there was a beautiful expression of the affection in which Brother Goggin was held. A buggy and harness, which some of his friends had purchased for him, was presented to him by Rev. Dr. W. R. L. Smith, at that time pastor of the First Baptist Church of Lynchburg.

When Rev. G. Wheeler first began to preach he frequently accompanied his senior, T. C. Goggin. Mr. Goggin had been his pastor for ten years and had exerted a strong religious influence upon him in the days of his youth. The younger man shrank from preaching in the presence of this father in ministry, but Mr. Goggin would decline to take the young man's place, saying: "Brother Wheeler, I can not do it. If I do it to-day, you will want me to do it next time, and I want you to put the harness on and go to work and I will pray for you." On May 27, 1861, when a company set out for the War from an old mill about two miles from Liberty (Bedford City), his own son being one of the company, T. C. Goggin was present to see them start. He took one of the men by the hand and said: "Remember the one thing needful."

The last years of his life Brother Goggin spent in the home of his son, in Vinton. Through this period, when he was approaching and then going beyond the age of fourscore years, he went to preaching "when many younger stayed at home because of the weather." He died April 19, 1895, and was buried at Morgan's Church, Bedford County, the funeral sermon being preached by Rev. Gabriel Wheeler.

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS JONES

Tiberius Gracchus Jones was born in Powhatan County, Virginia, July 12, 1821. His father, Wood Jones, of Nottoway County, and his mother, who was a Miss Archer, of Powhatan County, both died when he was some three years old. On his father's side he was related to John Winston Jones, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and through his mother to United States Senator William S. Archer and Branch T. Archer, who "was conspicuous in the early councils of Texas." When left an orphan he lived with one of his brothers, who afterwards became distinguished as a lawyer. When he was thirteen years old "he entered the office of William Sands, of the *Religious Herald* and remained five years." He was eighteen when, in 1839, he entered what is now Richmond College. After three years here he went to the University of Virginia for two sessions and finally graduated at William and Mary College in 1844. Both at the University and at William and Mary he was valedictorian, his ability as a public speaker being thus early recognized. Upon his graduation he went to Alabama, where he taught school for about two years, at the same time doing some study along theological lines and some preaching. Previous to this time he had been converted and been baptized into the fellowship of the Second Baptist Church by Rev. James B. Taylor. While he was at Richmond College he decided to become a preacher and was licensed by the Second Baptist Church.

Upon his return to Virginia from Alabama he began to preach at Clarksville, and from this place was invited to supply the Freemason Street Baptist Church, Norfolk,

Virginia. This led to his being called and to his accepting the call of this church, he being their first pastor and this his first church. This step proved to be even more important than perhaps he realized. His connection with this church was to be long and distinguished. His work there began in December, 1849, and this pastorate continued until March 7, 1864. He left Norfolk to become pastor of the Franklin Square Church, Baltimore, succeeding Rev. T. H. Pritchard. His service here was brief, for he was called back to his first charge and heeded the call. Scarcely had he more than gotten well to work again in Norfolk when, on August 24, 1866, upon the reorganization of Richmond College after the War, he was called to its presidency. After some three years in this important position, for the third time he accepted a call, on April 21, 1869, to the Freemason Street Church. He remained in Norfolk two years until, on January 13, 1871, he resigned to become pastor of the First Baptist Church, Nashville, Tenn. He was under-shepherd for this people some twelve years. His last pastorate was in the same city as his first. This time not Freemason Street Church, but the First Church became his flock. From January 1, 1884, until April, 1893, he continued his work with the First Church. His long career as a pastor came to an end with his years at the First Church. The remainder of his life was given to writing and study.

Dr. Jones (the degree was conferred upon him by Richmond College) will be remembered best as a preacher. He was a man of learning and scholarship; as has already been seen, was the president of one of our best colleges, and had been sought by Mercer University and Wake Forest for this same high office, but he was first and foremost a preacher.

Evidence of his ability in the pulpit is not wanting; witness his three pastorates at one church, and that one

of our best in a leading, growing city, and his long pastorate in Nashville. Besides, he was in demand for special occasions. Three times, namely, at the First Church, Richmond, in 1851; again at the Second Church, Richmond, in 1854, and once more at Leigh Street Church, Richmond, in 1890, he was the preacher of the introductory sermon before the General Association. In 1873, at Mobile, he preached the introductory sermon before the Southern Baptist Convention. Concerning this sermon, Dr. John A. Broadus wrote to his wife these words: "Dr. T. G. Jones' introductory sermon last night (one and a half hours) was one of the noblest I ever heard—intensely practical, saying the very things that needed to be said and saying them with wonderful freshness and impressiveness." In 1894 Dr. Jones was the preacher of the baccalaureate sermon at the University of Virginia. His subject was "The Everlasting Gospel," and he was asked to publish it. The chaplain of the University, describing the sermon, said that it was "able in thought, clear in analysis, chaste and classic in style, containing the very marrow of the gospel and glittering with those rare gems of thought and illustration which this prince of preachers is accustomed to scatter with such lavish hand." At the funeral of Dr. Jones the chief address was made by Rev. Dr. J. C. Hiden. In speaking of Dr. Jones as a preacher, he said: "Tiberius Jones was, first of all, a preacher. To the work of preaching he gave his highest and best powers, and those powers were great. One of the most striking things about his preaching was that it was thoroughly evangelical. Brilliant and original as he was, he never found the old paths too narrow for him to walk in. Indeed, I never heard any one express a suspicion as to his soundness. Neither from the pulpit nor in conversation did I ever hear him utter a sentiment which was contrary to the spirit or to the letter of the teachings of the Scriptures. He was a thoroughly sound

preacher and loved to preach the doctrines of grace. In the preparation of his discourses he was laborious and painstaking. His sermons were the fruit of careful study. Though his mind was filled with the best thinking of the world, ancient and modern, he knew that he could not trust to the spur of the moment to produce valuable sermons; and when, after hard thinking and elaborate preparation, he had developed some great theme and stood in his pulpit to deliver the rich results of his study, he did not trouble himself about the clock; he took his time and was in no hurry. The greatest preachers I have ever heard were, in my judgment, John A. Broadus, Tiberius Jones, and A. B. Brown. I do not know which of them I ought to place first. They differed widely, but each was a master in his line." Rev. Dr. A. B. Brown, in describing an ordination service in Charlottesville, spoke thus of the sermon of the occasion which was preached by Dr. Jones on the text: "Preach the word": "This was one of the best efforts of its admired author, whose subtlety and logical power few of the ministers of Virginia can surpass, whose width of mental range scarcely one can equal, and whose richness of imagination and splendor and beauty of diction are absolutely unrivaled."

Dr. Jones seemed to some severe and stern, but those who knew him well doubtless had no such idea of him. Dr. Hiden says as a friend he was trustful and often playful, and that as a talker he was superb. Dr. Paul Whitehead, of the Methodist Church, who for a season lived in the same house with him, says that he was "a miserable dyspeptic, with pallid countenance and look of one feeling ever more the remorse of a guilty stomach. He was pleasant company and a hard student." In the address already alluded to Dr. Hiden said: "Brother Jones was a man of wide learning and had made himself familiar with the best literature of the world. Plato delighted him, and the ideal speculations of that great man

had no little influence upon his thought and his style. Coleridge charmed him. His mind was saturated with Shakespeare. But with all his talents and learning, he was as simple as a child. I never knew a more perfectly natural human being. He spoke to the gathered thousands exactly as he talked to a single friend in the most intimate converse, only he might speak rather louder to the crowd; though even this was not always true. I never heard him strain his voice anywhere. It was deep, sonorous, and singularly penetrating, and in ordinary conversation he would, now and then, when roused by some suggestive point, or fired with an apt quotation, put his voice to its full power and utter his words with tremendous emphasis."

Dr. Jones was the author of several books. One of these was entitled: "The Great Misnomer." It undertook to show that "The Communion" was not as appropriate a name for the memorial established by the Saviour as "The Lord's Supper." A prize essay from his pen, published by the Southern Baptist Publication Society, was called: "The Duties of Pastors to Churches." Another work of which he was the author was published by the American Baptist Publication Society and bore the title: "Origin and Continuity of Baptist Churches." Dr. Jones was vice-president for several sessions of the Southern Baptist Convention, and at one time vice-president of the Board of Trustees of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

Dr. Jones died at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. J. B. Jeffress, 914 Park Avenue, Richmond, Virginia, Thursday, June 27, 1895. At the funeral the next day the following ministers took part in the services: Rev. Dr. W. W. Landrum, Rev. Dr. George Cooper, Rev. Dr. J. C. Hiden, and Rev. Dr. W. D. Thomas. Nearly all the Baptist ministers of Richmond were present. The burial took place in Hollywood.

JOHN LEMUEL CARROLL

About the middle of the eighteenth century John Carroll migrated from Kings County, Ireland. He settled in North Carolina and fought in the Revolutionary War. His great-grandson, John Lemuel Carroll, the son of John Dodson and Zilpha Carroll, was born in Duplin County, North Carolina, December 21, 1836. At the age of nine he became a member of the Beaver Dam Baptist Church, and in 1858 was licensed by this body. In 1863 he graduated at the University of North Carolina, having already been a student at Wake Forest College. Years later the University conferred on him the degree of D. D. He was ordained in the Chapel of the University, May 12, 1862. In 1865 he married Sarah G. Mitchell, of New Berne, N. C.

After teaching in the Oxford Female College and acting as agent for St. John's College, he lived at Wake Forest, where he was a trustee of Wake Forest and secretary of its Board, and in March, 1871, accepted a call to the Baptist Church, Warrenton, Virginia. His other Virginia pastorates were Lexington and Gordonsville and Orange Court-House. In 1885 he accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Asheville, North Carolina, and in 1889 organized in that city the French Broad Avenue Baptist Church, becoming its first pastor. In 1893 he became pastor at Chapel Hill, the seat of the State University, where he continued actively at work until his death, June 10, 1895.

Dr. Carroll had a magnificent body, being very tall. In Lexington he used a chair several inches higher than other chairs. He was vigorous in mind and had a remarkable memory for Scripture; his sermons were full of quotations from the Bible. He excelled in extemporaneous speaking. "He was fearless and courageous in his ministry and greatly beloved and respected."

SAMUEL POINDEXTER HUFF

Samuel Poindexter Huff was born in the vicinity of Zion's Hill Meeting House, Botetourt County, Virginia, June 4, 1828, and came from a family of German descent. His father was a well-known citizen of Botetourt, a large landholder, a leader in his community, with a family of eleven children. Young Huff had a hard struggle to fit himself for the Christian ministry, which he entered in his early youth. He was received into the fellowship of the church at the age of fifteen, his brother, William, three years his senior, being received the same day. Seven years later the church set its seal upon Samuel and William Huff, when they were both licensed to preach the gospel. Samuel P. Huff, now twenty-two, assumed immediately the charge of two small churches in an adjoining county. The five or six years that followed were marked by struggles necessarily strenuous because of the insufficient educational advantages of that period. He was educated, first, at Roanoke Academy, then at the Western Theological Seminary, in Covington County, and lastly at the University of Virginia.

In August, 1865, he was married to Miss Bettie A. Jurey, of Charlottesville, Virginia, who was of Huguenot extraction on the paternal side, and on the mother's side nearly related to the descendants of that Lewis who freed the Valley of Virginia from the terror of the Indians and drove the last representative of the old British officialism from the soil of Virginia. She was also a granddaughter of Colonel John Slaughter, of the Revolution.

Mr. Huff, refusing a flattering call to one of the Western cities, continued the work he had begun in the Val-

ley of Virginia. His profound interest was in the struggling Baptist cause in his own section. During the period which followed he was pastor at Healing Springs, Goshen Bridge, and Lexington, Virginia, but his best work was done in Albemarle and Nelson Counties, with the Mount Ed and Hebron Churches, where he was pastor for a quarter of a century. He served Adiel and Hillsboro Churches for awhile. At Mount Ed, Rev. John E. Massey, who had served the church for nine years, had just resigned in the fall of 1861 on account of the "impaired state of his health." On March 27, 1862, this congregation met "pursuant to appointment to observe the day as a day of humiliation, prayer, and fasting." It was at this meeting that Brother Huff was unanimously called to become the pastor of Mount Ed Church. The failure of the State Mission Board, owing to the stress of the War, had caused him to change his field. Here the Baptists were strong and influential, and his labors abundantly blessed of God. In a comparatively short time over two hundred persons were added to his several churches. "During the year 1862," he wrote, "I baptized into the fellowship of Hebron Church fourteen persons, in the year following into the fellowship of the same church eighty-six, at Hillsboro sixteen, and at Mount Ed fourteen. During the years intervening I continued to preach at the same churches, with yearly additions. During the years 1869-70, I preached once a month at Adiel Church, with twenty-five additions. I held a meeting at Mount Ed which continued six weeks, in which seventy made a profession of faith, of whom forty were received into the church."

Brother Huff lived, during all the time of this long pastorate, at Batesville, Virginia, a little village in the sight of the Blue Ridge Mountains. He was a fine specimen of robust and well-proportioned manhood, and his

mind resembled his body in its sturdy qualities. Naturally of an argumentative disposition, firm and unyielding in his convictions, he fastened powerfully upon the Scriptures as containing the only way of refuge and salvation for the soul.

A small treatise of Brother Huff's, entitled "Infants Not the Proper Subject of Christian Baptism," was very widely circulated and highly commended by the *Religious Herald,* then edited by the Rev. David Shaver. His preaching was of earnest and evangelical character, becoming more emotional towards the latter part of his life. Dr. G. W. Beale says that "He possessed much native vigor of mind, which was disciplined to habits of devout and studious application. His gifts as a preacher were solid rather than showy. In the pulpit he was sound, scriptural, instructive, and useful, and his guileless life was in beautiful harmony with his doctrine." He was a man not naturally demonstrative, mild in manner, but unbending in dignity, strong in conviction, upright in character, and entertaining the utmost good will towards all men. Such is the man who, for twenty-five long years, went in and out among the people in the Batesville neighborhood and lived such a life as to leave a fragrant memory even to the present day. He was passionately fond of flowers, and devoted about half of the yard of the little parsonage to an extraordinary variety of "serials," as they were called. This interest he shared with his wife, who was at one time in the faculty of Hollins Institute, and a botanist who brought a real scientific skill to the support of their mutual interest. Mrs. Huff was an artist and linguist, but with a warm and emotional nature and a strong sense of duty—qualities which beautifully fitted her for a pastor's wife.

On May 15, 1887, he resigned Mount Ed and Hebron Churches to accept the chaplaincy of Miller School, located but a few miles away, thus remaining two years

longer in the neighborhood he loved so well, and where he had labored so long and successfully.

In the summer of 1889 he was called to the pastorate of the Second Baptist Church in Petersburg, Virginia. For three years he labored with this band of believers, making many warm friends and raising a considerable amount of money towards a new church building. His next and last charge was in Westmoreland and Richmond Counties. This field was composed of Nomini, Machodoc, and Menokin Churches, and this pastorate began in 1892. He was now sixty-four years old, but by the great waters of the Potomac, in the full scent of the sea, surrounded by the wild rose and the magnificent poplars planted by the early settlers, he seemed to take a new hold on life. He was still a fine specimen of strong manhood, extremely active for his age, and singularly free from the physical disorders that had been so great a trial during his early ministry. But it was here that the old disorder returned, and other complications set in, which necessitated an examination in Baltimore by eminent specialists. In Baltimore, at the home of his son, Slaughter W. Huff, after a long life amid the freshness and serenity of the country, he lingered for several years, and died amid the noises of a strange city on January 13, 1896.

It was his lot to live for months in the shadow of the great and mysterious beyond, on the verge of eternity, in the valley and shadow of death. "I think constantly about it," he said to his other son, Lewis J. Huff, "but I submit to the will of Providence." When the end came he met it with complete fortitude and strength of the Christian and philosopher. He was laid to rest at Culpeper, Virginia, in the soil of the State he loved so much. The cemetery lay out in full view of the mountains that were so indissolubly connected with the best work of his life, and from whose slope many precious souls would rise to join him on the Great Day.

L. Peyton Little.

EDWARD GRANVILLE BAPTIST

Edward Granville Baptist was born in Powhatan, Virginia, on March 27, 1828, his parents being Rev. Edward Baptist and Eliza J. C. Eggleston. When Edward was some eight years old his father, who was one of the leading Baptist ministers of Virginia, moved, with his family, to Marengo County, Alabama. Alabama became one of the States of the Union on December 14, 1819, and about the time the Baptists went thither was attracting newcomers. It was still to a large degree in a natural state, and in certain sections wolves were not uncommon. Such a trip must have made a deep impression on the growing boy. At an early age he professed faith in Christ and was baptized by Rev. Lilburn L. Fox, who had been born in Louisa County, Virginia, and whose grandfather was a near relative of the English statesman, Charles James Fox. When he was about twenty-four years old, he was ordained to the ministry, his father, Rev. Mr. Fox and others forming the presbytery. "The first years of his ministry were spent in Alabama, where he served several important fields with acceptance." In 1856 he visited his native State, and, having accepted calls to Wallers and Mine Road Churches, settled in Spottsylvania County. From this time until his death, with the exception of a few years in Alabama, he lived among the people of Spottsylvania County. During these years he served, besides the churches named above, the following churches which were in reach of his home: County Line and Mount Carmel, in Caroline; Elon, in Hanover; Massaponax, Goshen, Mount Hermon, Good Hope, Wilderness, and Rhoadesville, in Spottsylvania; Elk Creek, Lower Gold Mine, and Berea, in Louisa; Beulah and Mount Gilead, in Fluvanna. In the year 1893 he was pastor of these churches: Goshen, with a membership of 76; Mine

Road, with 142; Mount Hermon, with 126, and Rhoadesville, with 129. On the Saturday before the first Sunday and on the first Sunday he preached at Mount Hermon. On the second Sunday, and the Saturday before, he was at Mine Road. On the third Sunday he preached at Goshen, and on the fourth Sunday he was due at Rhoadesville, and once every quarter he was here for a Saturday service on the Saturday before the fourth Sunday. It appears that the membership of his four churches this year made an aggregate of 473. During the year he baptized into the fellowship of these four churches fifty-eight persons. There were 335 in the four Sunday schools and the contributions of the churches to missions amounted to $696.39. His salary this year was $410, but it is probable that besides, generous supplies found their way to his pantry.

Rev. Dr. L. J. Haley, who wrote Mr. Baptist's obituary for the General Association Minutes for 1896, from which some of the facts of this sketch are taken, says: "Elder Baptist was a man of stern and upright religious and moral character. He was a true and unselfish friend; kind and gentle in his family; a friendly and generous neighbor; a loyal and patriotic citizen; an able and eloquent preacher of the gospel; a faithful and loving pastor, and a man and a Christian, who in all the relations and responsibilities of life earnestly and conscientiously strove to do his duty and to make himself useful and helpful to his fellow-man. He was a man of extraordinary power and ability in the pulpit. I think I can truthfully say that some of the finest specimens of pulpit oratory I ever listened to came from the lips of E. G. Baptist."

In June, 1894, when apparently in vigorous health, while talking with a neighbor, he suffered a slight stroke of paralysis. Other troubles set in, and finally on the morning of Wednesday, January 29, 1896, in his own home and surrounded by his family, he quietly fell on sleep.

JOHN A. DOLL

John A. Doll was born in Maryland, October 7, 1821. At the age of fourteen he united with the Methodists, and in early manhood became an itinerant preacher of that denomination. As a Methodist preacher he traveled and preached in some forty counties. On October 24, 1853, he was married to Miss Sallie A. Hoge, of Scottsville, Virginia, the daughter of Rev. P. C. Hoge, a popular Baptist preacher. This step naturally led him to the study of Baptist doctrines, and in 1856 he was baptized by Rev. J. H. Fox and was from this time forward a loyal Baptist and a zealous defender of the faith. For some time he had no regular charge, but assisted Mr. Hoge, filling many of his numerous appointments. Finally, however, he became a pastor, serving, and serving well, Hardware, Bethany, and Slate Hill, and perhaps other churches, in the Albemarle Association. About six years before his death, he went with his wife to live in Florida, where he spent the two most pleasant years of his ministerial career, but failing health made it necessary for him to return to Virginia. In December, 1895, he and his wife went to Kentucky to visit her brother. On March 20, 1896, while in the post-office in Frankfort, Ky., he suddenly fell, and before any one could reach him, he had expired. Rev. Dr. H. W. Tribble wrote Mr. Doll's obituary for the General Association Minutes. From this notice most of the facts and some of the language of the foregoing part of this sketch are taken.

The following story, which Mr. Doll sent to the *Religious Herald,* not only shows him "in lighter vein," but also gives evidence of his loyalty to his State denomina-

tional paper: A certain Baptist brother who did not take the *Herald,* in November, 1886, was called to the Valley of Virginia on business. Upon arriving in Staunton he was surprised to find Baptists to right and Baptists to left. He did not know what it meant. Upon inquiry, he found that the General Association was in session. So he decided to stay and enjoy the meeting, but he could find no place at the hotels. Then he applied to the committee on hospitality, but they were able to care only for "accredited delegates." Finally, after securing a place, he found that his money was running low, so he decided to go on. Mr. Doll, who had often urged him to subscribe to the *Herald,* now, with great relish, reminded him that had he paid his two dollars for the paper he would have more than gotten it back in his board at Staunton.

WILLIAM SLATE

A native of Tennessee, William Slate spent his life in Virginia. He was born November 15, 1833. Upon the death of his father, when he was quite a child, his mother returned to her native State, Virginia, and settled near Vernon Hill, Halifax County. She, being anything but rich, could do little for the education of her boy. He was forced to struggle for an education. He had been converted at an early age, and after long consideration decided to preach. He knew that he was not qualified for this work, and also that his mother would be unable to give him financial aid in securing an education. With these difficulties clearly seen, he moved forward in what he felt to be the path of duty. He attended the academy at Meadsville, Halifax County, two sessions. When the time came for him to go to Richmond College, God raised him up a friend who loaned him the money he needed. He was a student at the College for four sessions. Rev. Dr. W. J. Shipman, who was a fellow-student with Mr. Slate at Richmond College, and whose tribute to his friend in the *Herald* of December 31, 1896, furnishes many of the facts, and in places the language of this sketch, gives this picture of Mr. Slate in his college days: "He was a quiet, dignified and rather retiring young man. . . . He was a good thinker and must know all about the subject in which he was interested or with which he had to do. He would always listen attentively to any information given, but was not satisfied until he investigated for himself. As a student he was not quick in grasping the instruction of his professors and text-books, his mind possessing that admirable trait of

rigid exactness in all its investigations. His acquirements, therefore, were the result of thorough research, and to that was due the fact that he was trustworthy in any advice given. This admirable trait ran all through his useful life. . . . He was a deeply pious young man and withdrew from everything that did not promote true personal piety." When he left Richmond College he was in debt to the amount of $1,000, but within three years he had not only met this obligation, but had provided himself with a horse and buggy.

In August, 1858, he was ordained near his home at Mount Vernon Church, Halifax County, Roanoke Association. For thirty-eight years his pastoral career continued. His life work was mainly within the bounds of the Dan River Association, but extended also into the territory of the Roanoke. In the former Association he served the following churches: Aaron's Creek, Arbor, Black Walnut, Catawba, Childrey, Clover, Cross Roads, Dan River, Ellis Creek, Fork, Grace, Mill Stone, North Fork, and Winn's Creek. In the latter Association his churches were Shockoe, County Line, and Sandy River. His pastorate at Milton, North Carolina, was brief. Mr. Slate was gifted in protracted meetings, when he would preach with great power and tenderness. In a meeting at Black Walnut, where he assisted the pastor, Rev. S. G. Mason, there was a large ingathering, and many converted at that time became useful and prominent in the church. During his long ministry he probably baptized 3,000 persons, while the number of funerals and marriages which he conducted was large. As a pastor he was willing to make any sacrifice and to undergo any amount of labor to be helpful to his people. He was constantly seeking to lead his churches to richer fields of usefulness and greater fruitage for the Master. His mind was of a wonderfully practical turn and his advice

was sought as to business matters as well as to church work. In his town of South Boston scarcely any enterprise of importance was started that his counsel was not asked. In the fall of 1861 he was married to Miss Lucy A. Jordan, a daughter of Deacon Elijah Jordan, of Black Walnut Church, Halifax County. With her three sons and three daughters she survived him.

He was appointed, as the senior pastor of the body, to preach the memorial address at the semi-centennial meeting of the Dan River Association, held at Black Walnut Church, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, July 30, 31, and August 1, 1889. But alas, this address was never delivered. On the first day of the meeting, when the special exercises were to have taken place, in view of the absence of Rev. S. G. Mason, who, as the only minister present at the organization that was still alive, was on the programme, the order of the day was postponed. The whole meeting of the Association was deranged because of rain. From July 18 through the time of the Association it rained every day. Rev. S. G. Mason, Rev. J. B. Williams and others were unable to reach the Association at all on account of high waters. On the evening of the second day's session the Dan River rose so high that Mr. Slate, Mr. R. H. Beazley and others from South Boston and the vicinity were unable to get back to the Association the next day. So the memorial address was never delivered. In 1865 and in 1866 he was moderator of the Association, and three times, namely, in 1861, 1870, and 1887, he preached the introductory sermon before the body, his texts on these occasions being, respectively, I Sam. 13:18, Mark 12:37, Ps. 122:7. On the evening of Thursday, November 5, 1896, Mr. Slate passed from earth to his reward in heaven.

GEORGE H. CHAPLIN

George H. Chaplin was born in Lynchburg, Virginia. In early life he moved to Leakesville, North Carolina, where he accepted Christ and united with the Baptist Church. His earliest religious impressions had been produced by a service in the Danville Baptist Church conducted by Rev. J. L. Prichard. It was probably about 1850 that he moved to Carroll County, where he united with the church at Meadows of Dan, Patrick County. Of this church he was for years a loyal member and for over two years its pastor. On February 10, 1877, the Stone Mountain Baptist Church, Carroll County, was organized by Mr. Chaplin, with sixteen members. From this time until his death Mr. Chaplin was pastor of this church. He did not give all his time to the work of the ministry, but was also a tanner and farmer. While not a man of extensive learning, he possessed a mind of native brilliancy, and was a forcible gospel preacher. He had a remarkable familiarity with the Scriptures, and his sermons were simple, sound, logical. He had the gift of pathos in a high degree and stirred the hearts of his hearers by his rugged eloquence. While he moved in a narrow sphere, he was faithful. He died, at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. Grant Marshall, in Carroll County, Virginia, February 1, 1897, in the seventy-second year of his age. This sketch is, in the main, the obituary, from the pen of Rev. R. E. White, in the Minutes of the General Association for 1897.

HENRY HERBERT HARRIS

Henry Herbert Harris was born in Louisa County, Virginia, December 17, 1837. His parents were of Scotch and Welsh extraction, and in the home of his childhood there was the atmosphere of piety. He was a student almost from his cradle. At two years of age he learned to read, and in his first school days, his sister being his teacher, he was a promising scholar. In the neighborhood school he learned the rudiments of Latin and Greek, though frail health more than once interrupted his studies. When he was fifteen years old he was converted, and in the month of November baptized into the fellowship of the Lower Gold Mine Church. He was active in prayer-meetings and other such services from the very first. In 1854 he entered the Junior Class at Richmond College and in two years graduated. He taught a high school a year and then, with his brother, entered the University of Virginia. During his life at this institution he was very active in a work of grace that went on among the students and was one of the organizers of the Y. M. C. A. there, the first College Y. M. C. A. in the world. His first session he had the "green ticket," and at the end of his third year graduated with the degree of Master of Arts, having studied, besides the required course, Hebrew and Applied Mathematics.

It is interesting to remember that upon his graduation at the University of Virginia he was offered and declined the chair of Greek at Richmond College, the work to which he was to give later the best years of his life. He did accept work at the Albemarle Female Institute, Char-

lottesville, though, after a year, the call of war rang in his ears and he enlisted as a private in the Confederate Army. In 1862 his company disbanded and he entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. After one month, however, he was again in the army, now as an artillerist under Stonewall Jackson. At Port Republic, on June 8, 1862, two guns were so quickly thrown into action and so well served that the dash of the enemy across the bridge was checked and the day saved, and behind one of these guns was H. H. Harris, cool and skilful. In 1863 a regiment of engineers was formed and Harris was first lieutenant. Once General Lee said of him: "I remember him very well. He did excellent work and was one of our rising young engineers." In the spring of 1864, in the campaign from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor, he was ordered to build a bridge across a swollen river, which, by reason of floating logs and debris, was dangerous. The men he ordered to carry a rope across the stream refused. "Will you follow me?" he asked. "Yes," was the reply, "we will follow you anywhere." He at once pulled off his coat, plunged into the water, was followed by his soldiers, and the bridge was built. In 1858 he had been licensed to preach, his first sermon being to a congregation of colored people. In 1864 a colonel applied to the War Department asking that H. H. Harris be made chaplain of his regiment. The request was refused, the reason assigned being that he was too useful a man where he was, and that, besides, he was doing much religious work where he was.

When the War was over he taught again for a year at the Albemarle Female Institute. He was one of a committee of three from the Richmond College alumni who appeared before the General Association urging the reopening of the College, notwithstanding the fact that all of its endowment had been swept away by the War,

and in 1866, along with B. Puryear, became a professor at his *alma mater*. He was invited to teach Greek and German, and this work he took up, although his preference was for Mathematics and the exact sciences. After 1873 German was given to another, he continuing in the Greek department, where he was to remain for twenty-nine years and where he was to win for himself a name and fame.

Richmond College was destined to become the bright particular star in his horizon. Here he spent almost half of his days, and here, as teacher, editor, church member, denominational leader, he was to do his life work. While he touched many things, and, like Goldsmith, touched nothing he did not adorn, yet he was prominent as a teacher, and in any account of the activities which kept him busy, heart and hand and head, his record as Professor of Greek in Richmond College must come first.

What a born teacher he was! He not only knew Greek, but he knew how to help others to know it. In order that the forms of the language should be mastered, he insisted on a long and determined drill, yet he kept this drill from being monotonous by many devices; there was his play of humor turning into scathing sarcasm for the student who was trying to shirk work, there was his famous diagram of the Greek verb, there was his own enthusiasm and interest over the smallest detail. As the student progressed the richness and power of the Greek language more fully appeared. With the senior class, if not before, the glory of Greek literature and Greek art and the history of this classic land were sure to take possession of the student and to be for him a possession forever. For many years the Greek lecture-room was a very dark, unattractive room, but hundreds of students remember it as full of light and quickening for noble thoughts and aims. Professor Harris was a great be-

liever in following one question with another until the origin or law or meaning of a word was forthcoming. How he would laugh at slips, and yet his face could be as noncommittal as that of the sphinx to the poor fellow floundering around in his ignorance and catching at straws. In teaching he would now walk the room, now sit back in his chair and play with a ring of keys, now stand and prop his head back with a long rod used for pointing at the blackboard. If a word presented a problem he would help the earnest student by dissecting it until the root was found and then build it up until it was back where he started. He might come to a word he did not know. He would frankly admit this fact, but few words could withhold their meaning from the power of his analysis.

Doubtless one reason that his teaching throbbed so, was that he was ever renewing and enlarging his own acquaintance with his subject. He said to his students at the close of one session: "Young gentlemen, I do not know how much Greek you have learned this session, but I have learned more than in any year for a long while." After he returned from Greece and Palestine in 1878, the side-lights he threw upon all the classroom work were fascinating and inspiring; he made the boys feel almost as if they had been to Greece themselves. He varied his course of reading in Greek authors and also his plans for getting work from the student. He took up the study of the orations of Lysias with one of his classes, probably the Intermediate, when this author was not read in any American college and when no satisfactory edition was to be had; now it is quite generally read. In the study of Greek history he would often give out questions of the examination beforehand, allowing the student to make all the preparation he cared to for answering them when he entered the examination-

room; this may seem a strange method, but a sample of these questions will explode any such theory, for example, "Trace the hegemony of Greece."

He never allowed a student to trifle with him. He was apt to know whether you were studying or no. Once a student who was always resorting to devices to hide his laziness and ignorance, when he found he was about to be called upon, slipped down under the benches, hoping Professor Harris would think he had not answered as present. He did call on this student, and when no response came, called on some one else and went on as if nothing unusual had occurred. When the class was dismissed, Professor Harris seated himself in his chair, took up a book and began to read. The boy was "game" for some time, but finally surrendered and came out.

While the Greek was the main business, still the student under Professor Harris in his Greek work learned much of many kindred and not a few far-away matters. A student who is now a professor says that he learned more English under Professor Harris in studying Greek than from any other single source, and received many of his best ideas of Latin grammar and etymology. Professor Harris took illustrations from far and near to illuminate the Greek, making the Greek in its turn help in other fields. Who could study Greek under such a teacher and not use more effectively his own mother English?

It was the general opinion among the students and faculty also that Professor Harris could teach, and on short notice, too, any class in college. As a matter of fact, in the course of the years he did supply more than one vacant place in the teaching force. When Dr. Curry resigned to take up the Peabody Fund work, Professor Harris taught Philosophy for some months. As a

teacher he was always trying to lead his students to do their own thinking. Philosophy, of course, gave unusual opportunity for him to work in this direction. Sometimes his opening question would seem to bear no relation to the matter in hand, but gradually the subject under consideration would stand forth in clearest light. One day he called the roll, and then, turning his eyes upward, he fixed his gaze upon a hook in the center of the ceiling. It was quite a time before he said a word or turned away his eyes. Presently he called on one student, asking: "What is that hook for?" When the answer came: "I do not know," his question went the round of the class, no one being able to tell why the hook was there. No one had ever seen it used in any way. It was possibly not until the next day that he told us that the hook had been placed in the ceiling when the College buildings, during the Civil War, were used for a hospital. And the lesson which the hook taught those students is plain.

The student who did not enjoy the hour under Professor Harris was the exception. A student, who had started out with the hope of winning the Francis Gwin medal, asked Professor Harris, when the last examination was over, whether the medal was coming his way. "What do you think about it, Mr. B.?" was Professor Harris' reply. "Well, I do not know about getting the medal, but I know I have had lots of fun."

Professor Harris' sphere as a teacher was not limited to his College classes. He was an unceasing student of the Bible and taught it with wonderful power and charm. He had a class in Bible History and another for the study of the Greek New Testament. Concerning these classes, Dr. W. O. Carver says: "I remember the carefully prepared outline of daily readings arranged in historical setting, all neatly printed and bound, which he so gladly

furnished to all who would agree to use them and to meet him one evening in the week to talk over the course read. . . . The number of students who availed themselves of this great opportunity was generally small. The course was free and optional, and the teacher was too modest and sensitive to advertise it. Indeed, I do not think he ever knew himself the value of his work. . . . Dr. Harris came to the meetings of this class with brief suggestive notes. He lectured sitting, sometimes in his chair, sometimes on the end of a desk right up in the midst of his boys. Then he would go to the board to illustrate something and casually take his seat on the table, draw one leg up and across under the other, which swung loose without reaching the floor, and in this attitude I have heard him deliver some of the sublimest lectures to which I have ever listened. . . . When he could find a sufficient number—and three would encourage him—who would agree to meet him once a week for study of the New Testament in Greek, he was happy. All this work, of course, was undertaken of his own accord and without compensation save the added joy which the Master gave to a willing servant."

Professor Harris taught for years a Bible class of students at the Grace Street Baptist Sunday School. The room in which this class met was singularly unfitted for such service and highly uncomfortable. It was under a stairway leading to the pastor's study. Rarely did the class ever meet that it was not interrupted by persons passing through on their way to see the pastor. And there were other interruptions. The room was so small, and the class so large, that usually each chair had at least two occupants. There was no particular place for the teacher to stand, and so he stood first here and then there. How did he ever manage to teach at all with such unfavorable external conditions? Yet what great teach-

ing it was! Students look back and see how splendid the teaching in this class was, though at the time they did not realize this. Yet all must have felt the charm and power of the hour, though they did not stop then and analyze it. Did they not crowd the room, Sunday after Sunday? Did they not sit on the steps and even on the floor? Did not all classes of students come to this room, and not simply the ministerial students and those who were professors of religion?

He touched the student life at many points. Professor Puryear said of him that he mixed with the students more than any other one of the professors. He was usually seen on the baseball field in the afternoon. He was a frequent visitor at the meetings of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies. The students consulted him about all sorts of things. He was very popular among them. Those who were present can never forget his first appearance among the students after a serious and protracted illness. It was in the Mu Sigma Rho Hall. During his illness his hair had turned entirely white. He received a great ovation. It seemed as though the applause would not cease. He was greeted by round after round, and it was sincere, tender, glad.

Professor Harris made the students feel at home in his home. Commencement night the Greek class had right of way in the spacious parlors, and all through the session, all through the years, students and others enjoyed the hospitality of this home. In a pen picture of Professor Harris in his home, drawn by one well fitted for the task, attention is called to the fact that Mrs. Harris was wonderfully qualified by constitution, training and culture to be her husband's complement. While, by reason of frail health, he was often in danger of depression and even despondency, his wife, robust and strong, with a face full of sunshine and a sweet disposition,

brought cheerfulness and brightness into the home. The same writer also says: "It was interesting to observe how entirely free from either constraint or affectation were the family in the presence of visitors and how the home life moved on without interruption." Just as there was rarely any change made in the usual repast, the visitor being invited to share with the family the substantial every-day meal, so without any artificiality of manner they allowed him to enjoy and participate in the usual social and intellectual life of the family and thus to see the home as it was. In many homes, unfortunately, this would detract from the visitor's pleasure. But here the invariable rule was that no matter what were the vicissitudes through which the family might be passing, there was never anything unpleasant mentioned at the table. The conversation was not only bright and cheerful, but was always elevating and refining. This was largely due to Professor Harris himself. He never monopolized the conversation; in fact, he usually appeared to be taking a minor part, but without any apparent purpose of giving direction to their thought, he would join in the conversation with his children and always say something to stimulate their thinking and give them larger, clearer views. . . . His keen sense of humor, his genuine sympathy with others, his wide range of knowledge, his marvelous tact as a teacher, his transcendent power of illustration—all these he brought into play even in a conversation with his youngest child, when he was managing to make her do more than half the talking. In social conversation, as in the classroom, he was not a great talker, but drew others out by judicious questions and stimulating suggestions. . . . For one who did such an enormous amount of work, Professor Harris found a good deal of time to spend with his family and took the keenest pleasure in their companionship. He was

with them not only at meal time, but usually for a little while after dinner, and almost invariably for an hour or more after tea. During these hours of relaxation he would throw aside all work and worry and thoroughly enjoy himself. He had an exuberance and delicacy of humor which made him a charming companion, and the others were always glad when he could lay aside his work and spend a while with them. He and his children understood each other perfectly and were the best of friends. He was very fond of playing games in the evenings, and there was a private understanding between Mrs. Harris and the children that they must lay aside everything else and play with him whenever he would consent to leave his books and take this recreation. He would enter into the game with great enthusiasm and with the same analytic power of mind which he brought to bear on everything he did, and so the children, even the grown ones, took especial credit to themselves if they chanced to win a game from him.

"A striking characteristic of the entire family was their quick appreciation of the ludicrous and an apparently inexhaustible fund of humor. It was a rare treat to sit and listen to the conversations that would be carried on around the table during these games. Another noticeable thing was the perfect good humor with which these games were conducted. There was never the slightest misunderstanding, even among the younger children, for nothing was further from their thought than to be ungenerous or unfair. The game being finished, a waiter of winesaps would be brought in, and in a few minutes more Professor Harris would retire to his study for three or four hours of hard work."

The story of the usefulness and activity of Professor Harris is not finished when the record of his work as teacher and professor has been given. As a church mem-

ber and as a leader in the denomination he was most helpful and influential. His opinion and example at Grace Street Church was full of weight. He was in his pew at the Sunday services and also on Wednesday night. He often led the prayer-meeting, having, Dr. Hatcher declares, unusual gifts for those devotional services. He led not alone in words and, besides his other deeds, was so generous and large a giver that his pastor at times was ready to think him reckless in his giving. For years he was a leader, first among Virginia Baptists, and later among Southern Baptists also. In the General Association he was a most active member of the committee on coöperation, a committee that by its wise, patient work has done so much to enlarge the beneficence of Virginia Baptists. Of course, he was often on other important committees and boards for State denominational work. In the Southern Baptist Convention he was for years the chairman of the committee on order of business, a committee that largely made the success of the great annual gathering. Professor Harris was a member of three important committees appointed by the Convention for special work. The first of these committees was to revise the constitution of the body. The second was to arrange for a centennial celebration of missions. The third was for coöperation with the Northern Baptists in work among the negroes. Rev. Dr. T. T. Eaton, also a member of these committees, speaking of their work, says: "In each of these cases the hearty acceptance by the denomination of the results reached was in no small measure due to their knowing that Dr. Harris had aided in shaping those results and that he heartily approved them." Professor Harris was a member of the Foreign Mission Board for nineteen years and its president for nine. He was said to be better acquainted with the work and the workers of our missions than any other

man not a secretary of the Board. Professor Harris did not consider himself a good public speaker; he used to tell the College boys that, while he could not speak, he could tell them how to speak. While probably he was not a public speaker in the strictest sense of the expression, he was, nevertheless, most interesting and instructive when upon the platform or in the pulpit. After a year as pastor after his ordination, he was never again pastor, but he preached now and then and took his place upon ordination and similar occasions. He was most happy in the use of illustrations, though he sometimes chose to work out an illustration and then let some one else use it. Once, when speaking to some ministers, he used a beautiful illustration and then said: "Some of you fellows take this and use it if you can; I sometimes feel that all I am fit for is to make illustrations for others to use." Dr. Carter Helm Jones, who tells the foregoing incident, also writes: "In the Southern Baptist Convention a great question was once coming up for solution, a much-mooted question that threatened to cause confusion and trouble. Professor Harris rose just at the right time and the burden of his speech was one illustration. That illustration settled the question. After he got through many of the brethren came to him and said: 'Well, I declare, it was lucky that you thought of that illustration.' Afterwards, in speaking of it, he said: 'They did not know that I was working on that illustration for three months.'" Professor Harris did great good through his writings. He was at one time or another the editor of the *Journal of Education of Virginia,* of the *Foreign Mission Journal,* of the *Religious Herald,* and of the lessons in the *Baptist Teacher,* and the *Advanced Quarterly.*

Professor Harris never posed as possessing universal knowledge; indeed, there were domains of learning into

which he declared he had never entered, but his fund of information was large and varied, and he did many things well. Professor Gaines says: "He had a fairly good assortment of tools, and in mending a lock or a lawn-mower, or in constructing articles of convenience about the house, he displayed the same skill and ingenuity which characterized him in his higher activities. A carpenter, who, by the way, had little patience with 'book learning,' once paid a compliment to his mechanical skill and wide acquaintance with practical affairs by saying of him: 'Professor Harris has more sense than any *smart* man I ever saw.'" Dr. Carter Helm Jones tells the following anecdotes which illustrate the same point: "It was on a missionary tour through the Northern Neck of Virginia. At one place the good women were getting ready to serve on the grounds one of the tempting dinners they knew so well how to prepare and they were troubled about the putting up of a stove. Finally, before I knew it, H. H. Harris had taken off his coat, looked over the situation, and put up the stove; and when some one asked who the man was, the reply was: 'I think it was the stove man, Mr. ————, of Richmond.' . . . A farmer, once digging a ditch, after talking with him one day, said: 'Why, that old farmer yonder from over about Richmond has taught me more about farming than ever I knew in my life.'"

Professor Harris did his life work at Richmond College. His brief years at Louisville, as Professor of Biblical Introduction and Polemics in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, were but as a postscript, a beautiful and important postscript, yet only a postscript. The severing of his connection with Richmond College was probably the greatest trial of his life. He resigned, not knowing what he would do or where he would go. His going to the Seminary was opportune for the Seminary.

The institution had suffered a great loss in the death of Dr. Broadus. In the South among Baptists, on the roll of great teachers, next to the name of John A. Broadus, came that of H. H. Harris. Professor Harris was like Dr. Broadus in his mental make-up and both were University of Virginia men. Professor Harris soon had his place in the esteem and affection of the Louisville Faculty and students, those who had known him only by reputation coming to appreciate him more when they knew him at closer range. One of the faculty wrote: "I was wholly unprepared for the simplicity and kindly good-fellowship that marked his intercourse with his friends and fellow-workers. Every trace of fear was soon thawed out by the warmth of his genial smile and hearty laugh, and awe mellowed into reverence. There remained in you the consciousness of the presence of a great man, great in mental ability and learning, great in common sense, great in goodness; but you were sure that he was a man, a brother, a father, a friend." In reference to Professor Harris' going to Louisville, Dr. Kerfoot said: "He was not elected to take Dr. Broadus' place, but he was elected to give reassurance after the loss of Dr. Broadus. Many friends of the Seminary breathed easier when they knew that Dr. Harris had been elected as a member of the faculty. They felt that if a great teacher had been taken, a great teacher had been gained." Not only as a professor did Professor Harris do excellent work. The Missionary Society, which holds its meeting on the first day of each month, is a great power in the Louisville Seminary. As president of this Society, Professor Harris, with his deep love for missions, with the experience coming from his years as president of the Foreign Board, with his knowledge of the work gained from visits to various fields, was able to give the meetings deep spiritual tone and enthusiasm.

When Professor Harris found that his health was failing he sought rest and recuperation on his native soil. But his work at Louisville was closed. His end came in Lynchburg, February 4, 1897. The funeral took place at Grace Street Church and the burial in Hollywood, Richmond's beautiful city of the dead. On the edge of the city where he spent the larger part of his life and almost within sound of the College bell, overlooking the falls of the James, he sleeps his last sleep. Could any spot be more appropriate?

AZARIAH FRANCIS SCOTT

On the walls of the Courthouse of Gloucester County, Virginia, hangs the portrait of the Baptist minister whose name stands at the top of this page. During the Civil War he was living in Gloucester County, and being too old to serve in the army, he filled, though a preacher, the office of Justice of the Peace. Several years before his death he was at Gloucester Court-House; on this occasion Judge Fielding Lewis Taylor, who was holding court, invited him to sit with him on the bench. A great many new people had moved into the county since Mr. Scott had been pastor in that section, and no little curiosity was aroused as to who the gray-headed old gentleman was who had been invited to such a seat of honor. In due time the Judge introduced Mr. Scott as his old teacher who had often used on him the rod.

Between the Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, in Northampton County, Virginia, September 14, 1822, Azariah Francis Scott was born. Here his boyhood and early manhood were spent. When about twenty years old he made profession of his faith in Christ and was baptized into the fellowship of the Lower Northampton Church by Rev. George Bradford. His college preparation for life was secured at Richmond College, where he spent the sessions of 1843, '44, and '45, and at Columbian College, where he graduated with the degree of A. M. in 1848. The vacations of these college years had been spent in earnest work as a colporteur of the State Mission Board. He taught school for two years with marked acceptance in Northampton County and then, moving to King and Queen County, opened an academy

near Centreville. Later he had an academy in Gloucester County. A close student, he was never satisfied until he had mastered a subject, and in these early days he won rank as a teacher and scholar.

Ebenezer Church, Gloucester County, called him to be her pastor, and he was ordained to the gospel ministry about 1851. With an interval of two years, he was pastor of Ebenezer until 1867. When Mr. Scott first went to Gloucester, the Baptists were very weak in the middle and lower sections of the county, and Ebenezer was helped for a season by the State Mission Board. In 1852 Mr. Scott reported at the "Virginia Baptist Anniversaries" in Norfolk, that after one year more the church hoped to be able to liquidate the debt on their new meeting-house, when they would need the aid of the Board no more. This church, in 1849, reported a membership of 1,013, of whom 922 were colored people. In 1852, Mr. Scott reported that he had during the year baptized 52 persons, distributed 31 Bibles and Testaments, 97 religious books, and 2,500 pages of tracts. In 1869 he became pastor of Ephesus Church, in Essex County, a church formed by a colony that had gone out from the Glebe Landing Church, in Middlesex County. Among those that formed this colony were: George Phillips, Robert Payne Waring, Larkin Hundley, Orville Jeffries, and Dr. A. G. D. Roy. In connection with his work at Ephesus, Mr. Scott was Principal of the Stevensville Academy, in King and Queen County. His pastorate at Ephesus lasted nineteen years and then came his work as pastor of Colosse, in King William, and of Glebe Landing. Here he ministered some eight years. From 1851 to the time of his death he was an active and prominent member of the Rappahannock Association, and he was a frequent attendant on the sessions of the General Association, being, in 1896, one of its vice-presidents.

This servant of God, who was a scholar of trained intellect and an earnest gospel preacher, passed from this life at 2 A. M., Thursday, October 7, 1897. There had been a compact between Rev. W. E. Wiatt and Mr. Scott that the one who lived the longer should preach the other's funeral. So Mr. Wiatt rode up to Ephesus Church on October 8, and in the presence of a great crowd preached the sermon, J. W. Ryland, A. Fleet, J. B. Cook, F. B. Beale, and John T. Hundley assisting in the service. Mr. Scott was married twice, his first wife being Miss Margaret Elizabeth Holt, of Northampton County. Of this union there were nine children. His second wife was Miss Julia Waring, of Essex County, who bore him four children.

This "man of God" gave some six years, the last of his life, to a Virginia pastorate, and his ashes rest beneath Virginia's sod. He was born in Campbell County, Kentucky, February 10, 1844. He made profession of his faith in Christ at an early age and united with the Flag Spring Baptist Church, where he was licensed to preach, and where, still later, on June 26, 1870, he was ordained. He received his education in the schools of his native county and at Georgetown College, where he graduated with honor. His first work as a pastor was for his old "mother church" and his next charge was at Rising Sun, Indiana, where he labored some years, developing into a strong preacher and an effective pastor. From this field he moved to Shelbyville, Indiana, to take up a most arduous work. In the midst of many trials and difficulties he inaugurated the movement which resulted in the present commodious and beautiful house of worship. He left Shelbyville to accept a call to Ashland, Kentucky. Here he found a small and discouraged band of members, but he accomplished a blessed work, put a new spirit into the church, and erected an excellent and much-needed meeting-house. His last home was in Richmond, Virginia, where he became pastor of the Randolph Street Baptist Church, September 1, 1892. The church had not been organized long, was small in numbers and heavily embarrassed with debt. In six years the church was on a solid foundation and had a membership of four hundred. His death came very suddenly. He was "sturdy in form, with ruddy complexion," and, being free from any organic trouble, seemed to have a bright prospect for long life. On June 14, 1897, his son, just

entering his twentieth year, was taken away by death. This sorrow cast a shadow over the father's face which seemed to go with him to his grave. On March 4, 1898, he took part in the semi-centennial service of the Shelbyville Church, where he had been pastor. The following Sunday he attended his Sunday school, but, being taken ill, did not remain for the church service. He was stricken with paralysis and died Monday, March 14, 1898. The funeral was conducted by the Baptist Ministers' Conference of Richmond, the services being attended by a vast throng that filled the church and the adjacent streets; the body was buried in River View Cemetery. Some of the material for this sketch is taken from the obituary that appeared in the Minutes of the General Association for 1898.

WILLIAM FISHER

William Fisher was born January 8, 1818, at Lewisburg, Union County, Pennsylvania. His father, Thomas Fisher, was of Irish descent. Thomas Fisher, with William Murray as his partner, carried on for years, at Buffalo Cross Roads, the business of a currier, and he was a birthright member of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, having his pew in the old Warrior Run Church. His wife, Rebecca, the daughter of John Donaldson, of Scotch extraction, was born in White Deer Valley, Union County, Pennsylvania, and was a young woman of much beauty and gifted mind. The subject of this sketch was the second of four children. Upon the death of his mother, the home was broken up and the children were sent to various kinspeople. William was turned over to "Aunt Polly" Murdock, his father's sister, who gave him all the home training he ever had. He was taught the "Shorter Catechism" and portions of the Bible. Yet, boy as he was, during this teaching, he asked many questions which showed that he was doing his own thinking. His uncle greatly delighted the children by telling them, when the whole family was gathered around the big blazing fire at night, of encounters with the Indians. An old fort not far away made these stories all the more real to the imagination of the young people. William, accompanied by his sister, went through mud and dust and snow to a school two miles away, sometimes, on the way, using his fists to punish remarks from his companions that offended the little girl by his side, even if the rough and tumble of a fight did bring tears to her eyes. Soon he passed, at the district school, to the place of teacher, and managed to give quite general satisfaction to his pa-

trons, even if many of them were his kinspeople. About this time he attended the Milton Academy, taught by James Kirkpatrick, having as his fellow-student James Pollock, who was afterwards Governor of Pennsylvania. While at this school he attended the sunrise prayer-meetings of a Baptist protracted meeting and received his first deep religious impressions. When sixteen years of age he was apprenticed to Colonel Henry Frick in the office of *The Miltonian,* a paper published at Milton, Northumberland County, Pennsylvania. The young fellow longed to see something of the world, so, after two years, he made his way first to Harrisburg and then to Washington, securing at this latter city a place on a daily paper. He worked as compositor by day and as news editor by night. This last employment brought him into touch with many prominent men. He was converted, it seems, at a meeting of the United Brethren near Lebanon, Pa. He insisted on being immersed. Upon a visit to his old home he told of his new-found faith, preaching with great earnestness in schoolhouses and elsewhere. His departure from the Presbyterian faith was much commented on and he was regarded by some as a lunatic. As there was no United Brethren church in the neighborhood, he became a member of the Methodist Protestant Church and was first licensed and then ordained to preach. But still he was not satisfied. Finally, he became a Baptist, writing to the Methodists to say that he had found a home with the Baptists and giving his reasons for his change. Now, notwithstanding the lure of the West, which was in those days so strong, he felt and followed an impulse to go to the South. The rest of his life was spent in Virginia.

Upon coming to Virginia, Mr. Fisher first made his home on the Eastern Shore. In this region he labored for a long series of years, doing some of his best work.

The churches which he served were: Zion, Bethel, Modesttown, Red Bank, Lower Northampton, Pungoteague, Chingoteague. In this section he organized churches, held protracted meetings, and did much pastoral visiting. Bethel and Zion were first out-stations of the Modesttown Church, and then independent churches. The former was organized in 1852 with twenty-six members, and Zion the same year with nine, three white men, three white women, and three colored men, he being the "father" of both churches. At the dedication of the Onancock Church, Mrs. Waples, an invalid, was borne in her bed to the church. The Minutes of the General Association for 1854 has the name of William Fisher as one of the missionaries of the State Board, his field being Accomac County and his salary $100.

From the seaboard Mr. Fisher removed to the western part of the State, which is now known as West Virginia. Here he was pastor of Lewisburg and Anthony's Creek, in Greenbrier County, and of Union, in Monroe County. During the War he was chaplain for two years of the Twenty-second Virginia Regiment.

The last years of his life were given to pastoral work, first in Bedford County and then in Appomattox and Campbell Counties. In Bedford he ministered to Hunting Creek, Hermon, Suck Spring, Timber Ridge, and possibly to other churches. Concord Depot, on the edge of Campbell County, near the Appomattox line, was his home for a number of years and the place of his death. He was for some seven years pastor of Liberty and Hebron Churches, in Appomattox County, and later of Reedy Spring, New Chapel, Red Oak, Rocks, Midway, Hollywood, and Central. Of this last church he was the founder and first pastor.

Mr. Fisher enjoyed probably throughout his whole life wonderful physical vigor. Certainly up to a very short

time before his death his natural force was not abated. To see him with his snow-white head and his healthy, sun-burned face, and to hear him tell in his animated way of his long trips to his appointments and of his churches was indeed inspiring. Extracts from a letter that he wrote to the *Religious Herald* when he was in his seventy-eighth year will show the energy and the zeal of this venerable man of God: "On Saturday before the first Sunday in August I left my home to attend my regular church meeting at Central. On Sunday morning I preached to a large congregation, and in the afternoon rode six miles and preached at Promised Land . . . at 4 o'clock and then rode to my home, twelve miles. On Monday I went by train to Bedford City to the Strawberry Association at Morgan's. The train being delayed, I called Brother Royall out of bed at two o'clock on Tuesday morning. . . . At seven in the morning we all met at the appointed place to be conveyed to Morgan's. . . . Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday were days long to be remembered. On Friday I reached my home to start on Saturday to my regular church meeting at Hollywood, twenty miles distant. On Sunday morning I preached and then rode back to my home to start on Monday night to the Accomac Association, 300 miles distant, and at 11 o'clock Tuesday night reached Parksley. . . . The next morning to old Chincoteague Church, at which I had preached fifty-one years ago. . . . Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday at the old Accomac. . . . On Saturday I returned to Parksley to preach for Brother Sanford at Zion, the church which I organized forty-three years ago. . . . On Monday I returned, crossing the Bay and taking the Norfolk and Western train at 10 o'clock at night and reaching Keysville, on the Southern road, at daybreak, and then off six miles to Friendship, where

the Appomattox Association met. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday at the Appomattox. Thursday night at Keysville to assist in the ordination of Brother Stewart, and on Friday morning with Dr. Bagby and Brother Cridlin off to Burkeville to breakfast at the far-famed Southside Female Institute. Friday night finds me at home to start on Saturday to my old Reedy Spring Church."

He died July 16, 1898, at Concord Depot, Virginia. The funeral took place the next day, Sunday.

CHARLES H. COREY

On the 16th of September, 1868, there came to Richmond, to do work among the colored people, and as the representative of the Home Mission Society of the Northern Baptists, the Rev. C. H. Corey. This was in the very midst of the difficult "Reconstruction" period, but Mr. Corey won the esteem of both white and colored people. His residence in Richmond stretched out to some thirty years, and among other tokens of the high regard in which he was held by Southern people may be mentioned the fact that he received the degree of "D. D." from Richmond College and Baylor University.

He was born in one of the back settlements in Canada and did not know what a newspaper was until he was fourteen years old. He was born December, 1834. Early in life he was converted and became a Baptist. In 1854, having managed to get the necessary preparation, he entered Arcadia College, Nova Scotia, the Rev. Dr. E. A. Crawley being then its president, and, in 1858, graduated. In July, 1861, a few days after his graduation at Newton Theological Institution, he became pastor of the First Baptist Church at Seabrook, N. H. In 1864 he resigned this charge to accept work with the United States Christian Commission, a society that looked after the wounded and dying on the field of battle and in the hospitals. At the close of the War he began work among the colored people under the direction of the Home Mission Society, being located in Charleston, S. C. He left Charleston in the spring of 1867 to take up work as the President of the Augusta (Ga.) Institute. Here he remained until he came to Richmond. He

had, as the headquarters of his school, for several years after coming to Richmond, the old Lumpkin's Jail, situated in "The Bottom," between Franklin and Broad Streets, on the west side of Shockoe Creek, a building that had formerly been used as slave quarters. Rev. Dr. Robert Ryland taught for a season in this school. On January 26, 1870, the old United States Hotel, a spacious building on the corner of Main and Nineteenth Streets, that had formerly been the fashionable hostelry of Richmond, was purchased for the school at whose head Mr. Corey stood, and which finally came to be known as the Richmond Theological Seminary. So earnest were the students of the school in trying to raise money to help pay for the new quarters, that the list of subscriptions sent in was six yards long. During Dr. Corey's connection with this school more than 1,200 young colored men passed through its classes, 800 of them being students for the ministry. These preachers have gone far and wide carrying the "glad tidings" to their own people and baptizing thousands of converts. So it will be seen that the influence for good of him who wisely directed this "school of the prophets" was great. His earnest toil, discretion, self-sacrifice, and uniform gentle Christian spirit won for him the affection of the colored and white people of Richmond and Virginia. He died September 5, 1898, at Seabrook, N. H.

WILLIAM FRANCIS HARRIS

William Francis Harris was born in Caroline County on February 16, 1853. His childhood and youth were spent in New Kent County. Mr. Harris was a student at Richmond College for some sessions, taking, in 1876, his B. A. degree, and two years later his "Master of Arts." In these college days he looked strong and stalwart to an unusual degree, yet he passed through two serious illnesses, one his first session, when pneumonia threw his life into the balance, and the other when, in 1876-7, he was so sick that he lost a year of school.

He was ordained at Covington, Virginia, where he was pastor for one year. Then, taking his bride, Miss Mollie Payne, of Healing Springs, Virginia, he went to Missouri, where sixteen years were spent. His pastorates in Missouri were Glasgow, Huntsville, Palmyra, Harrisonville, and Carthage. In Glasgow, an aristocratic old town, he made the acquaintance of practically every one, young and old, in the community, and soon had the church full at every service. He reached the poor people and brought many of them to be members, even if some people took offense that the common people heard him so gladly. In a pastorate of five years at Huntsville, he built a parsonage and did such excellent work in every way that he is looked back to as perhaps "the most successful pastor the church has ever had." While pastor at Huntsville his evangelistic power came into exercise and a great meeting which he held at Palmyra led to his call, some time afterward, to this field. Here, as in Huntsville, he inspired his people to build a parsonage, this one at the cost of some $2,000. While at Palmyra he set out for a European tour, but upon his arrival in England his trip was cut short by the news that his infant son was dead. His devotion to his wife would not allow

him to leave her alone in this great sorrow; he at once turned his face homeward. In 1893, having been five years at Palmyra, Mr. Harris became pastor at Harrisonville. This "thriving town in the richest portion of Missouri," the junction of four large railway systems, offered a fine field for his zeal and energy. One of the members here afterwards said: "Harris was the best pastor I ever saw for seeing after everything and everybody." In Huntsville he had come to be a leader in State mission work and a member of the State Mission Board. In Harrisonville his activity in the young people's work began. The B. Y. P. U. movement was then in its infancy and some of the Harrisonville saints regarded it as a heresy. So, in 1896, he became pastor in Carthage. The rest of his life was spent here. A wonderful development in zinc mining had given Carthage such a great increase in population that the town and all the region around had come to offer a fine field for evangelistic effort. "Harris was just the man to be a sort of general bishop over the whole work." The eyes of the Baptists of all the State were upon him. His church was coming up to a high standard of excellence and his influence was growing when the end came.

In the spring of 1898 symptoms of a fatal disease appeared, but not until about the middle of September did he take his bed. A week or so later he was carried to the Baptist Sanitarium of St. Louis with the hope that an operation might save his life. Upon being told that the end was near, he begged to be taken back to Carthage that he might die in the midst of his own people. This, however, was impossible, and at four o'clock Saturday morning, October 15, 1898, his spirit went to God. His body was buried at Emmaus Church, New Kent County, Virginia; a few years later, however, it was removed to Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond. His wife and one daughter survive him.

EDWARD FARMER DILLARD

An obituary in the Minutes of the General Association for 1899 contains the facts given in this sketch. Edward Farmer Dillard was born in Fluvanna County, January 12, 1865, and at the early age of nine made a profession of religion and was baptized into the fellowship of the Mount Prospect Church. His youth gave evidence of mental vigor and strong Christian character. He felt called to preach and entered Richmond College, where he graduated, with the degree of A. B., in 1892. From Richmond College he went to Rochester Theological Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., where he graduated in 1895. During the vacations of his college and seminary days he helped various pastors in protracted meetings, in which many were added to the Lord. His ordination took place June 25, 1895, at Calvary Baptist Church, Richmond. In the fall of the same year he accepted the charge of the Louisa, Berea, Mount Hermon, and Mine Road Churches. After a pastorate of two years he was compelled to give up active service, as consumption had laid hold on him. After an illness of two years, he passed away November 13, 1898.

About 1672 some Mennonites, fleeing from Roman Catholic persecution, settled in Alsace, above Strassburg on the Rhine. In 1708 they fled to London, and from London to Pennsylvania. British statesmen in the reign of Queen Anne made a systematic effort to induce these Germans to go to England that they might eventually settle in America, and in 1708 and 1709 more than 30,000 Germans went first to England and then to America, where they settled in New York and the Carolinas, but chiefly in Pennsylvania. There was a strong sympathy between these Mennonites and the Quakers. This was but the beginning of a great stream of immigration in which the Palatine peasants were taken down the Rhine to Rotterdam and then shipped to Philadelphia. "The desire to escape from spiritual and temporal despotisms and the chance of acquiring rich lands in a salubrious climate on easy terms drew thousands of immigrants," so that for some years the population of Pennsylvania grew at the rate of a thousand a year and then more rapidly. Among these Germans were two brothers, Ludwig and Martin Bitting. They came from the High Baileywick of Germersheim, on the Rhine, and a part of Alsace, where they had been residents and perhaps founders of a little town called to this day Bittingheim. They were burgomeisters, and arrived, with their passports, in Pennsylvania about 1708-9. They were naturalized in Hanover township, Philadelphia County, Pennsylvania, where each owned about 100 acres of land. They were pious people of devout and estimable character, Protestants, who for the sake of having liberty of conscience had forsaken all they had to escape Roman

Catholic oppression in Europe. Of this stock came Charles Carroll Bitting, whose great-grandfather was the Ludwig Bitting mentioned above. He was born in Philadelphia in March, 1830, his mother being Miss Sarah Bucknell, an English lady, and a sister of William Bucknell for whom Bucknell University is named.

At the age of twenty Mr. Bitting graduated at the Philadelphia Central High School, having three years before this been baptized by Rev. J. L. Burrows into the fellowship of the Broad Street Baptist Church. After having studied at Lewisburg (now Bucknell) and Madison (now Colgate) Universities, he taught in the Tennessee Baptist Female College when it was located in Nashville and after its removal to Murfreesborough. While in this last town he was ordained to the ministry and from here went to Hanover County, Virginia, to become pastor of the Mount Olivet Baptist Church, the next year, 1856, also becoming pastor of the Hopeful Baptist Church in Louisa County. In 1859 he became pastor of the Baptist church in Alexandria. Here were spent the trying years of the Civil War. Many thrilling experiences came to Mr. Bitting in this period. Some of these experiences are described, as follows, by C. C. Bitting's son, Rev. Dr. W. C. Bitting, now pastor of the Second Baptist Church, St. Louis, Mo.:

"His ministry there was very prosperous. A large number of persons were added to the church. The church was in the midst of a revival when Lincoln's Proclamation was issued. Of his experiences during the War a volume might be written. He was one of a number of citizens of that city who declined to take the iron-clad oath after the city was invested by the Federal troops. The Baptist Church building was taken from the church and used for a negro garrison. I personally remember the Sunday morning when a squad of soldiers marched

down the aisle of the church while my father was preaching and the commanding officer ordered him to stop preaching. He was put under arrest that morning. The deacons of the church were assembled in a corner of the room. The commanding officer of the squad made an address to them which he ended by deposing my father from the ministry! This arrest did not amount to much, but he was allowed to go free. A room above an old theater building on Liberty Street in Alexandria was rented and the work still went on. My father and a Catholic priest were the only original pastors left in Alexandria during the War to minister to the people. A very warm friendship between Father Kroes and my father sprang up on account of these facts, and they about divided the religious work in the city between them. All who could get away from Alexandria left and the ministrations of both these ministers were mainly to the poor and humble. During these terrible times he spent the mornings in conducting a school, to which the citizens sent their children. He did not think they should grow up without instruction. In this he was ably assisted by Miss Fannie Gwin, the brilliant and accomplished sister of the Rev. D. W. Gwin.

"His afternoons were spent in visiting the sick and needy, and in going to the hospitals to visit the wounded and sick soldiers of both armies. His services were alike rendered without any discrimination to any human being to whom he could in any way minister. Most often he would take with him to the bedside of the poor fellows some delicacy which the more than busy hands of my mother had prepared out of the grinding poverty of our life at that time. Many hundreds in this way felt the touch of his sympathetic heart and the comforts of the gospel of Jesus Christ and had a little taste of the delicacies of home life prepared by my mother.

"I well remember a second arrest on a bright Sunday morning when he was walking home from service in the Liberty Street Theater. My mother was convalescing from the experiences of maternity and expected that day to be present at the dinner table as a pleasant surprise to my father. He was walking on the street, and Mrs. Bayne had hold of his right arm. I was immediately behind them. I noticed a squad of Union soldiers drawn up on the opposite side of the street. The officer in charge walked across the street and told my father that he was under arrest. He was taken to a dwelling, used as a prison, where he found fifteen or twenty other citizens arrested likewise. The effort on the part of the military authorities was to force every citizen to take the Oath of Allegiance to the United States Government. For two months he was kept in this prison. The prisoners were divided into two parties and every other day were given a ride on the railroad in the direction of Orange Court-House, Virginia, with the hope that the presence of these well-known sympathizers with the Southern cause would prevent the destruction of the train by Mosby's men. In the last two or three trips my father was compelled all day long to ride upon the cow-catcher of the locomotive.

"The arrest of my father was the cause of a severe relapse in the illness of my mother, and she hovered between life and death for many days. When the illness seemed certain to end in death, as the oldest child, I was dressed in the best rags I had and taken to the office of the Provost-Marshal, and as a child on my knees I begged him to allow my father to come home to be present at the death of my mother. He granted permission for him to visit my mother for two hours. A Union soldier was placed at the bedroom door. Promptly at the end of those two hours, without knocking, he entered the room

and took my father from his knees beside my mother back to the prison. Of course, the tenderness and painfulness of the experience can better be imagined than described. Thanks to the kindness of our heavenly Father my mother's life was spared.

"It was my duty as a little boy every other day to take to my father in the prison his evening meal. My impressions of these journeys are very vivid, and I can still almost feel in my hand the wire handle of the tin bucket in which I carried to him the scanty food which the kindness of devoted friends could gather out of their poverty. One evening I was startled on my way down to meet him alone on the street. And it was some time before my childish mind could realize that my father was free. He had not taken the oath. I keenly remember the joy of my parents as they met that afternoon. My mother was still in bed, but was convalescing. Early the next morning my father started out with me to market. I had a small wheelbarrow, which I insisted upon taking to bring home what could be bought. With the joy of a boy, about seven o'clock in the morning, I went out the front door of our home. I saw hanging to the door knob a big black rag. I called my father's attention to it. I shall never forget the whiteness of his face and the indignation with which he tore this crape from the door knob, took it to the middle of the street, put it in a small puddle of water which remained from a shower the night before and trampled on it. Evidently the crape had been tied to the door knob by some miscreant early in the evening. The whole town knew of the serious illness of my mother. Her obituary had been prepared. When the crape was seen upon the door, my mother's obituary was promptly printed in the *Alexandria Gazette*. It was about eleven o'clock in the day before the many sympathizing people allowed my father to return to his home.

"He was sometimes in receipt of notes asking him to call upon persons who were ill. These came about dark. He promptly answered these calls, only to find that the notes were forgeries and the persons named in the notes were perfectly well. On several occasions, while passing alleys and dark places, he was shot at.

"One morning about eight o'clock he received notice to be at a certain dock to take a steamboat. One hundred pounds of baggage were allowed for the whole family, consisting of the parents, three little boys and a baby sister. Arriving at the steamer, he was carefully searched for papers, and even the lunch was examined for the same. Sandwiches and boiled eggs were broken open. It was the purpose of the authorities to deport the family. At four o'clock a message came countermanding the order for deportation, and we were told to return to the home. Absolutely everything in the home had been taken away. Every piece of furniture, every book and every chip, and the house was as naked as if it had never been occupied. It was then realized that the ruse of the deportation was simply a device for confiscation.

"All these things went on for several years, during which time my father carefully abstained from any public allusion to the War and devoted himself entirely to ministerial services of the purest and most spiritual sort.

"I well remember an incident which will illustrate the extreme poverty in which we lived. Our breakfast one morning consisted of a tumbler half full of black molasses and the crusts of bread left over from the day before. The three little boys greedily devoured this repast. The parents looked on and helped the children to make the best of the feast. After breakfast we had our family worship, and my father, as we knelt, put one arm around me, and my mother took in her arms my two younger brothers, and in just such words as I would have

used to my father he told the heavenly Father about the family situation and the need for food. About eleven o'clock that morning a couple came in to be married and gave the minister a five-dollar gold piece. This was always regarded as a direct answer to prayer.

"About one o'clock in the morning one day a horse stopped under my father's bedroom window. Of course, with such experiences as he was having he slept lightly. He arose, looked out of the window, heard his name called, and was told to come down to the front door immediately. He hastily dressed and went down. Upon opening the door there came in a man with a heavy United States Army overcoat and with his features covered by a muffler. In the dim light of the hall the two men met. The visitor asked my father if he were a Mason. The two men proved to each other's satisfaction that they were Masons. He then threw aside his overcoat and disclosed the uniform of a general in the United States Army and said to my father: 'You may go back and go to bed. You have never officiated at a service of public worship, or at a funeral, or in any other public capacity since the War began when we have not had a spy present. We have been waiting for just one public expression in prayer or speech which betrayed your interest in the success of the Southern Army. If you had uttered this, you would have been imprisoned in the old capitol in Washington, where a cell had been waiting for you all this time. If you continue to be as discreet as you have been, and if this War shall last twenty years and I should retain the position I now have, you will never be annoyed again." The General had come all the way from Washington on horseback, after hearing at six o'clock in the evening of the day before that my father was a Mason. My father asked him his name, which was refused. He asked to see his face. This request

was also declined. He asked for some clew by which he could identify the man. This likewise was refused. Out into the night the benefactor went. From that day to this we have never been able to learn anything whatever which would help us to discover the kind-hearted man. All annoyance ceased, and during the rest of the War my father was allowed to pursue his calling without annoyance."

Mrs. Eliza S. Childs, for many years Lady Principal at Hollins Institute, who was a member of Dr. Bitting's church in Alexandria, wrote out reminiscences of this period of Dr. Bitting's life. She gives the name of the steamer on which her pastor and a number of other citizens were placed, as they thought, to be carried from their homes, as the "Sylvan Shore"; this is probably the occasion to which allusion is made above. She also tells of how one couple, since Dr. Bitting was not allowed to perform the marriage ceremony, was sent by him to Dr. Richard Fuller in Baltimore. When he was handed a $50 note as the "fee," he sent it back to Dr. Bitting, saying it rightly belonged to him.

In 1866, Mr. Bitting became Secretary of the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, located at Greenville, S. C. When the Board was moved to Memphis he became pastor of the Baptist Church in Lynchburg. The church was weak and without great influence in the community. Mr. Bitting took hold of the work with his usual zeal. The congregation was irregular and slow in coming to the services. The new pastor announced that he intended to begin promptly at the hour agreed upon. One night when the time came for the prayer-meeting no one was present save the pastor and his wife. She ventured to suggest at eight o'clock that no one was present save themselves. His answer was: "It is time to begin." They two sang a hymn.

Then he led in prayer. While they were singing a second hymn a few persons came in and were surprised to find the meeting in progress with no one present save the pastor and his wife. A few more lessons like this brought the people to greater promptness. Interest began to revive and the congregations to grow. Baptisms occurred. Upon entering the baptistery Mr. Bitting would read passages from the New Testament bearing on baptism, without any comment. Upon concluding this reading he would say: "This is God's word, not mine." Persons in other denominations began to study the question of baptism. When they called to see him he would give the inquirer a copy of the New Testament with the passages on baptism marked. A number of these persons united with the Baptist Church. Interest increased, the church was greatly stirred, and the pastor began to hold services from night to night. Rev. A. B. Earle, an able evangelist, preached for a few nights. All classes attended. Meetings began in other churches. Rev. Dr. Burrows helped for a week. The meeting-house could not hold the crowds. For three months the services went on. The pastor would decide to close the services, but deepening interest would make this impossible. With eloquence and power the pastor preached on from night to night. Some days he was so busy looking after inquirers and doing pastoral work that on his way to the church he would say to his wife: "What shall I talk about this evening? I have not had time to think of a single thing to-day." For weeks, before breakfast was over, his doorbell would ring and there would be inquirers to talk with him and others asking him to go and see their friends. The work went on, the meetings being calm and quiet, earnest instruction being given. Additions were constant, and one Sabbath morning 162 persons were received into the fellowship of the church. Mr.

Bitting always regarded Lynchburg as his most successful pastorate and looked back to this wonderful meeting with great joy and inspiration.

In 1871 Dr. Bitting became Secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society for the Southern States, with his headquarters in Richmond, Virginia, but after holding this position for a short time, he accepted a call to the Second Baptist Church of that city. During his pastorate in Richmond he was Statistical Secretary of the Virginia Baptist General Association and Chairman of the Memorial Committee. This committee had as its object the raising of $300,000 for the endowment of Richmond College. This committee, consisting of C. C. Bitting, A. E. Dickinson, W. E. Hatcher, J. C. Long, G. B. Taylor, C. H. Ryland, W. D. Thomas, and Thomas Hume, Jr., was appointed in Staunton, did their work well, and, notwithstanding the financial panic, secured a large part of the proposed sum. Dr. Bitting's leadership had no little to do with the success of this movement. While pastor in Richmond, Dr. Bitting, thanks to the liberality of his uncle, Mr. William Bucknell, was able to take a trip to Europe and Palestine. Three of his fellow-travelers, Miss Lucie Jones, Miss Bucknell, and Mr. William Lawson, were baptized by him in the River Jordan at the traditional place of our Saviour's baptism. From Richmond, Dr. Bitting went to Baltimore to become pastor of the Franklin Square Baptist Church. He began his work here in September, 1876, and remained on this field for some seven years.

Dr. Bitting was an ardent and painstaking student of Baptist history. While in Richmond he had written a pamphlet on the "Baptists and Religious Liberty" that had had wide circulation. While in Baltimore he made a careful investigation of Bible translation and the attitude of various agencies for this work to the general

question. As a result of this investigation, he published a pamphlet, entitled "Bible Societies and the Baptists." The denomination, after having done their Bible work for years first through the American and Foreign Bible Society and then through this organization and the American Bible Union, finally held at Saratoga, in 1883, a great conference on Bible translation and publication. One result of this meeting was the committing of all this work to the American Baptist Publication Society. This Society elected Dr. Bitting as its Bible secretary, and in this relationship he worked until a year before his death.

Dr. Bitting was a man of active mind, genial heart and warm sympathies. He gloried in the fellowship of his brethren in the ministry and delighted in the intercourse of the social circle. There was sunshine in his face and smile, and he carried with him an atmosphere of enthusiasm. He was cordial and open in his manner, believing in expression rather than repression of one's affection. Many a young man was helped by his hearty sympathy. As has already appeared, he was a member of the Masonic order; in this society he rose to high rank. In his home splendid enthusiasm and high ideals obtained. Of his seven children, six grew up to manhood and womanhood, and each of these six received at the hands of their parents the best opportunities for college and professional education. "His preaching was after the manner of his time. He was oratorical in style, and yet calm and deliberate unless his whole soul was aflame by the message which he had. He often rose to great heights of power." A lady and gentleman who heard him preach in Murfreesborough when his ministry was just commencing, sixty-five years afterwards were able to remember particular sermons that had made a deep impression on them as children. Dr. Bitting died at 8:55 A. M., December 24, 1898.

WILLIAM AYLETT WHITESCARVER

"They tell us of Saint Paul and Saint John. *I know Saint William.*" Dr. John A. Broadus was speaking of his University roommate and brother-in-law, William Whitescarver. There are degrees of goodness. Despite the "Acta Sanctorum," true saints are rare and should have special distinction in our annals.

William Aylett Whitescarver was born in what was then Culpeper County, Virginia, but is now a part of Rappahannock County, September 26, 1816. He was the seventh child and sixth son. Their father was Frederick Whitescarver. He and two brothers, Cornelius and Robert, were sons of a German who bought one thousand acres of land in Culpeper and established himself and his sons in comfortable farms. The mother was a Browning, daughter of a worthy captain in the Revolutionary Army, and granddaughter of General Strother of the same line. President Zachary Taylor was her first cousin. Frederick's brothers, Robert and Cornelius, removed to Kentucky in 1820.

William Whitescarver's preparatory education was gained in country schools, amongst them a high school conducted by Thomas Holtzman at Mount Salem. He was a teacher in his own neighborhood for one year. Early in life he was baptized on profession of his faith by Dr. William F. Broaddus at Mount Salem Church. We find him a student at Rector College, West Virginia, from which he passed to the University of Virginia, where, though he did not remain long enough for a degree course, he did good work, appropriating its scholarly methods and its best inspirations. Here he had the privi-

lege of close association with John A. Broadus and his sympathy in studies and in the work of the ministry, which both of them had just entered. A brief experience of teaching in Clarke County was followed by pastoral service at Mountain Plain Church, Albemarle County. Meanwhile he had the good fortune of marrying Catherine Broadus, eldest sister of his friend. This happy union was broken by the early death of the wife and their only child.

In 1852 he was called to the Fork Church of Fluvanna County, whose foundations had been laid as far back as 1774, and in that garden of the Lord filled seventeen years with fruitful service. His marriage with Miss Sally A. Perkins, daughter of one of the most prosperous and highly respected citizens, increased his pastoral usefulness. A deep spiritual knowledge of the Scriptures and thoughtful reading, especially of devotional literature, qualified her for intelligent sympathy with the man and the preacher, and for several years she was an active inspiration and ally. His quiet dignity was fortified by studious method. He suggested a pastor's class for Bible study to be held during the week and old and young entering it heartily received the permanent stamp of his own character and work. He kept the balance between visitation of the flock and preparation for the pulpit. An accomplished gentleman, now one of the veterans of the church, says: "He was of inestimable service to me in my Latin and in his religious instructions, and I recall him during the four years he was an inmate of my father's family with his fine courtesy and gentle firmness." You did not hear of his eloquence. There was never a hint of sensation, but continual suggestion of the convincing power of truth, supplemented by the righteous life of the pastor. He had his earnest convictions and knew how to affirm them from the pulpit, but his

walk with God, his reasoning from the inspired page, his assertion of the Spirit's call and of the unquestioning response which duty required led many souls to Christ, and the intelligent community clustered about Fork Union, representing many religious denominations, united in acknowledging that both sweetness and light radiated from him with compelling power. Rev. Dr. George White, of the Presbyterian Church, wrought with him in revival sevices in close fellowship. According to the report of a very interesting lady, Rev. Richard Mason, the lovely Episcopal rector, Bishop John's son-in-law, made vigorous protest against his resignation of the seventeen-year-long pastorate and declared that his going meant the loss of an incalculable spiritual force. Mr. John Randolph Bryan, a distinguished vestryman, described him as "a Christian and a man you could pin your faith to." The hospitable Baptists gave the Episcopalians the privilege of holding regular service in their comfortable house of worship and both their congregations sat alternately under pastor and rector. Without abatement of conviction or of faithfulness to truth, they cultivated Christian unity of spirit. Mr. Whitescarver's church grew and prospered. His own home was blessed by the coming of two children before the shadow of a long invalidism settled upon his wife.

The services and work of the Fork Church had been maintained during the Civil War with some regularity. The desolating flood of battle had scarcely reached its comparative seclusion, but, like all Virginia, it felt the loss of men and resources. While the pastor counted the years of his happy experience he felt that a new worker might give fresh inspiration to the flock and strengthen the things that remained. Thus, when in 1869 the Virginia State Mission Board invited him to revive our feeble interest in Harrisonburg, it seemed to him the call of

duty to leave the old sacred associations. Perchance the wife might rally in the change of climate and the children might have wider educational advantages at the transition period of their career. It was an interesting but very difficult field. Mr. Whitescarver's Harrisonburg pastorate continued for eight years. Until recently, eighteen months was the average length of a pastorate there. Mount Crawford and Bridgewater Churches, in Rockingham County, united with Harrisonburg in this field. Two years before, in 1867, the Harrisonburg Church was organized by Rev. Joseph Chambliss with sixteen members. Mr. J. C. Staples was the one male working force for many years and remains to rejoice in the strong additions to the membership within the last three years. All manner of religious denominations flourished in the surrounding country. The German Baptists, or Dunkards, were strong in rural neighborhoods, and Primitive or Old School Baptists were still in evidence. There were a few outcroppings of our regular or missionary Baptists. In the town itself Presbyterians and Methodists had numbers and weight; there was a Lutheran church and the Episcopalians were strengthening their stakes under earnest rectors. With his brave handful of believers, the new pastor must move on very different lines from those of the well-organized work in Fluvanna. It was necessary to labor and to wait, to take a hard-won salary and go forth "without fear and with a manly heart." It is the old story of one or two faithful men pressed by business duties and a few self-denying women burdened by domestic cares, fighting their way inch by inch to a higher ground and a wider outlook. Mr. Whitescarver secured a house of worship by the purchase of an old Presbyterian church and raised part of the money. Rev. J. F. Kemper, who followed him with effective work, showed his executive ability in completing the payment.

For eight years Mr. Whitescarver did his faithful service in Harrisonburg. He had stood for Christian character and genuine personal religion and the cause felt the impulse of his consecrating influence. An Episcopal neighbor was wont to say: "I saw him as one descending from the mount of vision and bringing in his very presence a gracious benediction." The virtues, the graces, the Christian life of the pastor's household are still the theme of grateful recollection in Harrisonburg. The savor of his good name has comforted the people who have held up a wavering standard until they have planted it on firmer ground and are beginning to see the promise of a brighter day.

In 1877, Mr. Whitescarver accepted the appointment of the State Board to a community not unlike Harrisonburg in its constituency and in the relation of the Baptists to it—a difficult town pastorate with few members helped by an older and promising country church.

Waynesboro, in Augusta County, is beautiful for situation, the center of a rich farming and grazing country and of a sturdy and worthy people. This region had also its diversified religious complexion, in which Baptists were not conspicuous. In the town the Methodists were already reaping the fruits of the zeal and devotion of active leaders. The Baptists were few and weak. There were no other organized churches except the Presbyterians, a stalwart body, at the front of religious movements. The country roundabout was studded with stone or brick Presbyterian churches and their nearby manses. the homes from generation to generation of theologians, scholars, able preachers of the gospel, like the Dabneys, the Stricklers, the Prestons, the Handys, the Smiths—heroic spirits who passed from these haunts of peace to seminary professorships and great city pastorates. Neat Lutheran churches and parsonages indicated the progress

of their people. The United Brethren and the Dunkards had large followings and well-sustained services with striking annual convocations and feasts. The German Reformed and other societies appeared in this variegated denominational life. It required deep conviction and earnest purpose to keep aloft the unfamiliar Baptist standard. At Staunton, twelve miles distant, and in some rural neighborhoods there were promising churches. Dr. George B. Taylor, our Staunton pastor, pressed by the claims of his own field, yet gave of his wisdom in comforting, visitation and services to the Waynesboro Church. It was in 1873 that the church was regularly constituted, Dr. Charles Manly presiding at the meeting. Rev. John H. Taylor became the efficient pastoral supply twice a month. From the other side of the Blue Ridge the old Hillsboro Church of Albemarle County united with Waynesboro and added its hopeful note to the call, each church being supplied with preaching twice a month. The almost inaccessible location and unattractive church building did not warn the people away from the Waynesboro services and the little contingent took fresh heart of grace, while the good Piedmont church rallied well to the pastor. But the critical illness of his wife seemed to turn to a fatal issue, and in 1878 his son-in-law, Dr. Thomas Hume, resigning his Norfolk charge, came to Mr. Whitescarver's relief as substitute pastor and served both his churches for nearly a year. A revival at Hillsboro resulted in large additions to that church. The Waynesboro congregations grew apace. Its services were multiplied and the community outside the pale of our church began to take interest in it. The unselfish pastor and his working substitute determined to exhort the brethren to seek the aid of the State Mission Board in maintaining every-Sunday services, and Dr. Hume had the satisfaction of presenting to the Board and the church

Rev. Henry Grady Ferguson. The courage of their convictions was justified by the success that attended his self-denying labors and that was crowned at last by the more efficient organization and the beautiful church edifice.

Hillsboro still claimed Mr. Whitescarver's labors and he gave some pastoral service to Goshen in Augusta County. Handicapped by illness in his family, he preached when he could the gospel he loved so well, but accepted with serene patience the double cross laid on him. When he had passed his eightieth year he could not be restrained from activities which would have taxed younger strength. The path of the just shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. It was not until his eighty-fourth year, in 1899, that he "fell on sleep," having scarcely rested from the passion of devoted service to the beloved invalid who survived him. "The end of that man was peace," an abundant entrance his into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Thomas Hume, Jr.

ASA ROUTH

On March 10, 1899, the earthly career of Asa Routh, a veteran minister, came to an end at Piney Flats, Tennessee. He was born in Clinch Valley, Grainger County, Tennessee, July 23, 1818, his mother being of Irish extraction and his father of Welsh descent. Welsh fire and Irish humor flashed in the small black eyes of this man of God. He was especially gifted as an evangelist. During his ministry of some fifty years he led to the Saviour over 5,000 persons, of which number he baptized 3,000 into the fellowship of Baptist churches. His early opportunities for an education were limited, but he did the best he could with his chance and was well versed in the Bible. In 1846 he was licensed by the Puncheon Camp Church (Grainger County) and a little later ordained by the same body, James Greenlee and Daniel P. Morris being the presbytery. He served as pastor the following churches: Elm Spring, Puncheon Camp, Buffalo, Little Sycamore, Tazewell, Rob Camp, Independence, Blountville, Holston Valley, Bluff City, Bethel, Johnson City, Old Union, Boon's Creek, Fordtown, Buco Grove, Chalybeate Spring, Liberty, Friendship, in Tennessee; and in Virginia, Clear Spring, Wallace, Castle's Woods, Sulphur Springs, Independence, Bethel, Oak Grove, Mendota, and Lebanon.

He came to Virginia in 1860, settling at Lebanon. Here, as a missionary pastor, first under the Virginia State Mission Board, and then under the Home Mission Society of New York, he labored for many years. Part of this time his salary was only $300. His family was a large one. Upon one occasion a stranger spent Saturday

night at Mr. Routh's home, and the next morning, seeing the whole family gathered, asked who was the superintendent of the Sunday school. The preacher answered: "I am." Little wonder that the visitor thought it was a Sunday school—there were twenty-nine children. With such a family doubtless the gift of thirteen jacket-patterns of home-spun check cotton and turkey red was most acceptable. His wife made him one or two jackets from the turkey red patterns and thought of putting some of the others together into a pair of pants so that the sisters of the "Dutch Settlement" might see that their pastor needed something besides jacket-patterns.

He conducted many meetings in which there were scores and hundreds of conversions. In a meeting at Buffalo in which there were 112 conversions and 99 approved for baptism, he facetiously remarked that if a right respectable hypocrite had offered to join he might have been tempted to receive him in order to make an even hundred. Once Mr. Routh, with Elder W. A. Keen to help him, went to hold a meeting at a place as wicked as its name, Sodom, would suggest. Other attempts at a meeting at this place had failed. There was wealth, but great wickedness. The meeting was a powerful one, resulting in the weakening of the whiskey trade and in the establishment of a church of eighty members.

ROBERT RYLAND

Robert Ryland, the son of Samuel and Catharine Peachey Ryland, was born March 14, 1805, at "Farmington," King and Queen County, Virginia. Most of the material in this sketch is taken from articles and addresses by Dr. Ryland.

Of his home life, he says: "In my father's family morning and evening worship, consisting of reading, singing, and prayer, was from my early infancy a uniform habit. It was also his constant practice to attend public worship with all his family when his church was open. His house was the common resort for preachers, whose discourse in the private circle often turned upon spiritual topics. Never has a ripple of discord disturbed the placid wave of his domestic life." His father had the record of missing the Saturday church meeting but once in fifty years, then on account of severe illness.

In his sixteenth year he was deeply concerned religiously and made up his mind to become a Christian. The preaching of the day dwelt much on overwhelming conviction of sin and sudden conversion. This being lacking in his case, it was three years before he united with the church and was baptized. "For two years my constant prayer was to see my condition in its true light and to feel the horrors of a guilty conscience driving me almost to despair. In other words, I mourned because I could not mourn." Finally becoming convinced that the Spirit of God worked differently in different cases, he united with the church and was baptized in August, 1824.

On December 23, 1826, he graduated from Columbian College and entered the ministry as his life work. "My call to the ministry has been devoid of that 'necessity' of

which Paul speaks and to which the old preachers often alluded. When I began to cherish the hope of divine mercy the thought of preaching occurred to me and I shook it off as a vile presumption. It came back again and again as affording the highest and holiest pleasure if I were only fit for the work, but I could not venture. . . . I concluded to give myself to study so as to qualify myself as far as possible for the ministry, to make it the subject of constant prayer for divine guidance, and to submit the final question of my life work to the decision of the church and the rulings of Providence. Thus I was led into the work of preaching without a sudden and full persuasion that the call was a definite work of the Holy Spirit. . . . Except for a painful consciousness of unfitness which has followed me in every step of my pilgrimage and sometimes well-nigh overwhelmed me, I have enjoyed supreme pleasure in preaching the gospel. . . . I would to-day rather be the humble pastor of an appreciative and progressive gospel church than to wear the brightest diadem that ever sparkled on a monarch's brow." This quotation is taken from an article written in his eighty-fifth year.

His first pastorate was a Baptist church of nineteen members in Lynchburg, Virginia, formed by a split in the First Church, "whose house, unsightly and uncommodious, was located on the extreme western verge of the town as far off from the residents as it could possibly get." Those nineteen members were worshiping in the Masonic Hall by courtesy of that brotherhood. With the exception of one family, they were poor people, and the Baptist cause in Lynchburg was far from flourishing.

Dr. Ryland reached Lynchburg in May, 1827, after a four-day horseback ride from his home in King and Queen County. His first sermon was preached from the

words: "For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified," in the old Masonic Hall to an audience which, "sitting around on the edge of the room and leaning against the walls, left the middle space a blank. A slight survey of the situation brought to his mind a single ray of hope that the only change that could *possibly occur* would be for the better." "The only thing said about salary, and that was not put on record, was that Mr. and Mrs. Hollins were to furnish him a home, including everything, and the other eighteen his wardrobe." The total amount of money received for his five years of service was $500.00. "In the midsummer of 1827 it became manifest that God was among the little band of nineteen. Without the aid of an evangelist or revivalist or a protracted meeting (these things were not known in that day), a solemn stillness came over them when they convened for worship, the congregations increased, prayer-meetings began to be held every night in private homes, the songs became more tender, the petitions more earnest, and the Christians more faithful, and without manipulations sinners were heard to sob and cry for mercy. Early in August the pastor baptized his first convert."

During his remaining service in Lynchburg he baptized every month, except one, a few converts, ranging from one to six, and aggregating about thirty each year, and just one hundred and fifty in the five years. He resigned in June, 1832, to take charge of the Virginia Baptist Seminary, leaving a church of one hundred and twenty members in a comfortable and respectable house. This church is now the First Baptist Church of Lynchburg. These quotations are taken from an address delivered at the dedication of the new church September 12, 1886.

The first of July, 1832, Robert Ryland took charge of the Virginia Baptist Seminary (it was chartered in 1840

as Richmond College) on the newly purchased Spring Farm, near Richmond, and on the fourth of July this institution was opened with nine students. A quotation from a letter written by Dr. Ryland soon after taking charge of the Seminary gives a glimpse of its work. "Our internal regulations are these: The bell rings at half-past four to wake the students, at five to call them to worship, at six for breakfast, at seven for recitation, at ten for recitation, at one for dinner, at half-past two for recitation, at half-past three for manual labor, at half-past six for evening worship, and, when this is done, for tea. These hours, of course, will be regulated with the seasons. The time appropriated for study is as long as in most of our colleges, but the hours they use for recreation we appropriate to useful labor." All the students at this time were ministerial students, and it was expected that in this way they would be able to defray a part if not all of the expenses.

In an address delivered before the College in 1890, Dr. Ryland says: "One of the most useful and inexpensive methods of instruction adopted was that at our meals questions were proposed that would turn the conversation into channels of usefulness. The boys, like most other youths that enter our academies, were painfully deficient in orthography. Words were, therefore, given out to be spelled and passed around until all had mastered them, never to be forgotten. It was here that I first heard phonetic spelling practically illustrated. One of the boys, who afterwards became somewhat distinguished for literary attainments, told me that up to that time he had never known that there was or ought to be more than one way to spell a word, and that was the shortest. From spelling we advanced to orthoepy, to grammar, to etymology, to history, and even to simple Bible exegesis. These were our table talks."

In 1834 the Trustees purchased "Columbia," the property of Mrs. Clara Haxall, and moved to its present location. Subsequent purchases gave the College a campus approximately bound by Broad, Franklin, Lombardy, and Ryland Streets. In 1849 the first commencement was held and diplomas granted to two graduates, P. S. Henson and Josiah Ryland.

In 1866, Dr. Ryland resigned the presidency of the College, after thirty-four years of service, during which the College had grown from its humble beginning as a Seminary at Spring Farm, with one teacher, to a worthy college. "The endowment had reached $100,000.00 at the opening of the War, and was, with the tuition fees, supporting moderately a faculty of six professors and one tutor, the number of students averaging about one hundred and twenty. The War, *bellum horrendum,* suspended our operations, scattered the pupils, threw the teachers out of employment, ruined the library and apparatus, defaced the buildings, and destroyed most of the endowment.

"On reviewing the early history of our educational efforts, I must say that for the amount of money expended, for the number of instructors employed, and for the modest outlay in buildings, up to the beginning of the Civil War, the Education Society and its successor, the Education Board, were most efficient factors in the improvement of our ministry, in the advancement of the Baptist cause, and in the general culture of the rising generation. Statistics will show about two hundred and forty young ministers, educated up to the point of usefulness, a respectable portion of them and of other young men graduated, and a large number encouraged in elementary studies."

At the time of his resignation, the College had just come through the devastation of the Civil War and he

felt that its rehabilitation could be more wisely entrusted to other hands. These quotations are from an address delivered at the College by Dr. Ryland at the commencement in 1890.

One of the notable services which Dr. Ryland rendered at this time was his work as pastor of the First African Church. About the year 1838 the First Baptist Church in Richmond found that its building was inadequate and poorly located and that the mixed congregation, white and colored, prevented the most effectual work. A new building was, therefore, erected on the present site and the old church was turned over to the negroes. The Virginia law forbade a negro church unless there was a white minister, and Dr. Ryland agreed to take charge of the church, because, among other reasons, "since the passage of the law by the Virginia Legislature forbidding all colored preachers to minister to their people in divine things, he felt that all the ministers of Christ, and especially those of his own denomination, were called on to put forth new efforts to evangelize the people of color." "He entered this field on the first Sunday in October, 1841, and was cordially received by the whole congregation. A revised list of the actual members contained about one thousand. The thirty deacons who constituted the ruling element of the church were an intelligent, godly, and respectable body of men. He verily believed that in all their religious convocations they each and every one had at heart their own spiritual culture, the salvation of their people, the peace and order of society, and the glory of God." "In his preaching he sought to be instructive rather than pathetic, to dwell on the distinctive doctrines and precepts of Christianity, rather than on its metaphysical refinements, and to preach *out of* their minds their dreams and fancies, their visions and revelations, and all their long-cherished superstitions, and

to preach *into* their minds a knowledge of the great facts of their religion and its consequent doctrine, obligations, and privileges." One illustration will indicate the effectiveness of his work. "An intelligent looking man, whose name I did not know, came to me at the close of the meeting one day and said with evident concern: 'Brother Ryland, you have preached away nearly all my religion. What is left is hanging by a thread.' 'What is that thread?' I inquired. 'Jesus Christ died to save sinners. They must trust alone in Him,' he answered. 'Well, that thread,' said I, with a smile, 'is strong enough to hold you up!'" "He wrote a catechism of fifty-two lessons for the benefit of the entire congregation. The questions were so formed as to require the answer 'Yes' or 'No,' and a passage of Scripture was then quoted to prove the answer. It is believed that much good resulted from memorizing at least one proof text on the various topics introduced into the lessons." Forty years after his resignation a Northern worker among the colored population in Richmond said she found the older people surprisingly well versed in Scripture knowledge. She asked the reason, and one of them replied: "Dr. Ryland taught us."

In 1865, Dr. Ryland resigned his pastorate, feeling that the emancipated negro would prefer a member of his own race as pastor. "From October 1, 1841, to July 1, 1865, the additions by baptism to the First African Church numbered 3,832. . . . It was thought best to discourage a *hasty profession of religion among them.* An applicant for admission was required to bring testimonials of good or improving character. Had the persuasive instead of the restraining policy been pursued the number of baptisms might easily have been doubled. It seemed very important to impress, especially the younger candidates, with a deep sense of the fearful guilt of *trifling with their souls and with their God.*" These

quotations are taken from an address by Dr. Ryland at the Centennial of the First Baptist Church in 1880.

After resigning the presidency of Richmond College, in 1866, Dr. Ryland was connected with other educational institutions. For two years he taught at the Woman's College. He moved to Kentucky in 1868 to accept the presidency of the Shelbyville Female College. Afterwards, he held similar positions at New Castle and Lexington, at the same time serving as pastor of various country or village churches. In 1893 he became chaplain of the Southwest Virginia Institute at Bristol, where he served for four years. During all these years Dr. Ryland loved to preach and did so whenever possible.

He died in Lexington, Ky., April 23, 1899. His funeral was conducted from the Chapel of Richmond College and he was buried in the College lot in Hollywood. On the walls of Ryland Hall at Richmond College is a tablet with this inscription:

Robert Ryland, A. M., D. D.
1805-1899
President of the Virginia Baptist Seminary
President and Professor of Moral Philosophy
Richmond College
1832-1866.
Eminent in mind and character, efficient in office, and faithful to every trust. The Trustees dedicate this building to the memory of his tireless energy and successful devotion to Christian Education.

The monument which the Trustees erected over his grave in Hollywood bears this inscription:

Robert Ryland, A. M., D. D.
1805-1899
President of the Virginia Baptist Seminary and of Richmond College, 1832-1866. Erected by the Trustees of the College in memory of his efficient and devoted service to Christian Education.

Ryland Knight.

DAVID C. RITTENHOUSE

David C. Rittenhouse was born October 13, 1821. His parents were Henry T. and Martha Turner Rittenhouse, and he was one of nine children. He was converted in early life and baptized into the fellowship of the Mount Shiloh Baptist Church, Nelson County, by Rev. Charles Wingfield. He was a student at Richmond College when Dr. Robert Ryland was president. He never forgot his *alma mater,* and "affectionately remembered her in substantial gifts." Upon leaving college he went to the mountains of Albemarle and the surrounding counties as missionary and colporteur. Baptists at that time were not numerous in this section and he preached and scattered literature as he went. On April 27, 1857, he was married to Miss S. E. Brown of his own county.

Mr. Rittenhouse was a preacher of the old type. He united the work of farmer and preacher. He was the beloved pastor of Mt. Liberty Baptist Church, Albemarle County, for forty years, and in the closing years of his life built two churches, one near Covesville and the other, Ariel, in the lower part of Nelson. The former of these churches was on his own farm and especially the object of his love. He was in comfortable circumstances and given to liberality. At one time it was his custom to contribute $5 towards every Baptist meeting-house in Virginia of whose erection he heard, but towards the end of his life these new churches were so numerous that he had to reduce his gift from five dollars to one. His piety, faithfulness, devotion, his courage, his candor, his unassuming ways, combined to make him a good neighbor and a useful man and minister. He died, after an illness of some eight months, on May 2, 1899, at his home in Albemarle, being survived by his wife and his daughter, who was the wife of Rev. J. H. Wright.

MILTON ROBERT GRIMSLEY

Milton Robert Grimsley, the son of Rev. A. M. Grimsley, and the nephew of Rev. Barnett Grimsley, was born March 31, 1854, near Boston, Culpeper County, Virginia. In October, 1874, he made a profession of religion at Mount Lebanon Church, Rappahannock County, and was baptized by Rev. Silas Bruce. In the fall of 1880 he became a colporteur of the Sunday School and Bible Board. In two years, his territory being the counties of Culpeper, Rappahannock and Madison, he traveled, mostly on foot, 3,200 miles and visited 2,500 families. In 1881 Mount Lebanon Church licensed him, and in October, 1882, he entered Crozer Theological Seminary. He received his certificate from this institution in 1885 and after his death, Dr. H. G. Weston, the president, said of him: "He was a diligent and faithful student, sustained an excellent reputation, was greatly esteemed and appreciated, and has left a cherished memory." While still a student at Crozer, on July 1883, he was ordained at Mt. Lebanon, the presbytery consisting of Luther R. Steele, A. M. Grimsley, S. M. Athey and J. N. Doffermyer.

He became the pastor of Mt. Lebanon, and served it, with Slate Mills, for ten years. From 1884 to the time of his death he was pastor of Jeffersonton Church, Culpeper County, and from 1888 till his death was pastor of Amissville Church, Rappahannock County. Upon the death of his father in April, 1894, Milton succeeded him in the pastorate of the Orlean Church, Fauquier County. So this flock was ministered to for a quarter of a century by sire and son. He labored much in protracted meetings with churches of the Shiloh and Potomac Associations,

having great success in this field of effort. While remarkably fitted for evangelistic service, the pastorate had for him the stronger charm and power. "He possessed a voice of exquisite sweetness, and in manner he was as gentle as a woman. His preaching was tender and winning." In April, 1899, he was smitten with typhoid fever, and on June 9th he passed to his eternal reward.

JOHN S. GLASS

Rev. Dr. W. J. Shipman, who visited John S. Glass in his last illness, pays a beautiful tribute to him in the obituary notice that appeared in the Minutes of the General Association for 1899. This sketch is based on that obituary. On July 23, 1899, when John S. Glass passed away, he lacked only two days of reaching eighty years. For fifty-five years he had testified in the Riceville neighborhood, the community where he had been reared, for Jesus his Saviour. For half a century he was a minister of the gospel. In early manhood he gave his heart to God and was baptized into the fellowship of the Riceville Baptist Church, a church organized in 1798 and a member of the Roanoke Association. "His changed life, his loyalty to Christ, and his Christian walk gave an influence for the power of Christianity which led many to Christ." Much of his work was in destitute sections. All of his churches were in the Roanoke Association. He was pastor of Edge Hill about thirteen years, of Mulberry about ten, and of New Prospect, Swan Creek, Reed Creek, and County Line, for shorter periods. He was a valuable citizen, much respected by young and old, and his advice, on important questions, was often sought. He was married three times. Six children of his first wife survived him, and also his last wife. He was laid to rest near his home, in the cemetery of the Riceville (Pittsylvania County) Church.

A. LITTLE

The Lebanon Association was the field of the labors of Rev. A. Little. He worked for churches that were not able to give him much financial help, but he did his work with faithfulness. Among the churches that he served were: Bethel, Brumley's Creek, Cedar Creek, Mt. View, Tumbling Creek and Greenfield. At one time he was a colporteur in this Association. For a year before his death he was helped by the Ministers' Relief Fund. After a long life of labor in the Master's cause, and after an illness of several months, he died December 28, 1897.

W. T. JONES

Laurel Hill and Charles City were the Virginia pastorates of W. T. Jones. He died at Laurel Hill, August 30, 1899. His other pastorates were: Morehead City, N. C.; Cumberland, Md.; Goldsboro, N. C. He graduated at Wake Forest in 1879 and attended the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary the session 1881-82. He was born in Wilmington, N. C., September 26, 1855. He made profession of his faith in Christ under the preaching of Rev. J. C. Hiden, and was baptized into the fellowship of the First Baptist Church of Wilmington. "As an expounder of Scripture he was sound; as a pastor he was loving and loved; as a defender of the right, he was brave."

THOMAS W. GREER

In the Concord Association Rev. Thomas W. Greer was pastor for a long term of years, serving these churches: Bethel, Mt. Zion, Olivet, Tabernacle, Buffalo, Antioch, Concord, Averett, and Olive Branch. At one time a missionary of the State Mission Board he labored most earnestly and successfully, many being converted under his preaching, and seven churches being constituted. During his ministry of over fifty years, hundreds, perhaps thousands, were converted, and "about one hundred churches organized." His knowledge of the Bible was wonderful, and he was well informed on many subjects. He was born in Ohio, November 2, 1817, and died in Mecklenburg County, January 24, 1900. He was married in New Concord, Ohio, February 10th, to Miss Elizabeth Wilson, daughter of Rev. Samuel Wilson, a distinguished Presbyterian minister and educator. His wife and five of his nine children survived him. He was strong in intellect, amiable in disposition, and, as a preacher, bold and earnest.

JOSEPH A. MANSFIELD

Joseph A. Mansfield was born in Orange County, Virginia, June 25, 1806. He was pastor of churches in Greene, Madison, Orange and Louisa counties. The names of all the churches he served are not now known, but in 1855 he was pastor of Bethany, Orange County, Shiloh Association. He gave the best days of his life to the Master's cause. He died August 8, 1899.

ALEXANDER GILMER McMANAWAY

The atmosphere of the Bedford home and community into which, on August 19, 1852, Alexander Gilmer McManaway was born, was decidedly religious. His mother was at once strong, gentle, and pious, and religious discussions were the order of the day in that house and neighborhood. Before his conversion the youth was one of the speakers at a public debate on the question of the equality of the Divine Son with the Father, a question that stirred the community for months, and by the influence of a young lady he had been led to read the Bible through and to work in the Sunday School. At an early age he taught in the Public Schools, having prepared, for the examination preceding this work, with his book on his plow. He was ordained at the call of Chamblissburg Church; spent some years at Richmond College and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; was married in May, 1878, to Miss Josie Robertson, of Petersburg; then became pastor at Blacksburg. His other pastorates were: Louisburg and Franklinton, N. C.; First Church, Charlotte, N. C.; First Church, Little Rock, Ark. Next he was associated with Ouachita College, Arkadelphia, Ark., first as general agent, and then as Professor of Greek. In 1889 he had gone abroad with his brother, and while in England arranged with Charles H. Spurgeon to bring out a volume of "Select Sermons" of the great London preacher; this he did, conjointly with his brother James, upon his return home. He had already done literary and newspaper work for the *North Carolina Baptist* and the Charlotte *News and Observer,* and the *Religious Herald* often contained articles from his pen. He died at a sanitarium in St. Louis, his brother James being with him, December 31, 1899, and his last words were: "Jim, I hear the sound of a thousand waters."

JOHN A. RICHARDSON

John A. Richardson was born Sept. 6, 1826. His parents, who were "highly respected," gave him "all of the advantages of the neighborhood schools." In 1847 he was married to Miss A. E. Timberlake. Of this union three children were born. In 1879 he was married to Miss A. L. Binford, his first wife having died in 1875. Of this second marriage seven children were born. During the Civil War he served in the army with gallantry. Not until after this struggle was he impressed that it was his duty to preach. It is suggested that the thought of God's mercy which had guarded him from so many perils during this time of danger, led him to enter the ministry. After a careful study of the Bible he went to Rev. J. H. Barnes and made known the fact that strong convictions had decided him to unite with the Baptists. He was received into the fellowship of Liberty Church (Dover Association) of which Mr. Barnes was pastor, and here, on August 26, 1876, he was ordained. In January, 1878, he accepted the care of the Antioch Baptist Church, Dover Association. He resigned this church in 1890, but only because the moderator of the Association was seeking to consolidate fields. This change was a distinct sacrifice to him. He left true friends to enter upon work with new and untried brethren; nor was his salary on his new field as large as it had been. From Antioch he went to the pastorate of Emmaus in New Kent County. In 1877 he did missionary work at New Kent Courthouse that led to the building there of the Corinth Baptist Church which was dedicated in November, 1878. He at once became the pastor, and remained in this office until

shortly before his death, when he resigned, whereupon he was made emeritus pastor. As a preacher he was earnest, sympathetic, forceful, with the missionary spirit. He gave liberally of his own means and was careful that every object of the General Association should be presented to his churches; no blanks stood opposite the names of his churches in the list of contributions. Rev. J. T. Tucker, who knew his work for twenty years and on whose tribute to him this sketch is mainly based, says: "I have never known a serious division to arise in any one of his churches nor the desire of even a few that he should resign. To me it seemed that all men loved him." His death took place February 10, 1900.

GEORGE FRANKLIN BAGBY

While the larger part of Dr. Bagby's ministry was spent in Kentucky, he was born in Virginia; here his last work was done, and here, beneath the sod of King and Queen, his native county, in the Bruington churchyard, his ashes await the resurrection morn. His ancestry, and doubtless the very atmosphere of the section where he first saw the light and where he was reared, gave him that urbanity and courtesy which were such marked traits in his character. Yet it was the grace of God in his heart, as well, that helped to make him so genial a friend and charming companion. There was such a fiery temper in him in his younger days, that when he was examined for ordination, Dr. Andrew Broaddus, Jr., of Carolina, rather advised against his going into the ministry. During his life in Kentucky, upon one occasion, a man threatened to come over the fence and whip him. He received this reply: "If you were to come over the fence to whip me, it might be my Christian duty to stand here and allow you to do it. But I am so much afraid that I might not be able to do my duty, that I advise you to stay on your side of the fence."

He was born February 22, 1836. He graduated at Columbian College, Washington, in June, 1857, and on the 15th of the following December was married to Miss Mary Thomas Courtney, of King and Queen County. From the time of his ordination, until the Civil War broke out, he was pastor of churches in Westmoreland County. During the War he was chaplain and army evangelist. At the close of the War he visited Kentucky to raise money for the widows and orphans of

Confederate soldiers, and in the fall of 1866 became pastor of the Flemingsburg and other churches in that county, Kentucky. At two different periods in his life (June, 1870, to January, 1872, and February, 1878, to January, 1882) his home and work were in Russellville, where he was associated with Bethel College, a part of the time as one of its professors. Between these two periods came six years of blessed activity as the pastor of Trenton Church (Todd County) and of Salem Church (Christian County). After a brief pastorate at East Hickman (Fayette County), Glens Creek and Mt. Vernon (both in Woodford County) churches, in 1885 he became pastor of the Frankfort Church. This was probably the most difficult and the most successful work of his life. He found in this beautiful town, the capital of the state, a church with a membership of about two hundred. The meeting-house was in need of repairs and the church was burdened with debt. Soon a gracious revival came, the brethren took on new hope and before his pastorate, of some five years, was ended, the membership was nearly doubled and the church strengthened in every way. While in Frankfort he received the degree of D. D. from Columbian College, his *alma mater.* In the fall of 1890 he came back to Virginia, to become pastor of the Farmville Church. His pastorate here lasted nine years. While on this field, and on the next, his last charge (Sharon and Pisgah churches, Prince Edward County) Dr. Bagby was useful in a wide scope of country in meetings, and by his loving and enthusiastic spirit, and a leader in the Appomattox Association.

Dr. Bagby was devoted to the cause of missions, and a thorough-going Baptist. At the beginning of his ministry he was accepted for work in China, but was prevented from going to this field by the War. Upon one occasion, in Farmville, in the home of one of his

members, he met the rector of the Episcopal Church. In the course of a private debate, that there took place, he compelled the rector to admit that Baptists were not as strict as Episcopalians in the observance of the Lord's Supper.

Dr. Bagby and his noble wife were most hospitable and made their home delightful for their guests. Once, however, the stranger did not get in. Appomattox and Prince Edward were invaded by Morman missionaries. One day two of them called at Dr. Bagby's. He met them at the door and said that his Bible would not allow him to invite them in, but that if they would kneel down with him he would be glad to pray for them; the three knelt and he led in prayer. Twice, once in Kentucky and once in Virginia, Dr. Bagby, by quoting from his New Testament, secured shelter for the night, when, as a stranger, it seemed that he would be refused lodging and food.

At the home of his son, Dr. George F. Bagby, Richmond, Va., after an illness marked by great bodily suffering, he passed to his reward on March 27, 1900. Just before he breathed his last he exclaimed: "Poor life, great hope!"

ANDREW BROADDUS

Andrew Broaddus, or, as he was sometimes known, as Andrew Broaddus, Jr., to distinguish him from his father, was born in Caroline County, May 17, 1818. He was the son of the distinguished Dr. Andrew Broaddus, his mother being the daughter of Dr. Robert Honeyman, who was by birth a Scotchman and an eminent Virginia physician. The Rappahannock Academy, Richmond College, and Columbian University were the schools Mr. Broaddus attended, and on December 18, 1838, he was married to Miss Jane Pitts. In 1843 he purchased "White Plains," near Sparta, Virginia, where he lived for fifty-seven years and where he died, April 19, 1900.

He was baptized into the fellowship of the Salem Church, September 26, 1846, by Elder Robert D. Cole. Previous to this time he had thought of the law as his life work, but now he decided to preach, and on February 6, 1847, his church licensed him. The following October he was ordained, the presbytery consisting of his father, Addison Hall, Wm. A. Baynham, Richard Hugh Bagby, and H. W. Montague. In the course of his long ministry the churches of which he was pastor, all of them in the Rappahannock Association, were Bethesda, Carmel, Mt. Calvary, Salem, and Upper King and Queen. At Bethesda he was pastor six years; at Carmel, two; at Mt. Calvary, three or four; at Upper King and Queen, forty-three, and at Salem, forty-eight. While not a chaplain in the army during the Civil War, he visited the soldiers and preached to them as he had opportunity, and on one occasion baptized no less than sixty-three.

Up to within a few years of his death he attended every session of the Rappahannock Association, save one. He also attended the General Association and Southern Baptist Convention, taking part in the discussion of these bodies and being for forty years a life member of the former. He was also a life member of the American Tract Society, and one of the Trustees of Richmond College. In his later years it was a fine sight to see him walk into the meetings of the General Association accompanied by his three preacher sons.

"Physically," says Dr. Dunaway, "Andrew Broaddus was a fine specimen of his race. Until bowed and bent with age and suffering, he was erect, of graceful proportions, with broad, square shoulders and a well-developed chest. A sculptor could hardly have desired a better head for his model." While he was especially learned in what was his especial line "yet he knew much about anatomy, medicine, law, science, art, philosophy, and politics." He was most deeply interested in the affairs of his county, his state and country. "When any important question was agitating the people of his county and he found it was necessary, he would address his fellow-citizens from the hustings." Dr. Dunaway says that "as a pastor Dr. Broaddus had few equals. In the pastoral office he was judicious, wise, sympathetic, firm, yet affectionate. He was a good disciplinarian, mingling firmness with gentleness in the oversight of his flocks." In speaking of Dr. Broaddus as a preacher, Dr. Dunaway says: "He expressed his fresh and striking thoughts in an earnest, clear and colloquial way. He addressed himself to the reason, rather than to the feelings and fears of his hearers. . . . He was skilled in the use of apt and striking illustrations. . . . His preaching was eminently practical, sound and able."

In portraying the character of Dr. Broaddus, Dr. Hatcher says, in part: "To me, Dr. Broaddus was one

of the most strikingly unique and uncommon men I have ever known. . . . Dr. Broaddus was *sui generis.* His head was unlike other heads, his walk was peculiarly his own, and his voice resembled no other. . . . He was built on no common pattern, carried the traits of no recognized cult, lit his lamp at no neighborhood fire, and was an alien in his own home. He was the son of an eminent, indeed, an illustrious father; but, if those who have written of his father have faithfully characterized him, there was little in the son to suggest the father. He had sons, three in number, all ministers of the gospel . . . and all worthy of so noble a father and yet not one who resembled him. . . . On the rugged road of life he walked a solitary figure. . . . Whether a proposition was popular or offensive weighed little with him. If there was any issue he deliberately took his place in the contention and he knew not the meaning of fear, in asserting his convictions. Not belching cannon nor raging mobs, nor martyr fires could terrify him. . . . A nature so transparent as this was sure, at times, to give offence. Evil men might fear and respect Dr. Broaddus, but they were not likely to love him, and even good people who were sensitive or suspicious were often startled by his rugged candor. . . . He softened under the hand of his Master, and in his last days he was a knight worthy of his King—modest, courtly, and ever ready to serve. His self-assertion gradually shaped itself into a cheerful output of himself for the honor of his Redeemer. . . . Dr. Broaddus was an intense Baptist in his convictions. He sounded the depths of Baptist teachings and was well posted on every point. It was of his very nature to teach what he believed and yet his courtesy was almost peerless. He rarely ever gave others any just cause for complaint as to his temper and tone in presenting his

views. . . . His commission to preach was substantially a summons to leadership. For this he was fitted by the strength of his convictions, his courage in the face of opposition and his spirit of progress. He had an inborn love of battle and . . . . a keen relish for victory. . . . He was a Democrat by nature and a Baptist by grace and this served him in good turn when the vote went the other way. . . . While he was heard on larger platforms many times, the Rappahannock Association was his native heath, his own realm, and there he was by no means easy to handle. . . . Dr. Broaddus had a faculty for friendship. . . . He was too self-respecting to be envious, too high-minded to be jealous and too affectionate to be suspicious."

W. A. STREET

W. A. Street, the son of Elder Z. Street and Ursula Lee, was born at La Grange, Middlesex County, May 4, 1835. His father was at the time of his death the pastor of the Glebe Landing Baptist Church, and his mother was a woman of "strong intellect." A sketch of Elder Z. Street may be found in the "Second Series." The son's education was interrupted by his father's death and he took charge of the farm and slaves and the family. In January 1861 he was married to Miss F. Augusta Hundley (sister of Rev. J. W. Hundley), but he soon left his bride to answer his country's call to arms. In the army he rose to the rank of captain; but, alas, forsook the profession of religion made when he was only eleven years old and became worldly and intemperate. Eventually he left his evil ways and reconsecrated his life to God. His decision to study law was abandoned and in 1872 he was licensed to preach. At his ordination W. H. Kirk, John W. Ryland and W. W. Wood were the presbytery. Before this event he had attended Crozer Seminary. By far the larger part of his ministry was spent in the Rappahannock Association, where he served these churches: Glebe Landing, Lower King and Queen, Corotoman, Lebanon, Providence (Northumberland), Norwood. While his ministry began and ended in the Rappahannock, he gave a few years to the Accomac Association, serving there Bethel, Lee Mont, and Zion churches. So great was the affection of his churches for him that not long before his death they called him for life. "He had the faculty of making and retaining warm friendships." His second wife was Miss Mary A. Sadler, who, with three children, survived him. He died April 19, 1900.

A. F. DAVIDSON

For almost half a century Rev. A. F. Davidson labored in the Concord Association, being for about forty years of this period an active pastor. For thirty-seven consecutive years he was pastor of the Liberty Church, Mecklenburg County. The other churches that he served were: Buffalo, Ephesus, Mt. Horeb, Olivet, Boydton, New Hope, Ebenezer and Clarksville. He was a leader in the Concord Association. "In him were beautifully blended clearness of judgment, firmness of purpose and gentleness of spirit." He was married twice and left one daughter. He died Saturday, July 21, 1900, in the seventy-third year of his age.

W. R. D. MONCURE

When he had just passed his sixty-fourth birthday Rev. W. R. D. Moncure, on Friday, November 2, 1900, passed away. His death took place at the Virginia Hospital, Richmond, where he had undergone an operation that it had been hoped would save his life. His wife and eight children survived him. His longest pastorate, which lasted thirteen years, was at Bruington Church, Rappahannock Association. His other churches in this Association were Mt. Zion and Upper Essex. He held one pastorate in the Appomattox Association, namely, Sharon and Pisgah, and the last work of his life was at Leetown, West Virginia, where he remained five years. "He was an able and instructive preacher and his personal influence, while gentle, was mighty." He did his work "with such conscientious and careful devotion that to some thoughtless persons he seemed eccentric."

RICHARD EDWARD BOOKER

Richard Edward Booker, the fourth child of Richard Booker and Sallie Carter Love, was born at "Grampion Hills," Prince Edward County, Virginia, October 15, 1825. He studied one session at Hampden-Sidney College, but even to his last days with pride and pleasure he spoke of Richmond College, where he was a student for three years, as his *alma mater*. After his ordination, which took place at Red House, Charlotte County, November 13, 1852, Samuel Davidson, Elijah W. Roach, John C. Hamner and William Tyree constituting the presbytery, Mr. Booker labored for three years as a missionary and then became a pastor, which office he filled for various churches until a short time before his death. His ministry began in Buckingham County and was closed on Staunton River, the southern boundary of Campbell County. In this territory he was pastor of Red Oak, Hebron, Mt. Vernon, Ebenezer, Brookneal, and Midway. Several of these churches he served more than once, and one of them, Ebenezer, for about thirty-six years.

Mr. Booker was married twice: on June 21, 1853, to Miss Gilliam; on June 4, 1873, to Miss L. O. Patterson. His first wife died February 24, 1870, leaving five children. His second wife, three children born of this marriage and four of the first survived him.

In his cottage home (near Naruna, Campbell County, Virginia), which was embowered in flowers and hard by the church, this father in Israel, his hoary head a crown of honor, passed his last years, breaking the bread of life to his flock, extending to his brethren in the ministry and to others a genial hospitality, loving to talk to all of the things of God. He fell on sleep July 5, 1900, and was buried, according to his request, just in the rear of the Ebenezer Meeting-House (which had been erected under his leadership) whose pulpit he had so faithfully filled so many years. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. C. A. Woodson and Rev. John B. Williams. The minutes of the Appomattox Association for 1900 contains an excellent picture of Brother Booker.

T. N. SANDERSON

Upon the organization of the Blue Ridge Association at Mayo Church, Henry County, in 1858, the opening sermon was preached by Rev. T. N. Sanderson, on the text: "My kingdom is not of this world," Jno. 18:36. At that time his home was at Hale's Ford, Franklin County. He was born May 4, 1819, and was a fellow-worker in the ministry with Elder D. G. Taylor. He was ordained August 17, 1855. Sanderson was two years older than Taylor, but Taylor entered the ministry two years ahead of Sanderson. They were often at each other's home. Elder Sanderson's visits to his friend left a distinct impression on at least one of Elder Taylor's sons. This son, Rev. J. J. Taylor, says of "Brother Sanderson": "His piety was not of the lugubrious type, and he was not a terror to youth; on the contrary, he had a bountiful fund of humor, a large stock of funny yarns, a talent for mimicry, and could easily set the most stolid and solemn company asmile. But he knew the times and seasons and never forgot that he was a messenger of the King. . . . 'Brother Sanderson,' as the children affectionately called him, understood vocal music and sang pretty well. He had evangelistic gifts and held several meetings at Mayo. The one best remembered was in 1869. On that occasion he had with him his eldest daughter, who was also a good singer, and the two singing together created something of a sensation, and started the community on a new era of song. The meeting was well attended, and among the converts was my older brother, S. F. Taylor, now President of Stephens College, Columbia, Mo. One of the sermons preached in this meeting, which received special commendation, was based on the words:

'Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother.' Incidentally, he paid a tribute to his own mother." He was pastor of the Beaver Dam, Shady Grove, New Hope, Morgan's Bend, Liberty (now Bedford City), Glade Hill, Rocky Mount, Flint Hill, and Fairmont churches. Upon leaving Virginia he settled first in Clarksville, Mo., and later at La Grange, Mo. In this latter place his fourteen children enjoyed superior educational advantages. He was married twice; his first wife was Miss Martha Jane Crews, and his second Miss Mary Jane Drummond. In Missouri he was pastor of a number of churches. He died at Edgewood, Mo., where his last days were spent, on December 18, 1900, at which time he had fifty-two grandchildren. One of his sons is a minister, Rev. E. J. Sanderson.

HENRY GRADY FERGUSON

Henry Grady Ferguson, who was a Virginia pastor for ten years, was born in Greenville, S. C., and died in Midway, Ky., on Christmas day, 1900. He was a graduate of Furman University and of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Upon the completion of his studies at the Seminary he became pastor of the Baptist church in Waynesboro, Virginia. During his ten years here, "a beautiful, commodious, modern church building in an attractive part of the town" took the place of "a small, dingy house on an obscure back street." In 1898 the Waynesboro church, during the Spanish-American War, granted him a leave of absence that he might serve as Chaplain of the Third Regiment of Virginia Volunteers. His death came suddenly, after an illness of only a few days. Rev. M. L. Wood says of him: "As a man, he was pure and chaste in thought and life.

As a friend, he was sincere, open-hearted and true. As a preacher, he was biblical, thoughtful, logical, earnest." In a notice of his death in the *Religious Herald* were these words: "He was one of the most modest men, and just as good and true as he was modest."

RICHARD ANDREW FOX

Elders W. E. Wiatt and Richard Andrew Fox had a compact that the funeral of the one dying first should be preached by the other. This duty Mr. Wiatt fulfilled, his text being: Eph. 2:8, "By grace are ye saved, etc.," this being a favorite verse with the deceased. Mr. Wiatt, in an obituary in the General Association Minutes, gives the facts that follow: "Richard Andrew Fox was born June 1, 1824. His three brothers were all preachers. He was licensed to preach by Beulah Church, King William County, August 5, 1854. The same church called for his ordination, December 30, 1855. The presbytery consisted of Elders John O. Turpin and J. R. Garlick. Prior to the War he was pastor of Beulah, Mt. Horeb, and Concord. After the War he moved to Gloucester and Mathews, and was pastor of Beulah, Ebenezer, and Spring Hill. At Richmond College among his fellow-students were John E. Massey, A. F. Scott, and J. G. Councill. For more than thirty years his health was poor, but he continued to labor. He died at his home in Mathews County, October 22, 1901. His married life lasted over fifty years, his wife having been Miss Margaret A. Smith of Rappahannock County. As a preacher, he was sound and clear. He was careful in the preparation of his sermons. He was of lovely and lovable character."

HENRY HARTSTEIN WYER

Henry Hartstein Wyer was born in South Carolina July 26, 1829. He was the son of Rev. Henry Otis Wyer, a Bostonian by birth, but who, in his day, stood among the most efficient and eloquent ministers of our Southland. Hundreds were converted under his ministry. Some were led by him to Christ who became princes in the American pulpit, such as Dr. Richard Fuller, of Baltimore, and Dr. DeVotee, of Georgia.

"He was the nephew of Captain Hartstein of the United States Navy, the celebrated Arctic explorer, who went in search of Dr. Kane, found the deserted vessel, from which "life and thought had gone away," brought it back to America, and was commissioned by the United States government to carry it to England, which he did, receiving marked favor and distinction from Queen Victoria."

He was graduated at Columbian College, D. C., and received his theological education at Princeton. He was one of that noble company of students who near the same time entered the ministry. Some fell at the threshold, others later on. Among his early friends were Rev. Mr. Jennette, a most eloquent minister, who died early in life as the pastor of the First Baptist Church, Augusta, Ga.; Rev. F. M. Barker, a consecrated Christian and noble preacher; Dr. J. W. M. Williams, who was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Baltimore for forty-odd years, and who died in that pastorate, and Rev. S. C. Boston, who ended his ministry in Pocomoke City.

He was married to Ann Eliza Powell at Leavenworth, Loudoun County, Va., September 26, 1855, by Rev. Henry Dodge. Dr. Wyer was a great sufferer for years

from facial neuralgia that so undermined his constitution that he fell an easy prey to grippe that finally caused his death. He died at his home in Warrenton on February 10, 1901. His wife survived him five years and died January 29, 1905. There were five children by this union.

In 1854 Dr. Wyer began his active ministry as pastor of the Upperville and Ebenezer churches, Fauquier County. In 1856 he was called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Lynchburg, which continued over two years. While in Lynchburg he baptized Colonel J. T. Merfee, late president of Howard College, Alabama; also Rev. P. H. Murry, who became a very useful minister in the West.

During the War Brother Wyer served as pastor of Liberty, Perkins, and Lickinghole churches in Goochland County, Oakland and Hopeful churches in Louisa County. In a meeting at Hopeful in 1865, Rev. W. E. Lindsay, D. D., for years pastor of the Baptist Church in Columbia, S. C., was converted and baptized by him.

In 1866 he became the principal of the Fauquier Female Institute and the pastor of the Warrenton Baptist Church. The close of the War left this church in a most feeble condition. Some of its membership had fallen in battle, some had died, others had removed, and those remaining had been impoverished. In 1865, the little band organized for church work. The church building, which the War caught unfinished, was untenantable except in the basement. For nearly two years the congregation depended for preaching on visitors and such local ministers as had unemployed Sabbaths.

Dr. Wyer at once took firm hold of the work, gathered the scattered hosts, and so taught, like Nehemiah, from the Divine Law, that they went at once to work rebuilding the broken walls of Zion. During Dr. Wyer's pastor-

ate the church building was finished and the main audience room occupied. The field was mission ground and was receiving help from the Home Mission Board to the extent of half the pastor's salary.

In September of 1867, Dr. Wyer secured the aid of Rev. W. E. Hatcher, then pastor of the Franklin Square Baptist Church in Baltimore, for special services. This meeting, which was carried on for three weeks in the Baptist Church, and subsequently taken up by the other churches of the town, was one of the most remarkable religious movements known to this section. There were few thoughtful people of the community unmoved by its influence. There were thirty-three accessions to the Baptist Church as the result of this meeting, and more than that number joined other churches.

In October, 1868, in another series of meetings, the preaching was done by Dr. Cornelius Tyree. At this meeting eighteen members were added, and there was also a general spiritual refreshment for the community. During all of Dr. Wyer's pastorate there were gradual accessions to the church. At the end of four years of service, Dr. Wyer announced, on account of delicate health, his inability to serve them longer. His resignation was reluctantly accepted. His last pastorates were Carter's Run and New Baltimore Baptist churches.

"Dr. Wyer was in every sense of the word a gentleman. Every instinct, every feeling, was characteristic of the refined Christian gentleman. In him were united the best elements of Northern and Southern blood, and his whole appearance and deportment betokened from whence he had sprung."

F. R. Boston.

JOEL W. MEADORS

On September 1, 1813, Joel W. Meadors was born in Pittsylvania County, Virginia. He was ordained to the gospel ministry at Providence Church, Franklin County, September 13, 1856, the presbytery consisting of Elders T. C. Goggin, Wm. Hawkins, Pleasant Brown, and David Staley. He spent the larger part of his long ministry in Franklin, Floyd, and Patrick counties. At the residence of his son, Joseph Meadors, West Virginia, his death took place, March 21, 1901.

JOHN E. MASSEY

John E. Massey was born in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, April 2, 1819. The earliest thing he remembered was the funeral of Reuben Massey, his grandfather, to which function he was carried in the arms of his nurse. His paternal grandmother was a Miss Mary Carter, an Episcopalian of the strictest sort. When his brother, Joseph T. Massey, became a Baptist preacher, she modified her views enough to hear him preach. Benjamin Massey and his wife (née Elizabeth Chewning), the parents of John and six other children, were members, for many years, of the Mine Road Baptist Church, he being, for a long period, its clerk. They were neither rich nor poor, and they both lived to a good old age, he to four score and eight years.

From a very tender age John wished to be a Christian. When quite a small child, his father, upon coming to bed, found him weeping. He could not tell his father what the trouble was, but asked him to pray for him. The child wanted "to be a Christian," though he did not

understand fully what this expression meant. The servants had alarmed him with their descriptions of the lost, and had directed him to be good and keep on praying. They led him to think that when he saw Jesus in the sky he would be converted. So the boy often exclaimed: "Oh, when shall I see Jesus!" His brother, also, was a "seeker." John became quite satisfied with his own progress, but was much concerned about his brother's spiritual welfare. This spirit of self-complacency continued until his brother said to him one night: "I believe I could be a Christian if it were not for you." This remark made John realize, as never before, his sinfulness, and led to his conversion. Three brothers, Samuel, Benjamin, and John, were baptized September 15, 1832, by Elder Jacob W. Herndon, and united with the Good Hope Baptist Church, Spottsylvania County.

Though so young, John now felt that he ought to sit in the "amen" corner of the church with the brethren, even though a leading sister did tell him the gallery was the place for boys. Soon he began to speak. During a four days' meeting in a grove at Mount Hermon, he made an exhortation, standing, since he was so small, on a bench. Soon afterwards, at Antioch Church in Orange County, after the sermon and exhortation, in response to the pastor's appeal: "My little brother, can't you talk to the people?" he spoke; the whole congregation was moved; men and women crowded around the pulpit, and, falling upon their knees, cried: "Pray for me! Pray for me!"

He went regularly to Sunday-school and the "old-field" school until he was fifteen years old. At the former many verses of Scripture were stored away in the mind. At the latter the chief text-books were the New York Speller, Pike's Arithmetic, and Murray's Grammar, while the "rod" held an important place.

During these school days, on November 7, 1833, the greatest meteoric display of the 19th century took place. From before midnight until after daybreak the magnificent spectacle of the "falling stars" continued. The terror among the masses of the people was great. The negroes ran for protection to their masters.

In 1836 young Massey entered the Virginia Baptist Seminary, now Richmond College. Most of the distance of sixty miles to Richmond he walked, carrying his belongings in a pillow-case swung over his shoulder. At the Christmas holiday he started the homeward trip in a wagon that was to go within 10 miles of his father's home. High water soon made a bridge unsafe for the wagon, so he crossed it and continued his journey on foot. Overtaken by night, hungry and tired, he asked for lodging at an humble home. The woman said she had neither food nor bed to offer him. However, she allowed him to sleep on a pallet before the fire. During the night he used the wood freely, keeping up a good fire, until the woman raised up in bed and told him not to burn any more of the wood as she wanted it in the morning. He promised to get her some more, and the next morning kept his promise, though it necessitated going a long way to the woods and cutting a young sapling with a very dull axe.

When eighteen years old he joined a large volunteer military company, and was soon made captain. A furniture dealer in Richmond addressed him as "Colonel," only to be told: "General, if you please, and no little brigadier at that, but full general." When the man apologized, he said: "I am neither general nor colonel, and if you are going to give me a title that does not belong to me, give me one worth having." After his college days he studied law under Starke W. Morris, Esq., at Louisa Court House. At the same time he

worked in his father's shop making spinning wheels and chairs. By hauling these articles in a horse cart to Louisa and Spottsylvania Court Houses on court days and selling them, he paid for his law books and instruction. In 1843 he was licensed to practice law by Judges Richard H. Fields, John B. Clopton, and Peter N. Nichols.

Upon going to Loudoun County to practice law, he united with the Ketocton Church, of which his brother, Joseph T. Massey, was pastor. More than once he was called on, at Ketocton, Mount Zion, and North Fork, in the absence of the regular pastor, to speak. While teaching school at Kabletown, Jefferson County (now in West Virginia), he decided to enter the ministry. After being licensed to preach by the Ketocton Church, November 22, 1844, and after declining several calls to Pennsylvania, having been ordained January 15, 1845 (the presbytery consisting of Elders T. D. Herndon, Joseph T. Massey, Thaddeus Herndon, and John S. Reynoldson), he undertook work in the Valley of Virginia. In this section there were very few Baptists. From Martinsburg, Berkeley County, to the edge of Augusta County, a distance of 120 miles, he preached, in churches, schoolhouses, private houses, groves, and once in the upper story of a distillery. Through the influence of Dr. Robert Ryland, who had visited this section and seen him at work, for the rest of his life in the Valley, he was a missionary of the Virginia Baptist General Association. He was the only Baptist preacher between Winchester and Lexington, and what with the anti-missionary Baptists on one side and the Pædobaptists on the other, his road was not an easy one; it was the day of bitter denominational enmity. After his marriage, August 30, 1847, to Miss Margaret Ann Kable, Harrisonburg was his home until 1854, when he accepted a call to Mount Ed in Albemarle, and Adiel in Nelson.

In 1862, his health failing, Mr. Massey, giving up the pastorate, purchased "Ash Lawn," in Albemarle, that once had been the residence of President Monroe, and this was for the rest of his life his home. During the War he raised all the grain and provender he could for the army and loaned money to the Confederate Government. In the summer of 1863 the First North Carolina Regiment and the Georgia Tenth Legion encamped on the "Ash Lawn" farm to recruit their horses, and Mr. Massey, having had a stand erected, preached to them a number of times.

The Reconstruction Period, in some respects more trying than the years of the War, was followed by a number of years when Virginia was agitated from one end to the other over the question of the State Debt. There were two parties, the "Funder" and the "Readjuster," both composed, in the main, of Democrats. The "Funders" proposed to pay the debt, except so much as was deemed an obligation of the state (West Virginia) carved out of Virginia. The "Readjusters" advocated a forcible compromise of the debt without consultation with the bondholders. Mr. Massey was probably the most prominent leader in the "Readjuster" ranks. He was elected to the Legislature, the Senate, to the office of Auditor, and was a candidate for governor in the Convention which nominated Wm. E. Cameron, who was elected. Mr. Massey stumped the State. The Campaign of 1879 was one of the most exciting in the history of the State. In this Campaign Mr. Massey crossed swords with such able speakers as John W. Daniel, J. L. M. Curry, James A. Walker, Ham Shepperd, and John Goode. The people did not at first realize how able a debater Mr. Massey was. Crowds that gathered expecting to see "Parson Massey," as he was called, utterly discomfited, realized that not Mr. Massey, but rather his opponents,

needed their pity. He wielded a keen Damascus blade. His sarcasm burnt and scorched. His wit was quick and his humor was irresistible. In argument he was logical and clear. His voice was strong and with good range. In repartee he was most ready. Those who did not agree with his contentions had to admit his power. It is to be questioned if Virginia has produced since Revolutionary days a debater superior to John E. Massey.

The Readjuster Party held sway in Virginia for some years, but never succeeded in its desired compromise of the State Debt. Gradually the party under the potent leadership of Wm. Mahone joined forces with the Republicans. At this point Mr. Massey broke from their ranks and cast his influence henceforth with the regular Democratic Party. In this relationship he was a candidate in the Convention for governor, and this nomination having gone to General Fitzhugh Lee, Mr. Massey was placed on the ticket as Lieutenant-Governor, and was, along with the other nominees, elected. Later he became Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State. The duties of these high and important offices he discharged with fidelity and ability. Just before his death, which occurred April 24, 1901, at his home, "Ash Lawn," he was elected to the State Constitutional Convention. He was buried in the Oak Hill Cemetery, Charlottesville, the funeral services having been held at the First Baptist Church.

ALSON THOMAS

Alson Thomas died at his home, near Oakville, Appomattox County, Virginia, in the 85th year of his age, Monday, April 22, 1901. He united with Shiloh Church, Nelson County, when he was seventeen years of age, and when twenty-eight years old began to preach. He was ordained at Mount Moriah Church, Amherst County. He was pastor, first and last, of the following churches: Piney River, Prospect, Red Oak (Appomattox), Mount Hope, and Chestnut Grove. He preached no little in meetings and at other times throughout Appomattox and Campbell counties. He was married twice, his first wife being Miss Mary Martin, of Albemarle County, and his second wife, who survived him with eight children, was Miss Virginia C. Whitehead, of Amherst County. For some years before his death he had not been able to preach. His last sermon was at a schoolhouse near his home. At the time of his death he was a member of Red Oak Baptist Church. He was buried at his home.

WILLIAM DANDRIDGE THOMAS

William Dandridge Thomas, the only son of James Thomas, Jr., and Mary Cornick Puller Thomas, was born October 15, 1833, at "Mill Farm," the home of his maternal grandmother, in Caroline County, Virginia. When he was only three years old his mother died, whereupon, he and his sister Ella, only three months old, were sent to the home of his uncle, Archibald Thomas, who had married his mother's aunt. The second wife of Mr. James Thomas, Jr., who was Miss Mary Woolfolk Wortham, proved a mother, indeed, to her stepson. "She gave herself with such whole-hearted devotion to his nurture and training that he always entertained for her the affection and veneration due to a mother." As a man he was wont to say that while he had had Latin at school and Latin at college, his "mother" had taught him more Latin than any one else. He "must have been wisely handled in his childhood. His well-poised life testified to that fact. To the end of his days he was the embodiment of reverence. He had an innate respect for law, and was an ardent believer in goodness and truth. He grew up in a city, and city boys are often precocious in evil and wanting in respect for authority and truth. He was an only son, and to most boys that brings serious peril. He lived in a home which abounded in plenty and knew no lack, and many of those who have all they want in youth, make haste to forget God. All gates opened to him; but, with the broad gate in full view, he took the narrow path that led to eternal life." He attended several Richmond schools, one being taught by Mr. Pinckney Burrus and another by Mr. Martin Sumner. A book, which he won as a prize at this last school, is still to be seen. In 1846 there was a protracted meeting of

great power at the First Baptist Church in Richmond. Dr. J. B. Jeter, the pastor, was assisted by Dr. Richard Fuller. During this meeting young Thomas made a profession of his faith in Christ, and was baptized (Dr. Jeter for some reason being absent) by Dr. Fuller.

From the Richmond schools he passed to Richmond College. Among the teachers in the College at this period were Thomas Bolling Robertson, John Lawson, Lewis Turner, John M. Murray, S. E. Brownell, N. H. Massie, T. L. Snead, and Arthur Frise. Dr. Robert Ryland was the president, and in 1850 B. Puryear became professor of Natural Sciences. In 1851 the College sent forth to the world its third graduating class, consisting of W. S. Bland, M. B. Howell, Geo. Wm. Keesee, G. B. Taylor, Wm. D. Thomas—Thomas being at his last birthday seventeen; the subject of his graduating essay was: "The Relations of Animal and Vegetable Life." From Richmond College Mr. Thomas went to the University of Virginia. Here his progress was retarded by reason of serious trouble with his eyes. A cataract formed on one eye and then he discovered for the first time that the other eye was of little value. He was obliged to drop some of his classes, to have some one read his lessons to him, and to add a year to his University life. As the representative of the Washington Literary Society, he delivered, one year, the address on Washington's Birthday. On June 29, 1855, he received his Master of Arts degree.

He now began reading law with Judge Arthur Morson. Before long, however, he decided to become a minister of the gospel. This decision greatly disgusted his teacher, who declared that he was giving up the prospect of being a brilliant lawyer to become a poor Baptist preacher. He was ordained October 10, 1856, Dr. J. B. Jeter being one of the presbytery. As most young Bap-

tist preachers in Virginia, Mr. Thomas began his work in the country. He became pastor of Mount Carmel Church, Caroline County, in the Shiloh Association, a church which had been organized some six years. On his twenty-fourth birthday he was married to Miss Ella H. Jones, a daughter of Colonel John R. Jones and Gilley Marshall Jones, of Charlottesville, Va., the ceremony being performed by Rev. Jno. A. Broadus.

From Mount Carmel he went to the pastorate of the church at Warrenton, Virginia. During his Warrenton pastorate he preached for a season, twice each month, at Blue Run Church, Orange, and later, once each month, at Broad Run Church, Fauquier. During his pastorate in Warrenton a Female Institute was established and the church built a commodious meeting-house. Just as this edifice was nearing completion the Battle of Manassas was fought and the new church was used for a hospital. The pastor and his wife also cared for the wounded in their home, some of the poor fellows remaining under this hospitable roof for many weeks. Mr. Thomas, though gifted in many ways, was altogether lacking in musical talent. At Blue Run Church, the negroes, as was the custom in those days, occupied the gallery. One day Mr. Thomas gave out a hymn. Nobody raised the tune. Just as he was about to announce a more familiar hymn, a big negro walked up the aisle, stood in front of the pulpit, scratched his head, and said: "Marse Preacher, if you jist sot that tune, I'll jine in." Dr. Jas. L. Jones, the preacher's brother-in-law, and several others who were present, knew that "Marse Preacher" could not "sot that tune," and shook with laughter, and a smile went over the congregation. One Sunday morning a lady in Orange County found at the hour when it was time to start to church that her horses could not be used. She continued her preparations for church. Upon being

asked if she had forgotten about the horses, she answered that she had not, but that she would willingly walk several miles to hear Wm. Thomas preach. During Mr. Thomas' years in Warrenton the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary was established at Greenville, S. C., and he was made a member of the Board of Trustees. On September 8, 1859, he wrote to Rev. Jno. A. Broadus bidding him farewell upon his removal to Greenville, exclaiming in the course of his letter: "My dear brother, may the Lord go with you to Greenville and abide with you there!" On October 9, 1860, he wrote again: " . . . I have concluded that the surest way to convert our brethren, who oppose theological education, from their error, is to make them try the work of pastors without such training. If this were done, they would soon be . . . forty thousand miles off from opposition to Greenville." When the tide of war swelled all around Warrenton, Mr. Thomas, with his family, retired within the Confederate lines and joined his father's household, who were refugees in Danville, Virginia.

In the spring of 1863 Mr. Thomas became pastor of the Baptist Church in Greenville, S. C. This brought him into an atmosphere that must have been most delightful to him. He had always been literary in his aptitudes, and increasingly a scholar; now he was in the town with Furman University and the Seminary which he had loved from its very start. Yet to preach acceptably Sunday after Sunday to Jas. P. Boyce, Basil Manly, Jr., John A. Broadus, Wm. Williams, Jas. C. Furman, and a crowd of Seminary and college students, was not an easy task. Dr. Broadus declared that he would be glad to have Mr. Thomas as his pastor for the rest of his life. A delightful companionship must have existed between the pastor and his brethren and members, the Seminary

and college professors. At this time Dr. Broadus was at work on his "Preparation and Delivery of Sermons," and in a letter to Dr. J. L. M. Curry, he says: "W. D. T. has, with exemplary patience, nay, with characteristic kindness, encouraged me to read my successive chapters to him, and has made useful criticisms and suggestions." During these years 160 were added to the church by baptism, and over 80 by letter. More than once Mr. Thomas offered his resignation, but, being urged by the church, withdrew it. At this time *Kind Words* was established and had a large circulation, for though the paper on which it was printed was indifferent, its contents were of a high order. Mr. Thomas was one of the contributors, writing over the name "Didymus."

It may be fitting at this point to consider Mr. Thomas' rank and ability as a preacher. Dr. C. B. Fleet heard him constantly during this Greenville period. He set out with a prejudice against Mr. Thomas, namely, that his father's wealth and not his own ability had been the cause of his call. Before long he absolutely reversed this opinion, coming to regard him as "one of our ablest preachers." Dr. Fleet says: "It always seemed to me that, in his pulpit services, he realized that he was speaking for God. . . . He loved to preach on the great doctrines of Christianity—God's majesty, election, the atonement, the incarnation." Even before this time, a man well qualified to judge, after hearing him preach for over a week, wrote to Dr. Broadus: " . . . His sermons are equal to anybody's—powerful, interesting, effective." From the very beginning of his ministry his preaching must have been most impressive. During his last illness, not long before his death, two ladies visited him, one who had heard him preach forty-one years, and the other thirty-six years, before. They remembered the outlines of two sermons, one preached at Broad Run

and the other at Charlottesville, and spoke tenderly of the influence on their after-lives. Here is Dr. Wm. E. Hatcher's estimate of him as a preacher: "It is just to say that Dr. Thomas was not an equal man in the presence of the public. He sometimes lacked ease when confronting assemblies. But he had seasons of rare and almost unequalled elevation. At times he was a prophet of surpassing power. While I could not speak of him as possessing that blinding magnetism which thrilled and mastered impulsive crowds, he did possess a wonderful pulpit power. It was a thing I often said—that Dr. Thomas was the best occasional preacher in Virginia. But he was a preacher for the few and not for the many. I heard our brother preach a number of times, and every sermon left upon me a distinct impression; and two of these sermons—one on the Temptation of Jesus, and the other on the Ascension of Christ—I ranked with the few exceptionally great sermons that I have heard in my day."

In 1871 he accepted a call to the pastorate of the Freemason Street Baptist Church, Norfolk. This position he filled for ten years. Reference has been made to Mr. Thomas as a preacher. One who knew him well speaks of the faithful work he did on his Wednesday night addresses and of the good attendance at these services. As his eyes were ever more or less of a hindrance to him, he rarely wrote his sermons in full, but often committed to memory what he proposed to say. With his return to Virginia he began to take his part in the work of the denomination in the State. He was the President of the Foreign Mission Board (for the State) at Norfolk, and it was his custom to attend every year the General Association. He was most able in debate. Dr. Hatcher says: "The combative element had a distinct place in his make-up. When aroused he was

tremendous as a platform speaker, and now and then swept the field clean with the storms of his argumentative eloquence. I saw him rise to speak on a pending proposition which had been upheld by several of the leading men of the State. He was well prepared, and by his almost matchless logic he turned the tide and had a mighty majority. After the meeting was over, I said to the brother who had brought forward the proposition, that I was surprised to see the way the vote went. 'After William Thomas finished that remorseless speech,' he said with genuine humor, 'I was glad to get away with my life.'" In 1872 the General Association met in Staunton. A letter of Dr. Jno. A. Broadus, written as the train approached Richmond, gives quite a picture of the returning delegates: "Great crowd leaving Staunton this morning. Very interesting to be with so many dear friends. Have had a long talk with Doctor Jeter, at his request, about the location of the Seminary. Also many talks with many others. A. Broaddus and his wife sit across the aisle of the car. W. D. Thomas comes by and says: 'Give my love to your wife and your ma,' talks a while, and goes off saying, 'Finish your letter.' Dr. Curry, who was president of the General Association, and hard-worked, is on the seat behind me, asleep. Bilting is over yonder, gayly talking with some lady, etc., etc." Doubtless, that day the brethren had heard more than once Mr. Thomas' laugh, which was peculiar, yet very jolly and contagious; A. E. Dickinson described it as "ringing," and Thomas Hume as "bubbling."

At the Commencement of Richmond College, in June, 1881, Rev. Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, at the request of the Trustees, made several very interesting announcements. One was that through a gift of $25,000 from Mr. James Thomas, Jr., and another of $1,500 from a friend who

desired his name to be withheld, two new chairs were to be established in the College. Another was that A. B. Brown and Wm. D. Thomas had been elected to fill these chairs. Dr. Thomas, as a member of the Board of Trustees, had earnestly advocated another man for the chair of Philosophy, but the Board insisted on electing him. For twenty years he ably discharged the duties of this important position. "He brought to the College, . . . ripe scholarship, wide experience, and keen insight into human nature. His old students, scattered in many states, will recall his suggestiveness in the class room, his searching questions, his power of inciting thought, and, above all, his earnest sincerity and open-eyed love of truth. The man's nobility of character and his life were, after all, his best teaching. No student who ever heard him pray could get away from his influence. As a student of his, now a professor in a great university, once remarked: 'I loved him the first time I ever heard him pray.'" He took up his work with "unfeigned diffidence" but earnestly he strove "to equip and adjust himself to and in his new place," and always clung to his place with unflinching devotion. A friend upbraided him, almost quarreled with him, for not escaping more frequently from his class room to recover the spring and buoyancy of spirit. "But he was not to be moved. His hand was to the plough." Yet, in the summer-time he did go out to represent the College at the Virginia District Associations. Dr. Hatcher says: "I was with him at one of our Baptist Associations in the Piedmont of Virginia. He delivered an address so thrilling and overmastering that the people were well-nigh frenzied with enthusiasm, and it was written that a mountaineer Baptist had said that if the Baptists desired to have people interested in Richmond College they had better keep that Professor on the road all the time." In

January, 1891, Dr. Thomas was married to Miss Maria L. Powell of Loudoun County, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Dr. H. H. Wyer.

Dr. Thomas was remarkable for his humility, his generosity, his trustfulness, his hospitality, and his unflinching adherence to what he believed to be truth and duty. He underestimated rather than overestimated his own ability, but had a noble appreciation of the gifts of his brethren. He loved to extend the hospitality of his handsome home to his brethren and friends. On one occasion, it may have been when his father's house was full of guests, his father said: "William, what is the gospel?" After the son had given an elaborate answer, the father said: "I declare unto you the gospel, how that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures, and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures." The list of the preachers who broke bread with him or slept beneath his roof would be a long one. At the General Association, which met in Richmond in 1896, he had arranged a schedule of all of the meals during the sessions of the body. For each meal he invited as many of his brethren as his table would accommodate. As each one accepted, his name was carefully entered by this generous and systematic host at the proper place on his schedule. One of his daughters says: "My father trusted everybody until given a cause not to; consequently, was often imposed upon. Once, before I was grown, a man stayed at home ten days or two weeks. He hadn't been away a month before he was arrested, being a celebrated imposter." In a letter to Dr. Jno. A. Broadus, written May 21, 1870, speaking of the Convention in Louisville, he says: "I certainly said nothing which ought to offend any man North. My convictions on the whole subject are clear and strong. I am in favor of cultivating kindly feeling,

in favor of fraternal intercourse, in favor of corresponding in a brotherly way, through messages, with Northern societies, but utterly opposed to having our Boards in any way complicated or associated with theirs."

In February, 1901, he tendered his resignation to the College Trustees, but they declined to accept it. In April he went to Baltimore for treatment. An operation was performed. It was successful. He was thought to be doing very well, when suddenly, three weeks after the operation, without warning, at one o'clock in the morning, May 22, he passed away. "God's finger touched him and he slept."

FRANKLIN HOWARD KERFOOT

In an old daguerreotype, still extant, Dr. Kerfoot, his wife and two boys are seen. The smaller of the boys, "dressed in the dainty, ruffled velvet jacket of those days, a fair, winsome baby of about three summers, with soft, curling dark hair and large, earnest blue eyes," was Franklin Howard Kerfoot, familiarly known in those early days as "Howdie." He was born, August 29, 1847, at "Llewellyn," his father's home, near Berryville, Clarke County, Virginia. Before his fourth summer passed, his mother died. As he grew, "with the head of a philosopher and the heart of a child," he showed a willingness to help wherever he could, developing at the same time a genial humor, as when his apology to his sister for eating so many of her rolls was that they "sot so light" he could not tell how many he had eaten. Even at this early age he was intensely religious. In his fourteenth year the Civil War broke out and his native Valley of Virginia saw many battles and regiments marching back and forth. The older sons being in the army and the father a busy physician for a large section of country, Howard was the one upon whom much of the work fell. When still not eighteen years old he went off to the army, enlisting under Mosby. Scarcely had he taken his place in the ranks when the War came to an end at Appomattox. The Kerfoot sons returned home. Thanks to a countermanded order, "Llewellyn" had not been burned, but the stable, wheat stacks and fences had not escaped. Without faltering, these young men took hold of the farm, which their father turned over to them. To carry on things at home and to complete their education they set to work. The road to college diplomas was

longer for Howard than for his brothers. He got a threshing machine, and with it secured funds for his college expenses. Upon a certain morning two years after the War, Dr. Shute introduced to several students of Columbian College, at his breakfast table, the young man who a little while ago was so busy on the farm. At this time Dr. G. W. Sampson was president of the college; James Nelson, J. Taylor Ellyson, still wearing his grey uniform, and F. R. Boston were members of the student body.

After graduating at Columbian "he felt impelled, compelled to preach the gospel." At Columbian he had received the degrees of B. Ph., A. M., and B. L. In his earlier days he had confessed Christ and been baptized into the fellowship of the Berryville Church. Doubts and temptations he must have had, but "in his practical faith there seemed never a halt, and when in troubled waters he would strike rock bottom in some such words as this: 'If there is a Christ, I do believe in Him.'" One of his favorite hymns was "My hope is built on nothing less." In a letter to one tortured with doubts he wrote: "Despair ought not to begin anywhere this side of eternity. Even with those who feel nearest to despair the grounds of hope are as strong as the promises of God." Soon after his decision to preach, he set out for the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Greenville. In a letter dated January 11, 1870, Dr. J. A. Broadus wrote to Dr. J. L. M. Curry: "We have a fine young man here from Berryville, Kerfoot (graduate of Columbian), who heard you two or three times on your tours and speaks with unbounded enthusiasm of the addresses." An attack of bilious fever and the tragic death of a classmate and personal friend so shattered his nerves as to compel him to return home. He next turned his steps towards Crozer Theological Seminary. Here

he graduated, one of his fellow-graduates being F. R. Boston, a classmate at Columbian.

After his graduation at Crozer, upon appointment of Dr. J. P. Boyce, he worked in Texas and Missouri as agent for the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. About this time he came into possession of some property and decided, as he expressed it, "to commit the folly of traveling." He went as far as Egypt and Palestine. An unscrupulous boatman on the sea of Galilee, near the middle of the lake, refused to go further unless his fare was doubled. Upon returning from the East he spent some months in Leipsic.

Upon his return to the United States, in the summer of 1874, having completed his course at the University of Leipsic, he accepted a call to the Midway and Forks of Elkhorn churches, Kentucky. So far he had given little thought to marriage, saying he had no time or taste for courtship, but that he might marry if some one would find him just the right girl. His mother had come from Kentucky, and in the home of her dearest school friend he met Miss Price, whom he married and who was his $100,000 wife as he loved to call her. When some thirty years of age he accepted a call to the Eutaw Place Baptist Church, Baltimore, to succeed Dr. Richard Fuller. He remained in Baltimore some five years. His wonderful capacity for organization and his love for system here had a fine field. The magnetism of a great man, the matchless orator Richard Fuller, so far the church's only pastor, had been the unifying power. When Mr. Kerfoot left the church, it was like a complex, smoothly running piece of machinery. His intense energy led to a nervous collapse. The church seconded the advice of the physician that he take a trip to Europe, and the generosity of one member made it possible for his wife also to go. He returned from this vacation greatly

refreshed. On Wednesday, December 27, 1882, however, he offered his resignation to accept the pastorate of the Strong Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, New York. During his years at Eutaw Place, 300 had been added to the church, about $80,000 raised, and colonies sent out to organize the Fuller Memorial and Immanuel Baptist churches.

While pastor of Strong Place he was called to pass through the deep waters of affliction. After a summer vacation at "Llewellyn" he had an attack which left him a cripple. The Hot Springs and then expensive and painful treatment failed to bring relief. After a long time restoration came. From Brooklyn he went to the professor's chair in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, where he was to do the best work of his life. Sorrow followed him here. A little daughter about thirteen years old, to whom he was most ardently attached, passed through a most trying illness and then died. In a sermon he said, alluding to this sorrow: "When she was between twelve and thirteen years of age I saw her dying daily for four or five months after the fatal shaft had struck her heart. And, oh, my God, no man and no woman who has not gone through it knows the agony and the anguish of giving up a child after it has thus wrought itself into the life and into the heart, and when the tendrils have gathered all about us, until they have become a very part of us."

Dr. Kerfoot gave some twelve years to the Seminary, first assisting Dr. Boyce as teacher and treasurer, and then being for ten years full professor of Systematic Theology; and for a part of this period having also the chair of Pastoral Duties and Church Government. To this last department he brought the varied experience as pastor, and "made a new era in the course of instruction." In the financial side of his work he did effective

service and helped Dr. Broadus to bring the endowment of the Seminary to the $400,000 mark. He holds "a secure place among the excellent teachers who have helped to form the theological thinking of a generation of our Southern Baptist preachers. . . . . Nor must the ever-kindly, fraternal, judicious personal relations to his pupils be forgotten." In the history of how the Seminary was put on a good financial basis, beside the names of Boyce and Broadus must stand that of Kerfoot.

From the Seminary Dr. Kerfoot passed to be Corresponding Secretary of the Home Mission Board (of the Southern Baptist Convention) in Atlanta. Here was a fine field for his great administrative powers. He saw in vision all Southern Baptists in line for the great work of the world's evangelization. He was setting out for the realization of this inspiring scheme, when, in the prime of his manhood, death came. On Saturday, June 22, 1901, in Atlanta, Ga., he passed away. He was buried in Shelbyville, Ky.

JOSEPH R. HARRISON.

Joseph R. Harrison was born in 1832, in Franklin County, Virginia. His parents were Irish Catholics. His early educational opportunities were not great. He attended as a youth Hale's Ford Academy, making money by selling books to go on with his studies. During his vacations he seems to have worked as a colporteur, having been converted in a Presbyterian meeting. Later, through study of the Bible, he became a Baptist. In these two steps he met serious opposition from his father, yet, when his father had reached the age of seventy-three, he had the joy of baptizing him. After being licensed to preach, he was ordained at the session of the Blue Ridge Association in the summer of 1857; one of the presbytery was Rev. Daniel G. Taylor. His first work as a pastor was in his native county. On March 26, 1861, he was married to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Lunsford.

The larger part of Mr. Harrison's pastoral work was in the Valley Association and Southwest Virginia. He was pastor of Enon Church, Hollins, Va., from November 12, 1865, to July, 1874. During these years he had the fellowship and friendship of Dr. C. L. Cocke, the President of Hollins Institute, and the stimulus of this seat of learning. Mr. Harrison felt the press of want in the years just after the War, and he never forgot the marriage fee he received from Mr. D. B. Strouse, as it was the first money he saw after the War. Upon leaving the Enon-Buchanan field he gave himself wholly to evangelistic work for some years, but finally became pastor at Glade Spring as missionary of the State

Mission Board. When he went to Glade Spring there were only five Baptists in the place. Some years later he became pastor at Radford and then for about a year he was in charge of a church at St. Joseph, Missouri. Upon his return to Virginia he accepted a call to the Fulton Church, Richmond, and then was pastor of Immanuel Church, Richmond. As his life was nearing its close, he became pastor at Stuart, Va., his spirit being stirred as he saw what he thought ought to be done and what could be done at this place, his heart leaping at the prospect of being again among the foothills of the Blue Ridge.

Rev. J. E. Hutson, who has given his life to evangelistic work, writes thus of his brother evangelist: "Harrison is one of the most earnest men I ever heard speak. His sermons are intensely biblical. He sticks to a text like a bee to a flower. He interprets Scripture by the Scriptures. He doesn't shake the Bible at the people and rave over Huxley and Darwin. In other words, he doesn't act the fable of the ass parading in the lion's skin. There is no pandering to those who have 'itching ears.' He is a living demonstration of the fact that the gospel faithfully and earnestly preached (and the gospel can not be faithfully preached without earnestness) is the most interesting thing in the world. Harrison is a man of God. He has laid his all upon the altar." After the close of a great meeting at the Pine St. Baptist Church, Richmond, in which Mr. Harrison helped the pastor, Rev. Dr. J. B. Hutson, the *Religious Herald* said: " . . . J. R. Harrison is a most striking and powerful preacher. Like Elijah, the word of God is as a fire in his bones, and it sets everything on fire around him. He preaches from his heart rather than his head, and yet his sermons are remarkably thoughtful and suggestive. His reasoning is so simple that the little children

listen almost as attentively as their parents. We noticed with particular pleasure that Bro. Harrison has no 'pretty sayings'—no straining after rhetorical embellishments. He does indeed say some sparkling things, but they drop from his lips as naturally as the dewdrops fall from the leaves when the wind blows. In the main his preaching is charmingly simple and almost ruggedly plain, and it is always fervidly earnest." At the close of a great meeting in Meridian, Mississippi, the *News,* a daily paper, said: " . . . Rev. Mr. Harrison's methods certainly captured our people of all classes. No pulpit jest or slang, or attempts at wit. No vituperation or abuse of men and measures, no politics, but simply 'the Bible, the Bible, the Bible, what does it say?' he would ask, and with great earnestness, he would persuade men to turn to God." Upon the occasion of a great meeting at the Clay Street Baptist Church, Richmond, when some 250 persons made profession of faith in Christ, Rev. Dr. A. E. Dickinson said: "Mr. Harrison was known for years as the children's preacher, because of the multitudes of little ones that crowded out to hear him, even when his sermons were not intended specially for them. As might be expected persons brought into the church under such preaching are apt to stick. The good influences of his meetings are not like the early dew, to disappear with the rising sun. His converts wear well."

Mr. Harrison held meetings all over Virginia, and in Maryland, North Carolina, West Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri. It is estimated that 30,000 persons (and some put the figures at 40,000) made profession of faith in meetings he held. He was not concerned about the money that a series of meetings might put into his pocket. During the meeting in Meridian, already alluded to, he said one night publicly that there was not money enough in Meridian to buy one sermon

from him, and that if a church were to invite him to hold a protracted meeting and accompany the invitation with a promise to pay him he would promptly decline it. "In all his evangelistic work he was a loyal supporter of the pastor in charge, and many of his meetings resulted in the strengthening of existing ties, the liquidation of church debts, and other outward tokens of prosperity." Not a few of those converted in his meetings became preachers. During the course of his ministry he was instrumental in building some twenty houses of worship.

The following quotation from one of his discourses in a protracted meeting gives insight into his character: "I am not here to abuse people or to say sharp, cutting things or to make you laugh. That is not my way. I pray God I may never utter a remark about any man or any class of men that is not a kind and considerate remark. You will never hear me abuse the drunkard or the rum seller, or the covetous professor of religion. I can weep over them and plead with my God to give them a new heart and a new life, but I have no unkind work to utter about them or about anybody else. The only person that I complain of every day is myself. As long as I have this wicked heart beating in my breast, so long will I feel tenderly towards my erring fellowmen. If you wish to hear people abused you will make a mistake to come here."

While at Glade Spring he established an institution of learning for young women, but not without a long struggle. When he began this movement for a school at Glade Spring there were numerous institutions of learning in Virginia for young women. He undertook to provide a place where luxuries should be disregarded, substantials provided, and the cost made as low as was consistent with good work. To accomplish this he made appeals for financial help, and used the purses presented

to him at the end of protracted meetings. At one time, when he was aiming to raise $3,000 for his school, he wrote to the *Herald* that he would be willing to walk 3,000 miles, if, by so doing, he could see the persons who would give him the desired $3,000. The school estalished at Glade Spring, after a few years, was moved to Bristol. Mr. Harrison now became the financial agent of the school, and his work resulted in the erection of handsome buildings, Mr. Harrison's son-in-law, Mr. S. D. Jones, having become the head of the institution. The years come and go, and that which was in Mr. Harrison's day known as the Southwest Virginia Institute, is now the Virginia Intermont College. A society in this school has as its name "The Harrisonian Literary Society." Before leaving Glade Spring, Mr. Harrison also established there a flourishing academy for boys.

Mr. Harrison was attractive in his own home and given to hospitality. While this home may not have had many of the luxuries which are so common to-day, yet it was "brilliant with the love and peace that last forever." There was always room under this roof for one more; guests were constantly there, and not infrequently the children had to sleep on pallets. The door stood open and a warm welcome was inside to all. His wife, during his many absences in protracted meetings, had on her shoulders the responsibility of the whole household. This responsibility she accepted cheerfully, and when he would be away for weeks together, she lived with her Bible and was much of her time on her knees. The almost daily letter from her husband was full of "love for her and the cause of his Master, upon whose errand he was." There were four children, two boys and two girls; the boys, James Kent and Charles Tompkins, died at Glade Spring; the girls, Bettie and Loula, married S. D. and Boldin H. Jones. Mrs. Harrison died

August 19, 1890, in the fifty-ninth year of her age; her funeral being conducted by Dr. Kincannon, assisted by Rev. D. A. Glenn, Prof. H. H. Harris, and others. One who knew Mr. Harrison well speaks of his love for all loving creatures, and says: "He would give his very best efforts and last penny to one in trouble or need. Many times he was imposed on, but he always felt he would rather be deceived than to turn away one who might be worthy. His happy, loving, bright nature, and simple, implicit faith in God was an inspiration to all who knew him. So faithful to every duty, and unselfish to such a degree that his own physical, mental, and financial conditions many times suffered! He would go miles and put himself out to any extent to help a minister of God. He loved the whole world, but his very soul rejoiced in his love for the ministers and little children."

Mr. Harrison's second wife was Miss Anna Captaine, of Richmond, who survived him. He died at Stuart, Virginia, June 24, 1901, and his ashes rest in "Hollywood."

THOMAS WILLIAM DOOLEY

The life of Thomas William Dooley covered the period from February, 1831, to August, 1901. Bedford was his birthplace, and much of his life and work seem to have been in this county. He was a student in Franklin County, at the classical school of Prof. Wm. S. Duncan, and one of his fellow-students was J. R. Harrison, and later these two men were companions in the vineyard of the Lord. Year after year the name of Brother Dooley is found in the list of ministers in the Minutes of the General Association, with either Salem or Liberty as his post-office, but there is little else in these records about him. In 1868, he was pastor of Mountain View Church, Strawberry Association, but while the obituary in the General Association Minutes says that he was pastor of "several churches in Bedford County for a period of years" they do not give his name as a pastor save at Mountain View. "He did much evangelical work. He possessed a good, strong, native intellect and ardent emotions. . . . He labored with zeal and self-denial and turned many unto Christ. After a lingering illness he died August 11th."

J. E. RAYMOND

During the session of the General Association, at Grace Street, in November, 1901, the news was received of the death of Rev. J. E. Raymond. A Virginian by birth, twelve years of his ministry were spent in New York City, where he labored as a missionary pastor. In Virginia he had two brief pastorates. First he was in Clarke County, and then in the Potomac Association, at Marshall, Pleasant Vale, Broad Run, and Flint Mill churches. He was a son of Rev. Charles Raymond, of Mathews County, his brother being Rev. Frank Raymond. He graduated at Crozer in the class of 1880. After an illness of two weeks, on November 12th, at the age of about forty-five, he passed away. Bodily weakness was a clog to him all his life, but a strong will enabled him to do much for the glory of God in his brief career. "He was a preacher of scholarly attainments, and with much eloquence and spiritual power he presented the simple truths of the gospel." He left a wife and several young children. These few facts are from the obituary in the Minutes of the General Association.

GABRIEL GRAY

Gabriel Gray's parents were Presbyterians, and his family one of "intensely pædobaptistic notions." He was born November 19, 1830, in Culpeper County, Virginia, and educated at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington. At Union, W. Va., where he taught school for a season, he met and married, in 1853, Miss Ellen Beirne McDaniel. After his life in West Virginia, he moved to Alabama, and became superintendent of the Greenville Military Academy. When the War broke out he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourth Alabama Regiment and came to the battlefields of Virginia. During the last years of the War he served as chaplain. After the War he lived in Pulaski County, Virginia, where he taught and preached.

As a preacher and pastor he served the Fincastle, Mill Creek, and Zion's Hill churches, being pastor of Mill Creek at two different periods. It appears from the minutes of the Mill Creek Church that he was called to be their pastor in February, 1868, and that he served them until 1876, his salary, for half of his time, being first $200 and then $250. During his second pastorate here his salary for one-fourth of his time was $136. He was "by nature a fine public speaker," having "readiness, energy, and magnetism." While not a student he was a man of "immense convictions," his views on all theological questions having been thoroughly formed. He was successful in protracted meeting work, and was also able as a debater. It was to his taste to fight the brother that maintained the opposite side, and in Ministers' and Laymen's Meetings, where theological questions were decidedly in evidence, he was a son of thunder. He

knew "the laws of debate and the rules of argumentation" and "the fierce spirit of battle" was in his soul, yet he was thoroughly courteous and mindful of the rights and feelings of his brethren.

He seems always to have had the teacher instinct no less than that of the preacher. Upon the establishment of the public school system in Virginia he was made superintendent of schools for Botetourt County, a position which he held for ten years. He was most efficient in this work, having been regarded by some as the best county superintendent in the State in his day. In 1891, he moved to Clifton Forge, Va., carrying on there, until 1895, when death took from him his faithful wife, his work of preaching and teaching. His last years were spent in the home of Mr. B. Haden, his son-in-law, in Fincastle. For several years before his death, July 26, 1902, he was in feeble health, but his faith did not grow less. He was buried in the Godwin Cemetery, Fincastle. His three daughters all preceded him to the grave, the second daughter, Mollie, Mrs. B. Haden, having left two daughters and a son.

One who wrote of Mr. Gray, many years before his death, spoke of him as a "royally good fellow" and thus described him: "He is about fifty years of age, has a compact body, a heavy, greyish beard and has his study in the saddle. He can cross a mountain in the night, ride all day in the face of a cutting wind, talk till midnight, or preach twice a day, and yet after all look as radiant as a young bridegroom."

CHARLES NELMS BETTS

In Northumberland County Charles Nelms Betts spent his life, this being the place of his birth and death. Not until his thirty-seventh year did he accept Christ as his Saviour, and he was in his forty-seventh year when his career as a pastor began. A sermon by Rev. W. H. Kirk, on the words: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Heb. 2:3, preached October 25, 1874, in the Methodist church, Heathsville, led to his conversion in the quiet of his father's home. He united with Coan Church, and when his ministry began, this church, with Fairfield, was his charge. Here he followed, as pastor, his spiritual father. Before his ministry closed he served Smithland, Fairport, Bethany, and Totuskey churches, Rappahannock Association. While he did not have the best opportunities for an education, and while he was not brilliant in speech, he was earnest and faithful to his Master until death. During his ministry he married 235 couples and conducted 293 funerals. He was born March 15, 1837, and died June 7, 1902. An immense crowd attended his funeral. The obituary in the Minutes of the General Association, on which this sketch is based, was prepared by Giles F. Eubank.

R. E. GLEASON

For twenty years or more Rev. R. E. Gleason labored in the bounds of the Albemarle Association. This section was his birthplace and his lifelong home. For a season he was a colporteur. He served as pastor for longer or shorter periods, these churches: Mount Paran, Piney River, Mountain Cove, Rose Union, and Tye River. Rev. J. B. Turpin said of him: "He was never the victim of 'overweening ambition' and seemed perfectly satisfied with 'the annals of a quiet neighborhood.' . . . . He provided well for his own household and was always frugal and industrious. He was always prompt and faithful in the discharge of his obligations." He died in July, 1902.

CHARLES REED MOSES

In August, 1890, at the Valley Association at Salem, a young man, who had had little education, made a speech which captivated his hearers. This young man, at the time a colporteur of the Sunday School and Bible Board, Charles Reed Moses, was born in Montgomery County, Virginia, June 8, 1870. His speech led to help that enabled him to go first to Alleghany Institute and then to Richmond College. The instruction and influence of such men, as H. H. Harris and Wm. D. Thomas, quickly told in uplift for him. He worked his way through at College, appreciating books, and even more, men—service and self-help were key words in his life. During his pastorate of five years at Zoar Church, Middlesex

County, he founded Delta Academy, which speedily lifted the whole community to a higher intellectual level. During the summer of 1897 he visited England, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, on which journey he showed great zeal in learning all that each country could teach him. Upon his return home he wrote various articles about the places that had especially appealed to him. In 1890 he became principal of Hawkins Institute at Rural Retreat, and a year later he accepted work in the Southwest Virginia Institute (now Intermont College), Bristol. In Bristol he soon had a large circle of friends who saw in him "a citizen of the highest character and a public servant of the most unselfish purposes." He died in the home of Rev. B. Cabell Hening, July 20, 1902, leaving his widow, who was Miss Ann R. Jackson of Middlesex County, Virginia. The foregoing facts and the words which follow are from the obituary prepared for the General Association Minutes by Dr. S. C. Mitchell: "His delight in growth, his concern for the large interests of the denomination, his subtle sympathy with all classes of people, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, righteous and sinful, his unflagging friendship, his resolution to be and to do with all his might, his absolute unselfishness in all these varying relations—these are the elements in his character and work that have become the permanent possession of the brotherhood."

J. T. McLAUGHLIN

Rev. T. H. Athey, who was for a season his pastor at the College Hill Church, Lynchburg, gives in an obituary in the General Association Minutes the facts that follow as to the life of Rev. J. T. McLaughlin. His father represented his county in the Legislature for a number of years; his mother died a few days after his birth, which took place at Lewisburg, Greenbrier County (now West Virginia), July 28, 1813. He became the care of his uncle, James W. Matthews of Rockbridge County. At sixteen he entered Washington College (now Washington and Lee University). After two sessions he returned to the farm of his foster parents. In 1839 he entered the Virginia Baptist Seminary (now Richmond College), having decided to enter the ministry. His three years at the College injured his health. While teaching school and recuperating at the home of his sister, Mrs. James Dryden, Lexington, he received a call to Hill's Creek Church, Campbell County. Along with this church he served churches in Pittsylvania, Charlotte and Halifax. On September 11, 1844, he married Miss Ann B. Miller, eldest daughter of Samuel T. Miller. Of this union there were seven children. Along with the work of the pastorate, he superintended his farm, and for most of the time taught school. In 1880 he moved to Lynchburg. After his declining health made it necessary for him to give up active work as a pastor, he still took a deep interest in the College Hill Church, being present regularly as long as he was able. His courtesy and high sense of honor were marked traits of his character. Some months before his death a severe fall caused the fracture of his hip. After this period of suffering, during which not a murmur escaped his lips, he died on October 7, 1902.

JAMES ANTHONY HAYNES*

James Anthony Haynes was born near Bruington, King and Queen County, Virginia, December 13, 1822. The principles which held sway in the Christian community in which he was reared laid the foundations of his character. After, the neighborhood schools, Richmond College and Columbian College, trained him. In 1842 he accepted Christ, and being baptized by Rev. John O. Turpin, became a member of the Bruington Baptist Church. From childhood his thought had been that he would be a physician, and carrying out this plan, in 1846 he graduated at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. He returned to Bruington to practice his profession and married Miss Mary Mason, of King and Queen County. In 1848 he removed to Berryville, Clarke County, where for seven years he labored successfully as a physician. Now a great change came in his life; the Berryville Church first licensed him and later ordained him to preach. To make out a living, besides preaching, he taught school in Berryville, a work that later also occupied a part of his time. As a result of his missionary labors in Clarke County, Mountain View Church, on the slope of the Blue Ridge, was constituted and its meeting-house built. His labors in Charles Town, W. Va., led to the beginning of the beautiful Baptist meeting-house in that town. Loudoun County was his next field, Ebenezer and Middleburg being his churches. After eight years Ebenezer was given up and Long Branch, Fauquier County, became one of his charges. He served Middleburg twenty-one and Long Branch fourteen years.

*This article, which was unintentionally left out of the "Third Series," is based on a sketch prepared by Rev. Dr. I. B. Lake for the Potomac Association.

"The village preacher of Goldsmith might be taken as a true picture of this humble, devoted pastor, living in his quiet, happy home in the beautiful little town of Middleburg." Richmond College gave him the degree of D. D. On Tuesday, March 30, 1880, from a sharp attack of angina pectoris, death came to him. The Sunday before he had preached "with unwonted power and tenderness."

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